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SAMUEL JOHNSON. *L.L.D.*

From the original Drawing, in the possession of
Mr. John Simco. taken
from the life, a Short time before his decease,
and Etched by T. Trotter.

Price

Publishld as the Act directs Nov.r 16. 1786, by G. Kearsley, No. 46 Fleet Street, Lond.

A NEW EDITION, being the EIGHTH,

WHEREIN THE TWO VOLUMES ARE COMPRISED IN ONE, AND ARRANGED UNDER ONE ALPHABET, WITH VERY CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

THE BEAUTIES OF *Samuel Johnson*, LL. D.

CONSISTING OF

MAXIMS AND OBSERVATIONS,

MORAL, CRITICAL, and MISCELLANEOUS:

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED,

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF THE DOCTOR,

SELECTED FROM

THE WORKS OF MRS. PIOZZI;—HIS LIFE, RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY MR. BOSWELL, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIES,

ALSO,

HIS WILL, AND THE SERMON HE WROTE FOR THE LATE DOCTOR DODD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. AND G. KEARSLEY, NO. 46, FLEET-STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT

To the SEVENTH EDITION.

The former Editions of this ſelection have been introduced into ſeveral of the moſt reputable Schools, for both Sexes in the Kingdom; however, the Price of the two Volumes (viz. *Five Shillings)* has been, by ſome, thought too much, the whole is therefore now brought into one Volume, under one Alphabet, and the Price reduced to *Three Shillings and Sixpence*; and, in order to render it ſtill more complete, the Editor has ſelected from Mrs. Piozzi's, and Mr. Boſwell's late Publications, together with many authentic documents, a conſiderable number of Biographical and other Anecdotes, including a ſelection of his Bon Mots. Likewiſe a Copy of his Will, and the Sermon which he wrote for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, who preached it to his Fellow Convicts, in the Chapel of Newgate, a few days before he ſuffered.

November 6, 1786.

This Impreſſion (the Eighth) contains, in the Biographical Department, conſiderable Augmentations, extracted from the Life of the Doctor, recently publiſhed in Two 4to. Volumes, by Mr. Boſwell.

Jan. 1, 1792.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE works of Dr. Johnſon have been, occaſionally, ſo much the object of my reading, for their fancy, judgment, and above all, the intereſting and moral obſervations which they contain upon life and manners, that in order to impreſs thoſe obſervations the better on my mind, I availed myſelf of ſome leiſure months laſt ſummer, to ſelect them under proper heads, and arrange them in alphabetical order. As I proceeded in this work, I found myſelf bringing out, into one view, a body of *maxims* and *obſervations*, which I imagined would be *more than uſeful to myſelf*; hence I thought it a duty incumbent on me to publiſh them.

Such is the origin of the preſent publication, a publication, that as I feel it has *benefitted* myſelf in the *compiling*, ſo I truſt it will

will others in the *perusal*, and happy shall I be, if, by any œconomy of mine in the works of such a writer, I can contribute to make them more generally *known* or *remembered*, as by it I am sure I shall perform an essential service to mankind.

In respect to the use of *selection*, (particularly as I have here applied it,) Dr. Johnson makes the best apology for me to the public, in his Idler, vol. ii. p. 185, and which, I hope, he will accept himself as an additional motive for this undertaking.

" Writers of extensive comprehension, (says he) have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known, because they are not promised in the title. *He that collects those under proper heads, is very laudably employed*, for tho' he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment, which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or more adven-

turous than his own, leiſure for new thoughts, and original deſigns."

How far this ſelection is made with judgment, I muſt, however, truſt to the deciſion of the public, well knowing that if it is negligently or ignorantly performed, any thing I can ſay, will not excuſe me; if, on the contrary, I have done juſtice to my deſign, my telling them ſo will not accelerate their approbation. One thing I can aſſure them of, that I have made my extracts as accurately and judiciouſly as I could—and that whatever may be the fate of the book, I have been already repaid for my labours, by the ſatisfaction they have afforded me.

THE EDITOR.

November 24th, 1781.

CON-

CONTENTS.

	Page
BIOGRAPHICAL Anecdotes extracted from Mrs. Piozzi	xiv
Ditto from Mr. Boſwell	xxxvii
Ditto from various Authorities	xlvi
Ditto from Mr. Boſwell's Life of Johnſon (juſt publiſhed)	li
General Rules of the Eſſex Head Club	lxxxii
Liſt of the Members of ditto	lxxxiii
Authentic Copy of Dr. Johnſon's Will	xcix
Speech of Dr. Dodd, previous to receiving Sentence	ciii
Dr. Dodd's Sermon to his fellow Convicts	cv
Liſt of Dr. Johnſon's Works	295

	Page
A	
Ability	28
Abſtinence	27
Academy	13
Accident	28
Actions	1
Addreſs	27
Admiration	26
Adverſary	26
Adverſity	22
Advertiſement	27
Advice	23
Affectation	10
Affection	ibid.
Age	13
Age Old, The Vanity of wiſhing for	16
Age and Youth	18
Agriculture	11
Agriculture of England	12
Ambition	25
Antients	21
Anger	19
Anticipation	29
Aphoriſms	30
Appearances	29
Applauſe	ibid.
Army	30
Art	29
Arts	18
Aſſurance	27
Atheiſt	28
Avarice	21
Auction	27
Author	1
Axioms	30
B	
Beauty	33
Beauty, Danger of	36
Benefits	32
Benevolence	38
Biography	36
Books	31
Bounties, Natural	39
Burleſque	33
Buſineſs	39
Buſtlers	38

Calamity

	Page
C	
Calamity	49
Calumny	69
Captivity	51
Care	50
Caution	69
Cenſure	46
Chance	48
Change	51
Character	47
Charity	44
Charity to Captives	45
Cheats	47
Children	61
Choice	50
City	68
Civility	52
Cleanlineſs	51
Commerce	41
Community	68
Companion	64
Compariſon	67
Competency	52
Compilation	62
Complaint	48
Complaiſance	43
Complacency (Self)	44
Compliment	67
Confidence	40
Conqueſts (European)	69
Conſcience	51
Conſolation	53
Contempt	52
Content	ibid
Controverſy	68
Conveniencies	ibid.
Convict	61
Copies compared with Originals	66
Courage	63
Court	62
Credulity	61
Crimes	66
Criticiſm	55
Cunning	63
Curioſity	54
Cuſtom	46
D	
Death	71
Deception	77
Deception (Self)	ibid.
Delay	76
Delicacy	75
Deluſion	81
Dependence	73
Deſire	70
Devotion	77
Difficulty	81
Diffidence	74
Diligence	80
Diſappointment	75
Diſeaſe	ibid.
Diſguiſe	80
Diſtruſt	76
Dulneſs	81
Duplicity	80
Duties	ibid.
Duty	79
E	
Eating	94
Education	83
Effects not always proportioned to their Cauſes	91
Election	91
Elegance	92
Elegy	93
Empire	87
Employment	86

	Page
Emulation	83
England	92
Enquiry	83
Envy	81
Epitaph	90
Equanimity	88
Error	89
Eſſay-Writing	95
Eſteem	91
Eſtimation	92
Evil	87
Example	82
Excellence	87
Exerciſe	93
Expectation	91
F.	
Fable	107
Faction	108
Falſehood	ibid.
Fame	94
Fancy	107
Faſhion	108
Father	95
Favour	107
Faults	ibid
Fear	103
Flattery	100
Folly	102
Foreigner	103
Forgiveneſs	104
Fortitude	108
Fortune	103
Friendſhip	95
Frugality	105
G.	
Genius	109
Good, Univerſal	116
Government	113
Government, Self	116
Gratitude	117
Greatneſs	117
Guilt	115
H.	
Habits	121
Happineſs	118
Happineſs, Domeſtic	120
Health	123
Hiſtory	124
Honour	127
Hope	122
Humanity	123
Humour, Good	125
Humour, Good, compared with Gaiety	127
Hypocriſy	ibid.
I.	
Idleneſs	134
Jealouſy	128
Jeſting	ibid.
Ignorance	138
Ignorance compared with Confidence	139
Ignorance compared with Knowledge	138
Imagination	142
Imitation	132
Importance, Self	143
Impoſition	142
Impriſonment	139
Improvement, Rural	145
Imprudence	139
Inclination	145
Inconſtancy	146
Incredulity	144
Indiſcretion	132
Indolence	134
Indulgence	145
Induſtry	131
Innocence	146
Inſult	144

	Page
Integrity	137
Intelligence	143
Intelligence, Foreign and Domeſtic	143
Intereſt	146
Intereſt and Pride	ibid.
Joy	129
Irreſolution	143
Judgment	129
Juſtice	130
K.	
Kings	149
Knowledge	147
Knowledge, Self	149
L.	
Language	158
Language, Engliſh	160
Laws	162
Laws, Penal	163
Learning	155
Letter Writing	165
Liberty	164
Life	151
London	165
Love	157
Love, Self	ibid.
Loyalty	164
M.	
Madneſs	174
Maids, Old	183
Malice	170
Man	ibid.
Manners	173
Marriage	166
Marriage, Early	ibid.
Marriage, Late	169
Marriage, Early and Late, Compariſon between	170
Maxims	183
Meanneſs	174
Memory	ibid.
Merchant	ibid.
Method	183
Mind	176
Mind, Progreſs of	179
Minuteneſs	180
Mirth	181
Miſery	ibid.
Moderation	184
Money	182
Motives	ibid.
N.	
Nabobs, &c. Engliſh	184
Narration	185
Nations	186
Nature	184
Negligence	185
Notes	186
Novelty	185
Numbers	ibid.
O.	
Oaths	189
Obligation	ibid.
Obſervation	190
Opinion	188
Opportunity	189
P.	
Pain	193
Painting	222
Parents	190
Paſſion	191
Paſſions, Progreſs of	192
Patience	216
Patriot	190
Patronage	194
Peace	214
Pedantry	213

	Page
Peevishness	211
People	212
Perfection	215
Perfidy	ibid.
Perseverance	216
Philosophy	219
Physician	ibid.
Piety	214
Pity	218
Plagiarism	224
Player	221
Pleasure	194
Pleasures of Local Emotion	196
Poets and Poetry	ibid.
Poet, Dramatic, and Statesman, Comparison between	209
Politeness	223
Politics	205
Poverty	203
Poverty and Idleness	205
Power	225
Practice	214
Praise	207
Prayer, its proper Objects	210
Precipitancy	224
Prejudice	214
Pride	209
Pride and Envy	ibid.
Prodigality	216
Promise	225
Prosperity	210
Providence	222
Prudence	213
Prudence and Justice	214
Public	222
Publications, Literary	220
Publications, Occasional	221
Publications, Periodical	220
Punctuality	213
R.	
Raillery	225
Reason and Fancy	244
Rebellion	238
Recollection	239
Refinement	238
Reflection	237
Relaxation	240
Religion	228
Repentance	241
Reproof	245
Reputation, Literary	243
Resolution	226
Respect	243
Retaliation	240
Retirement	239
Revenge	243
Rhetorician	245
Rhyme	244
Riches	229
Riches and Power, Comparison between	235
Riches & Understanding, Comparison between	235
Ridicule	236
Right	245
Romans Antient, Character of	ib.
Rules	245
S.	
Satire	246
Satirist	ibid.
Scarcity	257
Scepticism	249
Science	259
Scripture	255
Seasons	259
Secrets	247

	Page
Seduction	249
Senſe, Good	258
Sentences	257
Separation	260
Shakeſpeare	258
Shame	256
Simile	255
Singularity	253
Sobriety	257
Solicitation	254
Solitude	250
Sorrow	ibid.
Sports, Rural	258
Stateſmen	260
Study	256
Style	251
Sublimity	259
Subordination	253
Succeſs and Miſcarriage	257
Superfluities	258
Superiority	255
Suſpicion	254
T.	
Temptation	269
Theory	270
Things	ibid.
Thoughts	269
Time	261
Time paſt	263
Timidity	271
Trade	265
Tragedy	272
Tranſlation	271
Travelling	264
Treaties	270
Trifles	263
Truth	265
V.	
Vanity	272
Vaunting	278
Verſe, Blank	277
Vice	ibid.
Virtue	274
Virtue, Acceſs of	277
Virtue, Intentional	276
Virtue, Romantic	ibid.
U.	
Utility	278
Underſtanding	ibid.
Undertakings, Great	ibid.
Unities of Time and Place	279
Univerſality	278
W.	
War	280
Weakneſs, Female	287
Wealth	288
Wickedneſs	ibid.
Wickedneſs, Splendid	290
Wine	288
Wiſdom	284
Wit	282
Women	285
Wonder	290
World	285
Writing Letters	289
Writing, Mechanical	ibid.
Writer of News	ibid.
Wrongs	ibid.
Y.	
Youth	290
Youth, Progreſs of	291
Youth and Age	294

BIO-

Fac-simile of Doctor Johnson's hand Writing.

Mr Johnson sends compliments to Mr Kearsley and begs the favour of seeing him as soon as he can. Mr Kearsley is desired to bring with him the last edition of what he has honoured with the name of Beauties

May 20. 1782

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

EXTRACTED FROM

The Productions of Mrs. *Piozzi* (late Mrs. *Thrale*) Mr. *Boſwell*, and other authentic Papers.

WITH HIS

WILL, and a Fac-ſimile of his HAND-WRITING.

Alſo a SERMON written for Dr. DODD.

Extracts from Mrs. PIOZZI.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was the ſon of Michael Johnſon, a bookſeller, at Litchfield, in Staffordſhire; a very pious and worthy man, but wrong-headed, poſitive, and afflicted with melancholy, as his ſon, from whom alone I had the information, once told me: his buſineſs, however, leading him to be much on horſeback, contributed to the preſervation of his bodily health, and mental ſanity; which, when he ſtaid long at home, would ſometimes be about to give way; and Mr. Johnſon ſaid, that when his work-ſhop, a detached building, had fallen half down for want of money to repair it, his father was not leſs diligent to lock the door every night, though he ſaw that any body might walk in at the back part, and knew that there was no ſecurity obtained by barring the front door. "*This*, (ſays his ſon, was madneſs, you may ſee, and would have been diſcoverable in other inſtances of the prevalence of imagination, but that poverty prevented it from playing ſuch tricks as riches and leiſure encourage."

He had an uncle, (Andrew) who kept the ring in Smithfield (where they wreſtled and boxed) for a whole year,

year, and never was thrown or conquered. Mr. Johnſon was very converſant in the art of attack and defence by boxing, which ſcience he had learned from his uncle Andrew, I believe. Becauſe he ſaw Mr. Thrale one day leap over a cabriolet ſtool, to ſhew that he was not tired after a chace of fifty miles or more, he ſuddenly jumped over it too; but in a way ſo ſtrange and ſo unwieldy, that our terror, leſt he ſhould break his bones, took from us even the power of laughing.

Michael Johnſon was paſt fifty years old when he married his wife, who was upwards of forty, yet I think her ſon told me ſhe remained three years childleſs before he was born into the world, who ſo greatly contributed to improve it. In three years more ſhe brought another ſon, Nathaniel, who lived to be twenty-ſeven or twenty-eight years old, and of whoſe manly ſpirit I have heard his brother ſpeak with pride and pleaſure.

Their father Michael died of an inflammatory fever, at the age of ſeventy-ſix, as Mr. Johnſon told me: their mother at eighty-nine, of a gradual decay. She was ſlight in her perſon, he ſaid, and rather below than above the common ſize. So excellent was her character, and ſo blameleſs her life, that when an oppreſſive neighbour once endeavoured to take from her a little field ſhe poſſeſſed, he could perſuade no attorney to undertake the cauſe againſt a woman ſo beloved in her narrow circle.

At the age of two years Mr. Johnſon was brought up to London by his mother, to be touched by Queen Anne for the ſcrophulous evil, which terribly afflicted his childhood, and left ſuch marks as greatly diſfigured a countenance naturally harſh and rugged, beſide doing irreparable damage to the auricular organs, which never could perform their functions ſince I knew him; and it was owing to that horrible diſorder, too, that one eye was perfectly uſeleſs to him; that defect, however, was not obſervable, the eyes looked both alike.

The trick which moſt parents play with their children, of ſhewing off their newly-acquired accompliſhments, diſguſted Mr. Johnſon beyond expreſſion; he had been treated ſo himſelf, he ſaid, till he abſolutely loathed

loathed his father's carreſſes, becauſe he knew they were ſure to precede ſome unpleaſing diſplay of his early abilities; and he uſed, when neighbours came a viſiting, to run up a tree, that he might not be found and exhibited, ſuch, as no doubt he was, a prodigy of early underſtanding. His epitaph upon the duck he killed by treading on it at five years old,

Here lies poor duck
That Samuel Johnſon trod on;
If it had liv'd it had been good luck,
For it would have been an odd one.

is a ſtriking example of an early expanſion of mind, and knowlege of language; yet he always ſeemed more mortified at the recollection of the buſtle his parents made with his wit, than pleaſed with the thoughts of poſſeſſing it. "That, (ſaid he to me one day) is the great miſery of late marriages; the unhappy produce of them becomes the plaything of dotage: an old man's child, continued he, leads much ſuch a life, I think, as a little boy's dog, teized with awkward fondneſs, and forced, perhaps, to ſit up and beg as we call it, to divert a company, who at laſt go away complaining of their diſagreeable entertainment."

Dr. Johnſon firſt learned to read of his mother and her old maid Catharine, in whoſe lap he well remembered ſitting while ſhe explained to him the ſtory of St. George and the Dragon.

At eight years old he went to ſchool, for his health would not permit him to be ſent ſooner. When he was about nine years old, having got the play of Hamlet in his hand, and reading it quietly in his father's kitchen, he kept on ſteadily enough, till coming to the ghoſt ſcene, he ſuddenly hurried up ſtairs to the ſtreet door that he might ſee people about him.

Mr. Johnſon was himſelf exceedingly diſpoſed to the general indulgence of children, and was even ſcrupulouſly and ceremoniouſly attentive not to offend them: he had ſtrongly perſuaded himſelf of the difficulty people always find to eraſe early impreſſions either of kindneſs or reſentment, and ſaid, he ſhould never have ſo loved

his

his mother when a man, had she not given him coffee, she could ill afford, to gratify his appetite when a boy." If you had had children, Sir, said I, would you have taught them any thing? I hope (replied he) that I should have willingly lived on bread and water to obtain instruction for them.

The remembrance of what had passed in his own childhood, made Mr. Johnson very solicitous to preserve the felicity of children; and when he had persuaded Dr. Sumner to remit the tasks usually given to fill up boys' time during the holidays, he rejoiced exceedingly in the success of his negociation, and told me that he had never ceased representing to all the eminent schoolmasters in England, the absurd tyranny of poisoning the hour of permitted pleasure, by keeping future misery before the children's eyes, and tempting them by bribery or falsehood to evade it.

At the age of eighteen Dr. Johnson quitted school, and escaped from the tuition of those he hated or those he despised.

Of his college life I have heard but little. Dr. Johnson delighted in his own partiality for Oxford; and one day at my house, entertained five members of the other university with various instances of the superiority of Oxford, enumerating the gigantic names of many men whom it had produced, with apparent triumph. At last I said to him, Why there happens to be no less than five Cambridge men in the room now. "I did not (said he) think of that till you told me; but the wolf don't count the sheep."

I have heard him relate how he used to sit in some coffee-house at Oxford, and turn Mason's Caracticus into ridicule for the diversion of himself and of chance comers-in. "The Elfrida (says he) was too exquisitely pretty; I could make no fun out of that." When upon some occasions he would express his astonishment that he should have an enemy in the world, while he had been doing nothing but good to his neighbours, I used to make him recollect these circumstances: "Why child (said he) what harm could that do the fellow? I always thought very well of Mason for a *Cambridge* man; he

is,

is, I believe, a mighty blameleſs character." Such tricks were, however, the more unpardonable in Mr. Johnſon, becauſe no one could harangue like him about the difficulty always found in forgiving petty injuries, or in provoking by needleſs offence.

Mr. Johnſon made us all laugh one day, becauſe I had received a remarkable fine Stilton cheeſe as a preſent from ſome perſon who had packed and directed it carefully, but without mentioning whence it came, Mr. Thrale, deſirous to know who we were obliged to, aſked every friend as they came in, but nobody owned it: "Depend upon it, Sir, (ſays Johnſon) it was ſent by *Junius*."

The Falſe Alarm, his firſt and favourite pamphlet, was written at our houſe between eight o'clock on Wedneſday night and twelve o'clock on Thurſday night; we read it to Mr. Thrale when he came very late home from the houſe of Commons.

Facility of writing, and dilatorineſs ever to write, Mr. Johnſon always retained, from the days that he lay a-bed, and dictated his firſt publication to Mr. Hector, who acted as his amanuenſis, to the moment he made me copy out thoſe variations in Pope's Homer, which were printed in the Poets Lives:—The fine Rambler on the ſubject of Procraſtination was haſtily compoſed, as I have heard, in Sir Joſhua Reynolds's parlour, while the boy waited to carry it to preſs: and numberleſs are the inſtances of his writing under immediate preſſure of importunity or diſtreſs. He told me that the character of *Sober* in the Idler, was by himſelf intended as his own portrait; and that he had his own outſet into life in his eye when he wrote the eaſtern ſtory of Gelaleddin. Of the allegorical papers in the Rambler, Labour and Reſt were his favourite; but Serotinus, the man who returns late in life to receive honours in his native country, and meets with mortification inſtead of reſpect, was by him conſidered as a maſter-piece in the ſcience of life and manners. The character of Proſpero in the fourth volume, Garrick took to be his: and I have heard the author ſay, that he never forgave the offence. Sophron was likewiſe a picture drawn from reality; and by Gelidus

lidus the philoſopher, he meant to repreſent Mr. Coulon, a mathematician who formerly lived at Rocheſter. The man immortaliſed for purring like a cat was, as he told me, one Buſby, a proctor in the Commons. He who barked ſo ingeniouſly, and then called the drawer to drive away the dog, was father to Dr. Salter of the Charterhouſe. He who ſung a ſong, and by correſpondent motions of his arm chalked out a giant on the wall, was one Richardſon, an attorney. The letter ſigned Sunday, was written by Mis. Talbot; and he fancied the billets in the firſt volume of the Rambler, were ſent him by Miſs Mulſo, now Mrs. Chapone. The papers contributed by Mrs. Carter, had much of his eſteem, though he always blamed me for preferring the letter ſigned Charieſſa to the allegory, where religion and ſuperſtition are, indeed, moſt maſterly delineated.

Dr. Johnſon was liberal enough in granting literary aſſiſtance to others, I think; and innumerable are the prefaces, ſermons, lectures, and dedications, which he uſed to make for people who begged of him. Mr. Murphy related in his and my hearing one day, and he did not deny it, that when Murphy joked him the week before for having been ſo diligent of late between Dodd's ſermon and Kelly's prologue, that Dr. Johnſon replied, "Why Sir, when they come to me with a dead ſtay-maker and a dying parſon, what can a man do." He *ſaid*, however, "that he hated to give away literary performances, or even to ſell them too cheaply: the next generation ſhall not accuſe me (added he) of beating down the price of literature: one hates, beſides, ever to give that which one has been accuſtomed to ſell; would not you, Sir, (returning to Mr. Thrale) rather give away money than porter.

When Davies printed the Fugitive Pieces without his knowledge or conſent; How, ſaid I, would Pope have raved, had he been ſerved ſo? "We ſhould never (replied he) have heard the laſt on't, to be ſure; but then Pope was a narrow man: I will, however, added, he) ſtorm and bluſter *myſelf* a little this time;"—ſo went to London in all the wrath he could muſter up. At his return I aſked how the affair ended: "Why

(ſaid)

(ſaid he) I was a fierce fellow, and pretended to be very angry, and Thomas was a good-natured fellow, and pretended to be very ſorry: ſo *there* the matter ended.

Somebody was praiſing Corneille one day in oppoſition to Shakeſpeare: Corneille is to Shakeſpeare (replied Mr. Johnſon) as a clipped hedge is to a foreſt."

Of a much admired poem, when extolled as beautiful, (he replied) "That it had indeed the beauty of a bubble: the colours are gay, (ſaid he) but the ſubſtance ſlight."

Of James Harris's Dedication to his Hermes I have heard him obſerve, that though but fourteen lines long, there were ſix grammatical faults in it. A friend was praiſing the ſtyle of Dr. Swift; Mr. Johnſon did not find himſelf in the humour to agree with him: the critic was driven from one of his performances to the other. At length you muſt allow me, ſaid the gentleman, that there are *ſtrong facts* in the account of the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne: "Yes, ſurely Sir, (replies Johnſon) and ſo there are in the Ordinary of Newgate's Account."

When I one day lamented the loſs of a firſt couſin, killed in America—"Prithee, my dear, (ſaid he) have done with canting: how would the world be worſe for it, I may aſk if all your relations were ſpitted at once like larks, and roaſted for Preſto's ſupper?" Preſto was the dog that lay under the table while we talked.

I was obſerving to the Doctor, that an acquaintance loſt the almoſt certain hope of a good eſtate that had been long expected. Such a one will grieve (ſaid I) at her friend's diſappointment. "She will ſuffer as much perhaps, (ſaid he) as your horſe did when your cow miſcarried."

The piety of Dr. Johnſon was exemplary and edifying: he was punctiliouſly exact to perform every public duty enjoined by the church, and his ſpirit of devotion had an energy that affected all who ever ſaw him pray in private. The coldeſt and moſt languid hearers of the word muſt have felt themſelves animated by his manner of reading the holy ſcriptures; and to pray by his ſick bed, required ſtrength of body as well as of mind, ſo vehement were his manners, and his tones of voice ſo pathetic. I have many times made it my requeſt to heaven

heaven that I might be ſpared the ſight of his death; and I was ſpared it!

Mr. Johnſon, though in general a groſs feeder, kept faſt in Lent, particularly the holy week, with a rigour very dangerous to his general health.

On ſome occaſion, when he was muſing over the fire in our drawing-room at Streatham, a young gentleman called to him ſuddenly, and I ſuppoſe he thought diſreſpectfully, in theſe words: Mr. Johnſon, Would you adviſe me to marry! "I could adviſe no man to marry, Sir, (returns for anſwer in a very angry tone Dr. Johnſon) who is not likely to propagate underſtanding;" and ſo left the room.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds mentioned ſome picture as excellent. "It has often grieved me, Sir, (ſaid Mr. Johnſon) to ſee ſo much mind as the ſcience of painting requires, laid out upon ſuch periſhing materials: why do not you oftener make uſe of copper? I could wiſh your ſuperiority in the art you profeſs, to be preſerved in ſtuff more durable than canvas." Sir Joſhua urged the difficulty of procuring a plate large enough for hiſtorical ſubjects, and was going to raiſe further obſervations: "What foppiſh obſtacles are theſe! exclaims on a ſudden Dr. Johnſon:) Here is Thrale has a thouſand ton of copper; you may paint it all round if you will, I ſuppoſe; it will ſerve him to brew in afterwards: Will it not, Sir? (to my huſband who ſat by). Such ſpeeches may appear offenſive to many, but thoſe who knew he was too blind to diſcern the perfections of an art which applies itſelf immediately to our eye-ſight, muſt acknowledge he was not wrong.

He delighted no more in muſic than painting; he was almoſt as deaf as he was blind: travelling with Dr. Johnſon was for theſe reaſons tireſome enough. Mr. Thrale loved proſpects, and was mortified that his friend could not enjoy the ſight of thoſe different diſpoſitions of wood and water, hill and valley, that travelling through England and France affords a man. But when he wiſhed to point them out to his companion: "Never heed ſuch nonſenſe," would be the reply: "a blade of graſs is always a blade of graſs, whether

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in one country or another: let us if we *do* talk, talk about ſomething; men and women are my ſubjects of enquiry; let us ſee how theſe differ from thoſe we have left behind."

When at Verſailles the people ſhewed us the theatre. As we ſtood on the ſtage looking at ſome machinery for playhouſe purpoſes: Now we are here, what ſhall we act Mr. Johnſon.—The Engliſhman at Paris? "No, no, (replied he) we will try to act Henry the Fifth." His diſlike of the French was well known to both nations, I believe.

Johnſon's own notions about eating however were nothing leſs than delicate; a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pye with plums and ſugar, or the outſide of a ſalt buttock of beef, were his favourite dainties; with regard to drink, his liking was for the ſtrongeſt, as it was not the flavour, but the effect he ſought for, and profeſſed to deſire; and when I firſt knew him, he uſed to pour capillaire into his Port wine. For the laſt twelve years, however, he left off all fermented liquors. To make himſelf ſome amends indeed, he took his chocolate liberally, pouring in large quantities of cream, or even melted butter; and was ſo fond of fruit, that though he uſually eat ſeven or eight large peaches of a morning before breakfaſt begun, and treated them with proportionate attention after dinner again, yet I have heard him proteſt that he never had quite as much as he wiſhed of wall-fruit, except once in his life, and that was when we were all together at Ombersley, the ſeat of my Lord Sandys.

After a very long ſummer, particularly hot and dry, I was wiſhing naturally, but thoughtleſsly, for ſome rain to lay the duſt as we drove along the Surry roads. "I cannot bear (replied he, with much aſperity and an altered look) when I know how many poor families will periſh next winter for want of that bread which the preſent drought will deny them, to hear ladies ſighing for rain, only that their complexions may not ſuffer from the heat, or their clothes be incommoded by the duſt;—for ſhame! leave off ſuch foppiſh lamentations, and ſtudy to relieve thoſe whoſe diſtreſſes are real."

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With adviſing others to be charitable, however, Dr. Johnſon did not content himſelf. He gave away all he had, and all he ever had gotten, except the two thouſand pounds he left behind; and the very ſmall portion of his income which he ſpent upon himſelf, with all our calculation, we never could make more than ſeventy, or at moſt fourſcore pounds a year, and he pretended to allow himſelf an hundred. He had numberleſs dependents out of doors as well as in, "who (as he expreſſed it) did not like to ſee him latterly, unleſs he brought them money." For thoſe people he uſed frequently to raiſe contributions on his richer friends; and this (ſays he) is one of the thouſand reaſons which ought to reſtrain a man from drony ſolitude and uſeleſs retirement."

The Doctor was very athletic. Garrick told a good ſtory of him. He ſaid, that in their young days, when ſome ſtrolling players came to Litchfield, our friend had fixed his place upon the ſtage, and got himſelf a chair accordingly; which, leaving for a few minutes, he found a man in it at his return, who refuſed to give it back at the firſt intreaty: Mr. Johnſon, however, who did not think it worth his while to make a ſecond, took chair and man and all together, and threw them all at once into the pit. I aſked the Doctor if this was a fact? "Garrick has not *ſpoiled* it in the telling (ſaid he) it is very *near* true to be ſure."

Mr. Beauclerk too related one day, how on ſome occaſion he ordered two large maſtiffs into his parlour, to ſhew a friend who was converſant in canine beauty and excellence, how the dogs quarrelled, and faſtening on each other, alarmed all the company except Johnſon, who, ſeizing one in one hand by the cuff of the neck, the other in the other hand, ſaid gravely, "Come gentlemen! where's your difficulty? put one dog out at the door, and I will ſhew this fierce gentleman the way out of the window;" which, lifting up the maſtiff and the ſaſh, he contrived to do very expeditiouſly, and much to the ſatisfaction of the affrighted company. We inquired as to the truth of this curious recital. "The dogs have been ſomewhat magnified, I believe Sir: (was the reply)

reply) they were, as I remember, two ſtout young pointers; but the ſtory has gained but little."

I have forgotten the year, but it could ſcarely I think be later than 1765 or 1766, that he was called abruptly from our houſe after dinner, and returning in about three hours, ſaid, he had been with an enraged author, whoſe landlady preſſed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beſet him without; that he was drinking himſelf drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which when finiſhed was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for diſtraction, nor could he ſtep out of doors to offer it to ſale. Mr. Johnſon therefore ſet away the bottle, and went to the bookſeller, recommending the performance, and deſiring ſome immediate relief; which, when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the houſe directly to partake of punch, and paſs their time in merriment.

It was not till ten years after, I dare ſay, that ſomething in Dr. Goldſmith's behaviour ſtruck me with an idea that he was the very man, and then Johnſon confeſſed that it was ſo: the novel was the charming Vicar of Wakefield.

There was a Mr. Boyce too, who wrote ſome very elegant verſes printed in the Magazines of five and twenty years ago, of whoſe ingenuity and diſtreſs I have heard Dr. Johnſon tell ſome curious anecdotes; particularly, that when he was almoſt periſhing with hunger, and ſome money was produced to purchaſe him a dinner, he got a bit of roaſt beef, but could not eat it without ketchup, and laid out the laſt half guinea he poſſeſſed in truffles and muſhrooms, eating them in bed too, for want of clothes, or even a ſhirt to ſet up in.

Mr. Johnſon loved late hours extremely, or more properly hated early ones Nothing was more terrifying to him than the idea of retiring to bed, which he never would call going to reſt, or ſuffer another to call ſo. "I lie down (ſaid he) that my acquaintance may ſleep; but I lie down to endure oppreſſive miſery, and ſoon riſe again to paſs the night in anxiety and pain" By this pathetic manner, which no one ever poſſeſſed in ſo eminent

nent a degree, he uſed to ſhock me from quitting his company, till I hurt my own health not a little by ſitting up with him when I was myſelf far from well. I often made tea for him in London till four o'clock in the morning. At Streatham indeed I managed better, having always ſome friend who was kind enough to engage him in talk, and favour my retreat.

The firſt time I ever ſaw this extraordinary man was in the year 1654, when Mr. Murphy, who had been long the friend and confidential intimate of Mr. Thrale, perſuaded him to wiſh for Johnſon's converſation, extolling it in terms which that of no other perſon could have deſerved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company, and find an excuſe for the invitation. The celebrity of Mr. Woodhouſe, a ſhoemaker, whoſe verſes were at that time the ſubject of common diſcourſe, ſoon afforded a pretence, and Mr. Murphy brought Johnſon to meet him, giving me general cautions not to be ſurpriſed at his figure, dreſs, or behaviour. What I recollect beſt of the day's talk, was his earneſtly recommending Addiſon's works to Mr. Woodhouſe as a model for imitation. "Give nights and days, Sir, (ſaid he) to the ſtudy of Addiſon, if you mean either to be a good writer, or what is more worth, an honeſt man." When I ſaw ſomething like the ſame expreſſion in his criticiſm on that author, lately publiſhed, I put him in mind of his paſt injunctions to the young poet, to which he replied, "That he wiſhed the ſhoemaker might have remembered them as well." Mr. Johnſon liked his new acquaintance ſo much however, that from that time he dined with us every Thurſday through the winter.

In the year 1766, his health, which he had always complained of, grew ſo exceedingly bad, that he could not ſtir out of his room in the court * he inhabited, for many *weeks* together, I think *months*.

Mr. Thrale ſoon after prevailed on him to quit his cloſe habitation in the court and come with us to Streatham, where I undertook the care of his health, and had the honour and happineſs of contributing to its reſtoration.

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* He then lived in Johnſon's Court, Fleet Street, whence he afterwards removed to Bolt Court, where he died.

One day, when he was not pleaſed with our dinner, I aſked him if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner? "So often (replied he) that at laſt ſhe called to me, and ſaid, Nay, hold, Mr. Johnſon, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will proteſt not eatable."

Avarice was a vice againſt which, however, I never much heard Mr. Johnſon declaim, till one repreſented it to him connected with cruelty, or ſome ſuch diſgraceful companion. "Do not (ſaid he) diſcourage your children from hoarding, if they have a taſte to it: whoever lays up his penny rather than part with it for a cake, at leaſt is not the ſlave of groſs appetite; and ſhews beſides a preference always to be eſteemed, of the future to the preſent moment. Such a mind may be made a good one; but the natural ſpendthrift, who graſps his pleaſure greedily and coarſely, and cares for nothing but immediate indulgence, is very little to be valued above a negroe." We talked of Lady Taviſtock, who grieved herſelf to death for the loſs of her huſband. "She was rich, and wanted employment (ſays Johnſon) ſo ſhe cried till ſhe loſt all power of reſtraining her tears: other women are forced to outlive their huſbands, who were juſt as much beloved, depend on it; but they have no time for grief: and I doubt not, if we had put my Lady Taviſtock into a ſmall chandler's ſhop, and given her a nurſe-child to tend, her life would have been ſaved. The poor and the buſy have no leiſure for ſentimental ſorrow."

I pitied a friend before him, who had a whining wife that found every thing painful to her, and nothing pleaſing.—"He does not know that ſhe whimpers, (ſays Johnſon), when a door has creaked for a fortnight together, you may obſerve—the maſter will ſcarcely give ſixpence to get it oiled."

For a lady of quality, ſince dead, who received us at her huſband's ſeat in Wales with leſs attention than he had long been accuſtomed to, he had a rougher denunciation: "That woman (cries Johnſon) is like ſour ſmall-beer, the beverage of her table."

Mr. Johnſon's hatred of the Scotch is ſo well known, and ſo many of his *bon mots* expreſſive of that hatred have been already repeated in ſo many books and pamphlets, that it is perhaps ſcarcely worth while to write down the converſation between him and a friend of that nation who always reſides in London, and who at his return from the Hebrides aſked him, with a firm tone of voice, What he thought of his country? "That it is a very vile country to be ſure, Sir; (returned for anſwer Dr. Johnſon.) Well, Sir! replies the other ſomewhat mortified, God made it. "Certainly he did (anſwers Mr. Johnſon again); but we muſt always remember that he made it for Scotchmen."

Mr. Johnſon made Dr. Goldſmith a comical anſwer one day, when ſeeming to repine at the ſucceſs of Beattie's Eſſay on Truth---"Here's ſuch a ſtir (ſaid he) about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." Ah, Doctor (ſays his friend) there go two-and-forty ſixpences you know to one guinea.

Dr. Johnſon was indeed famous for diſregarding public abuſe. When the people criticiſed and anſwered his pamphlets papers, &c. "Why now theſe fellows are only advertiſing my book (he would ſay); it is ſurely better a man ſhould be abuſed than forgotten."

He once bade a very celebrated lady who praiſed him with too much zeal perhaps, (which always offended him), conſider what her flattery was worth before ſhe choaked him with it."

We were talking of Richardſon, who wrote Clariſſa: "You think I love flattery (ſays Dr. Johnſon), and ſo I do; but a little too much always diſguſts me: that fellow Richardſon, on the contrary, could not be contented to ſail quietly down the ſtream of reputation, without longing to taſte the froth from every ſtroke of the oar."

With regard to ſlight inſults from newſpaper abuſe, I have already declared his notions: They ſting one (ſays he) but as a fly ſtings a horſe: and the eagle will not catch flies.

Mr. Johnſon hated what we call unprofitable chat; and to a gentleman who had diſſerted ſome time about the natural hiſtory of the mouſe—"I wonder what ſuch

a one would have ſaid (cried Johnſon), if he had ever had the luck to ſee a lion!"

A young fellow, leſs confident of his own abilities, lamenting one day that he had loſt all his Greek—"I believe it happened at the ſame time, Sir, (ſaid Johnſon), that I loſt all my large eſtate in Yorkſhire."

But however roughly he might be ſuddenly provoked to treat a harmleſs exertion of vanity, he did not wiſh to inflict the pain he gave, and was ſometimes very ſorry when he perceived the people to ſmart more than they deſerved. How harſhly you treated that man today, ſaid I once, who harrangued us about gardening, —"I am ſorry (ſaid he) if I vexed the creature for there certainly is no harm in a fellow's rattling a rattle-box, only don't let him think that he thunders."

A Lincolnſhire lady ſhewed him a grotto ſhe had been making: Will it not be a pretty cool habitation in ſummer? ſaid ſhe, Mr. Johnſon! "I think it would, Madam (replied he) for a toad."

All deſire of diſtinction had a ſure enemy in Mr. Johnſon. We met a friend driving ſix very ſmall ponies, and ſtopped to admire them. "Why does nobody (ſaid our doctor) begin the faſhion of driving ſix ſpavined horſes, all ſpavined of the ſame leg? it would have a mighty pretty effect, and produce the diſtinction of doing ſomething worſe than the common way."

When Mr. Johnſon had a mind to compliment any one, he did it with more dignity to himſelf, and better effect upon the company, than any man. I can recollect but few inſtances indeed, though perhaps that may be more my fault than his. When Sir Joſhua Reynolds left the room one day, he ſaid, There goes a man not to be ſpoiled by proſperity." And when Mrs. Montague ſhewed him ſome China plates which had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "that they had no reaſon to be aſhamed of their preſent poſſeſſor, who was ſo little inferior to the firſt."

He ſometimes rode on Mr. Thrale's old hunter with a good firmneſs, and though he would follow the hounds fifty miles an end ſometimes, would never own himſelf either tired or amuſed. He was, however, proud to be

amongſt the ſportſmen ; and I think no praiſe ever went ſo cloſe to his heart, as when Mr. Hamilton called out one day upon Brighthelmſtone Downs, Why Johnſon rides as well, for ought I ſee, as the moſt illiterate fellow in England.

He ſaid of Edmund Burke, " that you could not ſtand five minutes with that man beneath a ſhed while it rained, but you muſt be convinced you had been ſtanding with the greateſt man you had ever yet ſeen."

Dr. Johnſon's knowledge of literary hiſtory was extenſive and ſurpriſing : he knew every adventure of every book you could name almoſt, and was exceedingly pleaſed with the opportunity which writing the Poets Lives gave him to diſplay it. He loved to be ſet at work, and was ſorry when he came to the end of the buſineſs he was about. I do not feel ſo myſelf with regard to theſe ſheets : a fever, which has preyed on me while I wrote them over for the preſs, will perhaps leſſen my power of doing well the firſt, and probably the laſt work, I ſhould ever have thought of preſenting to the Public. I could doubtleſs wiſh ſo to conclude it, as at leaſt to ſhew my zeal for my friend, whoſe life, as I once had the honour and happineſs of being uſeful to, I ſhould wiſh to record a few particular traits of, that thoſe who read ſhould emulate his goodneſs ; but ſeeing the neceſſity of making even virtue and learning ſuch as his agreeable, that all ſhould be warned againſt ſuch coarſeneſs of manners, as drove even from him thoſe who loved, honoured, and eſteemed him.

I made one day very minute enquiries about the tale of his knocking down Tom Oſborne the bookſeller, with his own Dictionary in his ſhop. And how was that affair, in earneſt? do tell me, Mr. Johnſon? " There is nothing to tell, deareſt Lady, but that he was inſolent and I beat him, and that he was a blockhead and told of it. I have beat many a fellow, but the reſt had the wit to hold their tongues."

It was a perpetual miracle that he did not ſet himſelf on fire reading a bed, as was his conſtant cuſtom, when exceedingly unable to keep clear of miſchief with our beſt help ; and accordingly the fore-top of all his wigs were

were burned by the candle down to the very net-work. Mr. Thrale's valet-de-chambre, for that reaſon, kept one always in his own hands, with which he met him at the parlour door when the bell had called him down to dinner, and as he went up ſtairs to ſleep in the afternoon, the ſame man conſtantly followed him with another.

No man converſed ſo well as he on every ſubject; no man ſo acutely diſcerned the reaſon of every fact, the motive of every action, the end of every deſign. He was indeed often pained by the ignorance or cauſe leſs wonder of thoſe who knew leſs than himſelf, though he ſeldom drove them away with apparent ſcorn, unleſs he thought they added preſumption to ſtupidity.

I ſaw Mr. Johnſon in none but a tranquil uniform ſtate, paſſing the evening of his life among friends, who loved, honoured, and admired him: I ſaw none of the things he did, except ſuch acts of charity as have been often mentioned in this book, and ſuch writings as are univerſally known. What he ſaid is all I can relate; and from what he ſaid, thoſe who think it worth while to read theſe Anecdotes, muſt be contented to gather his character. Mine is a mere candle-light picture of his latter days, where every thing falls in dark ſhadow except the face, the index of the mind; but even that is ſeen unfavourably, and with a paleneſs beyond what nature gave it.

He had a ſtrong averſion to four-footed favourites, notwithſtanding he had for many years a cat which he called Hodge, that kept always in his room at Fleet-ſtreet; but ſo exact was he not to offend the human ſpecies by ſuperfluous attention to brutes, that when the creature was grown ſick and old, and could eat nothing but oyſters, Mr. Johnſon always went out himſelf to buy Hodge's dinner, that Francis the Black's delicacy might not be hurt at ſeeing himſelf employed for the conveniency of a quadruped.

No one was indeed ſo attentive not to offend in all ſuch ſort of things, as Dr. Johnſon; nor ſo careful to maintain the ceremonies of life: and, though he told Mr. Thrale once, that he had never ſought to pleaſe till paſt thirty years old, conſidering the matter as hopeleſs,

he had been always ſtudious not to make enemies, by apparent preference of himſelf. It happened very comically, that the moment this curious converſation paſt, of which I was a ſilent auditreſs, was in the coach, in ſome diſtant province, either Shropſhire or Derbyſhire I believe, and as ſoon as it was over, Mr. Johnſon took out of his pocket a little book and read, while a gentleman of no ſmall diſtinction for his birth and elegance, ſuddenly rode up to the carriage, and paying us all his proper compliments, was deſirous not to neglect Dr. Johnſon; but obſerving that he did not ſee him, tapt him gently on the ſhoulder—'Tis Mr. Ch--lm- ley, ſays my huſband;—"Well, Sir! and what if it is Mr. Ch--lm--ley!" ſays the other ſternly, juſt lifting his eyes a moment from his book, and returning to it again with renewed avidity.

I enquired of him concerning his account of the ſtate of literature in Scotland, which was repeated up and down at one time by every body—"How knowledge was divided among the Scots, like bread in a beſieged town, to every man a mouthful, to no man a bellyful." This ſtory he likewiſe acknowledged, and ſaid beſides, "that ſome officious friend had carried it to Lord Bute, who only anſwered—Well, well! never mind what he ſays—he will have the penſion all one."

Another famous reply to a Scotſman who commended the beauty and dignity of Glaſgow, till Mr. Johnſon ſtopped him by obſerving, "that he probably had never yet ſeen Brentford, was one of the jokes he owned: and ſaid himſelf, "that when a gentleman of that country once mentioned the lovely proſpects common in his nation, he could not help telling him, that the view of the London road was the proſpect in which every Scotſman moſt naturally and moſt rationally delighted."

He loved the ſight of fine foreſt trees, however, and deteſted Brighthelmſtone Downs, "becauſe it was a country ſo truly deſolate (he ſaid), that if one had a mind to hang one's ſelf for deſperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to faſten the rope." Walking in a wood when it rained, was, I think the only rural image he pleaſed his fancy with;

with; "for (says he) after one has gathered the apples in an orchard, one wishes them well baked, and removed to a London eating-house for enjoyment."

With such notions, who can wonder he passed his time uncomfortably enough with us, whom he often complained of for living so much in the country; feeding the chickens (as he said I did) till I starved my own understanding. Get, however, (said he) a book about gardening, and study it hard, since you will pass your life with birds and flowers, and learn to raise the *largest* turnips, and to breed the *biggest* fowls. It was vain to assure him that the goodness of such dishes did not depend on their size; he laughed at the people who covered their canals with foreign fowls, when (says he) our own geese and ganders are twice as large: if we fetched better animals from distant nations, there might be some sense in the preference; but to get cows from Alderney, or water-fowl from China, only to see nature degenerating round one, is a poor ambition indeed."

When ill, he conjured me solemnly to tell him what I thought: Sir Richard Jebb was perpetually on the road to Streatham, and Mr. Johnson seemed to think himself neglected if the physician left him for an hour only; I made him a steady, but, as I thought, a very gentle harangue, in which I confirmed all that the Doctor had been saying, how no present danger could be expected; but that his age and continued ill health must naturally accelerate the arrival of that hour which can be escaped by none: "And this (says Johnson, rising in great anger) is the voice of female friendship I suppose, when the hand of the hangman would be softer."

I commended a young lady for her beauty and pretty behaviour one day, however, to whom I thought no objection could have been made. "I saw her (says Dr. Johnson) take a pair of scissars in her left hand though; and for all her father is now become a nobleman, and as you say excessively rich, I should, were I a youth of quality ten years hence, hesitate between a girl so neglected, and a *negro*."

It really surprised me to see the victory he gained over a Lady little accustomed to contradiction, who had dressed herself for church at Streatham one Sunday morning, in a manner he did not approve, and to whom he said such sharp and pungent things concerning her hat, her gown, &c. that she hastened to change them, and returning quite another figure received his applause, and thanked him for his reproofs, much to the amazement of her husband, who could scarcely believe his own ears.

All these exactnesses in a man who was nothing less than exact himself, made him extremely impracticable as an inmate, though most instructive as a companion, and useful as a friend. Mr. Thrale too could sometimes over-rule his rigidity, by saying coldly, There, there, now we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson; we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please—or some such speech; but when there was nobody to restrain his dislikes, it was extremely difficult to find any body with whom he could converse, without living always on the verge of a quarrel, or of something too like a quarrel to be pleasing.

This disposition occurred too often, and I was forced to take advantage of my lost law suit, and plead inability of purse to remain longer in London or its vicinage. I had been crossed in my intentions of going abroad, and found it convenient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where I knew Mr. Johnson would not follow me, and where I could for that reason command some little portion of time for my own use; a thing impossible while I remained at Streatham or at London, as my hours, carriage, and servants had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till twelve o'clock perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rung for dinner, though much displeased if the toilet was neglected, and though much of the time we passed together was spent in blaming or deriding, very justly, my neglect of œconomy, and waste of that money which might make many families happy. The original reason of our connection, his *particularly disordered health and spirits*, had been long at an end, and he had no other

other ailments than old age, and general infirmity, which every profeſſor of medicine was ardently zealous and generally attentive to palliate, and to contribute all in their power for the prolongation of a life ſo valuable. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his converſation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my huſband firſt put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his ſhare for ſixteen or ſeventeen years, made me go on ſo long with Mr. Johnſon; but the perpetual confinement, I will own to have been terrifying in the firſt years of our friendſhip, and irkſome in the laſt: nor could I pretend to ſupport it without help, when my coadjutor was no more. To the aſſiſtance we gave him, the ſhelter our houſe afforded to his uneaſy fancies, and to the pains we took to ſooth or repreſs them, the world perhaps is indebted for the three political pamphlets, the new edition and correction of his Dictionary, and for the Poets Lives, which he would ſcarce have lived, I think, and kept his faculties entire, to have written, had not inceſſant care been exerted at the time of his firſt coming to be our conſtant gueſt in the country; and ſeveral times after that, when he found himſelf particularly oppreſſed with diſeaſes incident to the moſt vivid and fervent imaginations. I ſhall for ever conſider it as the greateſt honour which could be conferred on any one, to have been the confidential friend of Dr. Johnſon's health, and to have in ſome meaſure, with Mr. Thrale's aſſiſtance, ſaved from diſtreſs at leaſt, if not from worſe, a mind great beyond the comprehenſion of common mortals, and good beyond all hope of imitation from periſhable beings.

It is uſual, I know not why, when a character is given, to begin with a deſcription of the perſon; that which contained the ſoul of Mr. Johnſon deſerves to be particularly deſcribed. His ſtature was remarkably high, and his limbs exceedingly large: his ſtrength was more than common I believe, and his activity had been greater I have heard than ſuch a form gave one reaſon to expect: his features were ſtrongly marked, and his countenance particularly rugged; though the original complexion had certainly been fair, a circumſtance

cumſtance ſomewhat unuſual: his ſight was near, and otherwiſe imperfect; yet his eyes, though of a light-grey colour, were ſo wild, ſo piercing, and at times ſo fierce, that fear was I believe the firſt emotion in the hearts of all his beholders. His mind was ſo comprehenſive, that no language but that he uſed could have expreſſed its contents; and ſo ponderous was his language, that ſentiments leſs lofty and leſs ſolid than his were, would have been encumbered, not adorned by it.

As his purſe was ever open to alms-giving, ſo was his heart tender to thoſe who wanted relief, and his ſoul ſuſceptible of gratitude, and of every kind impreſſion: yet though he had refined his ſenſibility, he had not endangered his quiet, by encouraging in himſelf a ſolicitude about trifles, which he treated with the contempt they deſerve.

No man had ſtronger likings or averſions. His veracity was indeed, from the moſt trivial to the moſt ſolemn occaſions, ſtrict, even to ſeverity; he ſcorned to embelliſh a ſtory with fictious circumſtances, which (he uſed to ſay) took off from its real value. A ſtory (ſays Johnſon) ſhould be a ſpecimen of life and manners; but if the ſurrounding circumſtances are falſe, as it is no more a repreſentation of reality, it is no longer worthy our attention."

Though a man of obſcure birth himſelf, his partiality to people of family was viſible on every occaſion; his zeal for ſubordination warm even to bigotry; his hatred of innovation, and reverence for the old feudal times, apparent, whenever any poſſible manner of ſhewing them occurred. I have ſpoken of his piety, his charity, and his truth, the enlargement of his heart, and the delicacy of his ſentiments. The mind of this man was indeed expanded beyond the common limits of human nature, and ſtored with ſuch variety of knowledge, that I uſed to think it reſembled a royal pleaſure-ground, where every plant, of every name and nation, flouriſhed in the full perfection.

The account of our author from whence the foregoing paſſages have been extracted, abounds with intereſting and entertaining

entertaining information, which the Editor of this volume begs leave to recommend to the public.

When the first Edition of these Beauties appeared, the account of Dr. Johnson, who was then living, was drawn from sources less to be depended upon: however, they were, though not so interesting, in general authentic.

These anecdotes of Mrs. Piozzi's, *at once display close observation, great attention, a strong memory, a lively imagination and an exalted mind. In a few words, a sound understanding, and a benevolent heart.*

Doctor Johnson had some failings, from which the most perfect are not exempt; these are noticed by Mrs. P. with the delicacy of sincere friendship, whilst his virtues are most amiably displayed, as a pattern for others.

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We will now entertain our Readers with a few Extracts from Mr. Boswell's Description of a Tour to the Hebrides, in which he accompanied the Doctor.

Etxracts from Mr. BOSWELL.

LORD NORTH, at the instance of the late Mr. Thrale, had some notions of bringing Dr. Johnson into parliament; and they had two meetings for that purpose, to which it appears the Doctor "was nothing loth. His Lordship, however, doubting the success of such an experiment, afterwards declined it, which the Doctor could never forgive, "That fellow, he used sometimes to say, speaking of Lord North, has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruit"—and at another time, when mentioned as a minister—"No, Sir, there is at present no minister in parliament—Lord North's but the agent of a minister."

Mr. Boswell telling the Doctor, that when he was young and freakish, he one night at Drury Lane theatre, entertained the audience before the play by *lowing like a cow*. Soon after this, differing with Dr. Johnson

Johnſon, upon ſome ſubject, the latter replied, "Nay, Sir, if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you ſtill bellow like a cow."

The firſt night Dr. Johnſon got to Edinburgh, walking up the High-ſtreet, arm in arm with Boſwell, at a time when the well known effluvia of that capital was pretty ſtrong; his friend obſerved, "Well, now Doctor, we are at laſt in Scotland." "Yes, Sir, cried the Doctor, grumbling, I ſmell it in the dark."

Seeing a board on the great door of the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh with this inſcription, "Clean your feet" juſt after he had quitted the high church, which was at that time ſhamefully dirty, he turned about to Dr. Robertſon—"There is no occaſion for putting ſuch a board as this at the doors of your churches.

Being aſked to ſee the room at Dumferline where Charles the Firſt was born, he replied, "No, I know that he was born, and it is no matter where."

Speaking of the ſuperior aſſiduity of the Scottiſh over the Engliſh clergy, in *inſtructing* their pariſhioners; Johnſon replied with ſome warmth, "I do not believe your people are better inſtructed; if they are, it is the blind leading the blind, for your clergy are not inſtructed themſelves."

Having loſt his oak ſtick in Mull, an inconſiderable little iſland in the Hebrides, he ſuſpected his guide had ſtolen it—but his fellow-traveller endeavouring to perſuade him it was not ſo, and that it would be reſtored him again, he replied—"No, Sir, it is not to be expected that any man in Mull who has got it will part with it—conſider the value of *ſuch a piece of timber here.*"

BIBLE.

Talking of Dr. Kennicott's tranſlation of the Bible, the company expreſſed a wiſh it might be quite faithful. "Sir, I know not any crime ſo great that a man could contrive to commit, as poiſoning the ſources of eternal truth."

BIOGRAPHY.

"I do not think the life of any literary man in England well written—Beſide the common incidents of life

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it ſhould tell us his ſtudies, his mode of living——the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works."

He ſaid, that Dr. Birch had more anecdotes than any man—Boſwell obſerved, "Dr. Percy had a great many, that he flowed with them like one of the Scotch brooks." "Sir, if Percy is like one of your brooks—Birch is like the River Thames—Birch excels Percy, as much as Percy excels Goldſmith.

CONVERSATION AND READING.

Sir, they ſhould be mixed like eating and exerciſe; the one digeſts the other.

Q. But is not the man of converſation the *readier* and more agreeable man?

A. Sir, he may have more *money* about him, but then you are to conſider he has *no fortune*.

CARDS.

I am ſorry I have not learned to play at cards—it is very uſeful in life—as moderate play generates kindneſs and conſolidates ſociety.

CHARITY.

If thoughtleſsly given, we may neglect the moſt deſerving objects, and as every man has but a certain proportion to give, if it is laviſhed upon thoſe who firſt preſent themſelves, there may be nothing left for ſuch who have a better claim. A man ſhould firſt relieve thoſe who are nearly connected with him by whatever ties; and then, if he has any thing to ſpare, he may extend his bounty to a wider circle.

LORD THURLOW.

Speaking of the preſent Lord Chancellor, long before he came into his preſent high office. "I honour Thurlow, Sir, he's a fine fellow—he looks for the truth in converſation, and in the reſearch fairly puts his mind to yours."

SMOAKING.

"Smoaking has gone out. To be ſure it is a ſhocking thing, blowing ſmoak out of our mouths into other people

people's mouth, eyes, and noſes, and having the ſame thing done to us.

CLEANLINESS.

I remember when people in England changed a ſhirt only once a week.

FIRE.

Formerly good tradeſmen had no fire but in the kitchen, never in the parlour, but on Sunday. My father, who was a magiſtrate of Litchfield, lived thus: They never began to have a fire in the parlour, but on leaving off buſineſs, or ſome great revolution of their life.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

Dr. Doddridge, he obſerved, was the author of one of the fineſt epigrams in the Engliſh language—it is in Orton's Life of him, the ſubject is his family motto, "Dum Vivimus Vivamus."

"Live while you live, the Epicure would ſay,
"And ſeize the pleaſures of the preſent day;"
"Live while you live, the ſacred Preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies,
"Lord! in my views, let both united be,
"I live in pleaſure, when I live to thee."

FOOTE.

When he firſt heard of Foote's death, he exclaimed, "Then we have loſt a man who has left a chaſm in ſociety that will not readily be filled up."

At another time he obſerved, "Foote had little or no principle—he is at times neither governed by good-manners or diſcretion—and very little by affection—but for a broad laugh the ſcoundrel has no fellow."

Q. by a lady. Pray, Doctor, don't you look upon Foote as an infidel?

A. No—Madam. No other than you may call a dog an infidel, who does not know whether he believes or not.

GARRICK.

"The opinion that many people conceive of players, being in private life the characters they repreſent on the ſtage, is very ſtrong; Garrick told me, (Dr. Johnſon) that ſome years after he came on the ſtage, he received

ceived a meſſage by an elderly looking gentlewoman who told him, there was a certain lady of rank and fortune who had a great partiality for him, and wanted to know whether he was married or not. Garrick replied in the negative. She ſeemed much pleaſed, and ſaid he ſhould ſoon hear from her again. Many months paſſed over without his hearing any farther about it—at laſt he met the woman accidentally in the ſtreet, whom he interrogated about the delay of her commiſſion—at firſt ſhe ſeemed to ſhuffle off the queſtion, but he inſiſting upon knowing, ſhe confeſſed to him, that the lady having firſt ſeen him in *Ranger*, ſhe was charmed with his air and addreſs—but ſoon after having appeared in *Sharp* in the Lying Valet, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw ſo many mean, ſhifting qualities about him, that ſhe could by no means put either her perſon or fortune into his poſſeſſion."

The other inſtance is equally ſtrong. A grocer in the town of Litchfield, a neighbour of Peter Garrick's, having occaſion to come up to London—Peter gave him a letter, recommending him to his brother David. The man came to town late in the evening, and ſeeing Garrick's name up in the bills for Abel Drugger, he went to the two ſhilling gallery, and then waited in anxious expection of ſeeing in the perſon of his countryman the greateſt actor of the age. On Garrick's appearance, he was for ſome time in doubt whether it could be him or not; at laſt, being convinced of it by the people around him, he felt himſelf ſo diſguſted with the mean appearance and mercenary conduct of the character, which, by a fooliſh combination he attached to the player, that he went out of town without delivering his letter.

On his arrival in Litchfield, Peter Garrick aſked him, "How he was received by his brother, and how he liked him." "To tell you the truth, ſays the man, I never delivered your letter." "Not delivered my letter! ſays Peter, how came that about?" "Why the fact is, I ſaw enough of him on the ſtage to make that unneceſſary—he may be rich, as I dare ſay any man who

who lives like him must be, but by—— (and here, said the Doctor, the man vociferated an oath) though he is your brother, Mr. Garrick, he is one of the meanest and most pitiful fellows I ever saw in my life."

It was amongst the *memorabilia* of Garrick's petty habits. "That he kept a book of all who had either praised or abused him."

Meditations on a Pudding, by Dr. JOHNSON, *in playful fancy, ridiculing Hervey's Meditations.*

"Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning—of milk pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught; who while she stroaked the udder indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the destruction of our fellow-creatures.—Milk which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind, in the age which the poets have agreed to call Golden.

"It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation; an egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface, and an unformed mass, which, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers.

"Let us consider—can there be more wanting to complete this meditation on a pudding—if more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt which keeps the sea from putrefaction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual essence, contributes to the formation of a pudding."

LAW.

A lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge.

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"A country is in a bad ſtate which is governed only by laws, becauſe a thouſand things occur for which laws cannot provide, and where authority ought not to interpoſe."

LIFE *(Its Duties)*

Speaking of the difficulty of living in the world with an abſtracted mind, "Sir, Dr. Cheyne has laid down a rule to himſelf on this ſubject, which ſhould be imprinted on every mind."

"To neglect nothing to ſecure my eternal peace more than if I had been certified I ſhould die within the day, nor to mind any thing that my ſecular obligations and duties demanded of me, leſs than if I had been enſured to live fifty years."

LAZINESS.

Dr. Johnſon obſerving upon ſome occaſion, that lazineſs was worſe than the tooth-ache; Mr. Boſwell replied, "I cannot agree with you there; for a baſon of cold water, or a horſe-whip will cure lazineſs." "No, Sir, it will only put off the fit, it will not cure the diſeaſe; I have been trying to cure lazineſs all my life, and could not do it."

MIND.

The ſuppoſition of one man having more imagination—another more judgment, is not true—it is only one man has more mind than another. "Sir, the man who has vigour may walk to the Eaſt, as well as the Weſt, if he happens to turn his head that way."

MARRIAGE.

Some cunning men chooſe fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail; depend upon it, no woman is the worſe for ſenſe and knowledge.

LORD MANSFIELD.

A perſon in company ſaying, That he had heard Lord Mansfield was not a great Engliſh lawyer. "Sir, you may as well maintain, that a carrier who has driven a packhorſe between Edinburgh and Berwick for thirty years, does not know the road, as that Lord Mansfield does not know the laws of England."

SARAH

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

The Duchess had no superior parts, but was a bold, frontless woman, who knew how to make the most of her opportunities in life.

POLITENESS.

Politeness is of great consequence to society—it is *fictitious benevolence*—it supplies the place of it amongst those who see each other often, or but little. Depend upon it the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other. I have always applied to good-breeding what Addison in his Cato says of honour:

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
"The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
"That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
"And imitates her actions where she is not."

PROSTITUTION.

On the subject of making women do penance in the church for fornication, he observed, "It is right, Sir, infamy is attached to the crime by universal opinion as soon as it is known. I would not be the man who would discover it, if I alone knew it—for a woman may reform. Nor would I commend a person who divulges a woman's first offence; but being once divulged, it ought to be infamous. Consider of what importance to society the chastity of women is; upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep, but the unchastity of a woman takes sheep and farm and all from the right owner.

"I have much more reverence for a common prostitute than for a woman who conceals her guilt; the prostitute is known; she cannot deceive, she cannot bring herself into the arms of an honest man without his knowledge."

PULTNEY (of Bath)

"Pultney was as paltry a fellow as could be; he was a Whig who pretended to be honest, and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to pretend to be honest—he cannot hold it out."

Q. You have heard Quin read Milton, Doctor?

A. Sir, I have heard Quin *attempt* to read Milton.

Q. What! then you do not like him?

A. Why no, Sir, he read it too much like a player; by imitating the several characters of the poem; whereas his business was that of a narrator, not an imitator.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Speaking of this great artist, he gave the following eulogium on him as a man:

"Reynolds, Sir, is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom, if you should quarrel, you would find the most difficulty how to abuse."

SUICIDE.

"There is no situation a man can possibly be in that he has a right to put himself to death." Suppose, says Mr. Boswell, that a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society. What is he to do then?" "Then, Sir, says Johnson, let him go to some place where he is not known—but don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

SAILOR.

Mr. Boswell expressing his wonder, "That a man who had been pressed on board a man of war, did not chuse to continue longer than nine months." "Sir, I should rather wonder he stayed so long, if he could help it—no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Sir Robert Walpole, on the whole was a fine fellow,—and even his enemies thought him so before his death. Lord Bath told me, "he was very sure Sir Robert was of that social pleasant temper, that he never felt any thing said against him for half an hour in his life. He then repeated Pope's character of him:

"Seen

" Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
" Of ſocial pleaſure—ill exchang'd for power;
" Seen him uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
" Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

JOHN WILKES.

"It is wonderful to think that all the force of government was required to prevent Wilkes from being choſen chief magiſtrate of London, without ſucceſs, though the livery-men knew at the ſame time he would rob their ſhops, and debauch their daughter's.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

Q. " Pray, Doctor, was not Whitehead proſecuted for his poem, called Manners?"

A. " No, Sir; but Dodſley his publiſher was. Whitehead was a man who hung looſe upon ſociety, but Dodſley being a man who kept a ſhop, and being more readily found, was called before the houſe of Lords—and after all I think the poem but a poor performance."

EXTRACTS from various AUTHORITIES.

UPON the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philoſophical works by David Mallet, Dr. Johnſon was aſked his opinion of the author.—" Sir, ſays he, I look upon him to be both a *ſcoundrel* and a *coward*—a ſcoundrel for loading his blunderbuſs up to the muzzle, againſt the peace and happineſs of ſociety, and a coward for leaving David Mallet to draw the trigger."

A gentleman obſerving to Dr. Johnſon, that there were leſs vagrant poor in Scotland than in England, and as a proof of it, ſaid there was no inſtance of a beggar dying in the ſtreets there;—" I believe you're very right, Sir, ſays Johnſon, but that does not ariſe from the want of vagrants, but *the impoſſibility of ſtarving a Scotchman.*"

Pray, Dr. Johnſon, ſays a female ſmatterer in poetry, which was the greateſt poet, Boyce or Derrick?—" Oh, Madam,

Madam (says the Doctor) there can be no great difference between a *louse and a flee.*

Dr. Johnson being at dinner at Mrs. Macauley's, the conversation turned on the *equality of mankind*, which the lady of the house contended for with all the energy of a republican. Johnson made a few short answers, in hopes to change the subject, but finding she would go on, he finished his dinner with as much haste as possible, and then giving his plate to the footman, begged he'd take his place: "Good God! what are you about, Doctor," said the lady?—"Oh! nothing, Madam, but to preserve the *equality of mankind.*

The emigration of the Scotch to London, being a conversation between the Doctor and Foote, the latter said he believed the number of Scotch in London were as great in the former as the present reign:—"No, Sir, you are certainly wrong in your belief;—but I see how you're deceived, you can't distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come here *breeched* of late years."

Pray Doctor, said a gentleman to him, is Mr. Thrale a man of conversation, or is he only wise and silent?—"Why, Sir, his conversation does not shew the *minute*-hand,—but he generally strikes the hour very correctly."

Pray, says Garrick's mother to Johnson, "what's your opinion of my son David?"—"Why, Madam, replied the Doctor, David will either be hanged, or become a great man."

Upon the publication of the *Poems of Ossian*, being asked by the commentator on that work, whether he thought any *one man living* could write such an epic poem?—Johnson replied very gravely,—"O yes! Sir, *many men, many women*, and *many children!*"

"You knew Mr. Capel, the editor of Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson?"—"Yes, Sir, I have seen him at Garrick's!"—"And what think you of his abilities?"—"Great *applicat on*, Sir! Were he and I to count the grains in a bushel of wheat for a wager, he would certainly prove the winner."

On Dr. Johnson's return from Scotland, a particular friend of his was saying, that now he had a view of the country,

country, he was in hopes it would cure him of many prejudices againſt that nation, particularly in reſpect to the *fruits*.—"Why yes, Sir, I have found out that gooſeberries will grow there againſt a ſouth wall, but the ſkins are ſo tough that it is death to the man who ſwallows one of them."

I remember, ſays the Doctor, to have given a *ſhilling* to a peaſant in the Iſle of Skey, for half a days attendance on me, and he was ſo ſtruck with the liberality of the reward, that he aſked with ſome ſurpriſe, whether I *meant it all for him?*—This raiſing the laugh againſt Mr. Boſwell, who was the only Scotchman in company, the Doctor went on—"I mention this circumſtance to ſhew the humility of the man's mind; but had it happened to a peaſant of your country (turning round to an Iriſh gentleman who ſat next him) the probability is, that he would not know *what a ſhilling was*."

When Dr. Johnſon had an audience of the King, by appointment, in the Queen's library, in the courſe of converſation his Majeſty aſked him, "why he did not continue writing?—"Why, Sire," ſays Johnſon,* "I thought I had done enough!" "So ſhould I too, Doctor," replied the King, "if you had not written ſo well."

Forgetting an appointment he had to ſup with Garrick, till near one o'clock in the morning, he ſallied out at that hour, and knocked at his door in Southampton-ſtreet.—Garrick putting his head out of the window, told him all the company were gone, and that he and Mrs. Garrick were going to bed.—"Open the door, David, ſays the Doctor, I have ſomething to tell you will give you ſatisfaction."—This brought down Garrick, who, after letting him in, impatiently aſked him what was the news he had that was to give him ſo much *ſatisfaction?*—"Why ſit you down there, ſays the Doctor, *and I'll flatter you.*"

An

* A ſhort time before the Doctor's death Mr. Kearſley, in converſation with him, enquired if that obſervation of his Majeſty's was true; he ſaid it was nearly ſo, but his memory was become very defective

An eminent carcaſe butcher, as meagre in his perſon as he was in his underſtanding, being one day in a bookſeller's ſhop, took up a volume of Churchill's Poems, and by way of ſhewing his taſte, repeated with great affectation, the following line:

"Who rules o'er freemen ſhould himſelf be free.

Then turning to the Doctor,—"What think you of that, Sir?" ſaid he. "Rank nonſenſe, replied the other!—it is an aſſertion without a proof—and *you* might, with as much propriety ſay,

"Who ſlays fat oxen ſhould himſelf be fat."

When Lord Cheſterfield's letters to his ſon firſt came out, a gentleman was aſking the Doctor whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world?—"O! yes, Sir, ſays Johnſon, very much of modern knowledge. They inculcate the morals of a w——, and the *manners of a dancing-maſter*."—Being aſked his opinion of the writings of a certain ſucceſsful dramatic author, he replied, "They were ſuch as a wiſe man ſhould be aſhamed to remember."

Previous to a convivial meeting on the night before the publication of his firſt edition of Shakeſpeare, Tonſon, the publiſher, deſired a gentleman to aſk Johnſon for a liſt of the ſubſcribers?—"Why, Sir, ſays the Doctor, "I have two material reaſons againſt it:—In the firſt place I have *loſt all their names*, and in the ſecond, I have *ſpent all the money*."

Perhaps, ſaid a gentleman, talking to Dr. Johnſon on church preferments, "after all, a *Conge d'Elire* has not the force of a poſitive command, but implies only a ſtrong *recommendation*."—"Very true, Sir, ſays Johnſon, but ſuch a ſtrong recommendation as if I ſhould throw you out of a three pair of ſtairs window, and *recommend you to fall to the ground*."

Being aſked his opinion of hunting, he ſaid, "it was the *labour* of the Savages of North America, but the *amuſement* of the gentlemen of England."

When he was told of his friend Mrs. Thrale's marriage with Piozzi, the Italian ſinger, he was dumb with ſurprize,

surprise for some moments, at last recovering himself, he exclaimed with great emotion,

Varium et mutabile semper fœmina.

The author of the life of Socrates,* who was as thick as he was long, once called our author "a literary savage;" when Johnson heard of it he replied—"Why I expected some such ridiculous observations from a *literary punchinello.*"

When Dr. Percy first published his collection of ancient English ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe one evening, at Miss Reynold's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown:—
Thou can'st not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas, till the Reverend Critic cried out for quarter.

In a conversation on the infancy of the American war—a gentleman present giving some remarkable instances of the *ill-timed lenity* and *procrastination of hostilities* on our side; the Doctor observed, "that a prince who made

* Mr. Cooper.

made war upon his enemies *tenderly*, often diſtreſſed his ſubjects *cruelly*."

He uſed to ſay of Gray, the poet, that he was the very Torre of poetry. He played his corruſcations ſo ſpeciouſly, that his ſteel duſt was miſtaken by many for a ſhower of gold.

A gentleman reading to Dr. Johnſon, *Garrick's Ode, on the Stratford Jubilee*, when he came to the following couplet:

"The little loves like bees
"Cluſt'ring and climbing up his knees."

Could not help exclaiming, "What damned ſtuff here is!" "Very bad to be ſure, Sir, ſays the Doctor; but I ſhould hope 'tis not my friend David's writing, but rather *Mrs. Garrick's woman*."

"I hope, Sir, ſays a friend, that the man I recommended to ſit up with you (during his laſt indiſpoſition) was both wakeful and alert. "Sir, anſwered the Doctor, his vigilance was that of a dormouſe, and his activity that of a turnſpit on his firſt entrance into a wheel.

ANECDOTES, &c.

EXTRACTED FROM

Mr. BOSWELL's LIFE OF JOHNSON.

JOHNSON, previous to his removing to the univerſity, read a great deal in a deſultory manner, without any ſcheme of ſtudy, as chance threw books in his way, and inclination directed him through them. He uſed to mention one curious inſtance of his caſual reading when but a boy. Having imagined that his brother had hid ſome apples behind a large folio upon an upper ſhelf in his father's ſhop, he climbed up to ſearch for them. There were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had ſeen mentioned, in ſome preface, as one of the reſtorers

of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of the book. What he read during these two years, he told Mr. B. was not works of mere amusement, "not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly; though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod; but in this irregular manner (added he) I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, told me, I was the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

No man had a more ardent love of literature, or a higher respect for it. His apartment in Pembroke College was that upon the second floor over the gateway. The enthusiasts of learning will ever contemplate it with veneration. One day, while he was sitting in it quite alone, Dr. Panting, then master of the College, whom he called "a fine Jacobite fellow," overheard him uttering this soliloquy, in his strong emphatic voice: "Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I'll go and visit the Universities abroad. I'll go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua.—And I'll mind my business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all blockheads."

The following curious account of his journey, with his wife, to church, on the nuptial morn, was given to Mr. B. by the Doctor himself. "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that

she

ſhe ſhould ſoon come up with me. When ſhe did, I obſerved her to be in tears."

The following beautiful ODE to FRIENDSHIP, written at an early period of his life, was never before printed:

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the bleſt,
Parent of thouſand wild deſires,
The ſavage and the human breaſt
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft deſtructive, gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the ſky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltleſs joys
On fools and villains ne'er deſcend;
In vain for thee the tyrant ſighs,
And hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

Directreſs of the brave and juſt,
O guide us thro' life's darkſome way!
And let the tortures of miſtruſt
On ſelfiſh boſoms only prey.

Nor ſhall thine ardours ceaſe to glow,
When ſouls to bliſsful climes remove:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happineſs above.

A few days before the firſt of his Eſſays, intituled the Rambler, came out, there ſtarted another competitor for fame, in the ſame form, under the title of "The Tatler Revived," which was "born but to die." Johnſon was not very happy in the choice of his title, "The Rambler," which certainly is not ſuited to a ſeries of grave and moral diſcourſes; which the Italians have literally, but ludicrouſly, tranſlated by *Il Vagabondo*. He gave Sir Joſhua Reynolds the following account of its getting this name: "What

must be done, Sir, *will* be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

With what devout and conscientious sentiments this Paper was undertaken, is evidenced by the following prayer, which he composed and offered up on the occasion: "Almighty GOD, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech Thee, that in this undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be with-held from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others:—grant this, O LORD, for the sake of thy son JESUS CHRIST. Amen."

The first paper of the Rambler was published on Tuesday the 20th of March, 1750; and its author was enabled to continue it, without interruption, every Tuesday and Friday, till Saturday the 17th of March, 1752, on which day it closed. Notwithstanding his constitutional indolence, his depression of spirits, and his labour in carrying on his Dictionary, he answered the stated calls of the press twice a week from the stores of his mind, during all that time having received no assistance, except four billets in No. 10, by Miss Mulso, now Mrs. Chapone; No. 30, by Mrs. Catherine Talbot; No 97, by Mr. Samuel Richardson, whom he describes in an introductory note, as "An author who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue;" and Numbers 44 and 100, by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Posterity will be astonished when they are told, upon the authority of Johnson himself, that many of these discourses, which we should suppose had been laboured with all the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste, as the moment pressed, without even being read over by him before they were printed. It can be accounted for only in this way; that by reading and

and meditation, and a very close inspection of life, he had accumulated a great fund of miscellaneous knowledge, which, by a peculiar promptitude of mind, was ever ready at his call, and which he had constantly accustomed himself to clothe in the the most apt and energetic expression. Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him by what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language, He told him, that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion; and in every company to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.

As the Rambler was entirely the work of one man, there was, of course, such an uniformity in its texture, as very much to exclude the charm of variety? and the grave, and often solemn cast of thinking, which distinguished it from other periodical papers, made it, for some time, not generally liked. So slowly did this excellent work, of which twelve editions have now issued from the press, gain upon the world at large, that even in the closing number the author says, "I have never been much a favourite of the public."

Johnson told Mr. B. with an amiable fondness, a little pleasing circumstance relative to this work. Mrs. Johnson, in whose judgment and taste he had great confidence, said to him, after a few numbers of the Rambler had come out, "I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this." Distant praise, from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man loves and esteems. Her approbation may be said "to come home to his *bosom*;" and being so near, its effect is most sensible and permanent.

In 1751 we are to consider him as carrying on both his Dictionary and Rambler. But he also wrote "The Life of Cheynel," in the miscellany called "The Student;" and the Reverend Dr. Douglas having, with uncommon acuteness, clearly detected a gross forgery

and impoſition upon the public by William Lauder, a Scotch ſchoolmaſter, who had, with equal impudence and ingenuity, repreſented Milton as a plagiary from certain modern Latin poets, Johnſon, who had been ſo far impoſed upon as to furniſh a Preface and Poſtſcript to his work, now dictated a letter for Lauder, addreſſed to Dr. Douglas, acknowledging his fraud in terms of ſuitable contrition.

This extraordinary attempt of Lauder was no ſudden effort. He had brooded over it for many years; and to this hour it is uncertain what his principal motive was, unleſs it were a vain notion of his ſuperiority, in being able, by whatever means, to deceive mankind. To effect this, he produced certain paſſages from Grotius, Maſenius, and others, which had a faint reſemblance to ſome parts of the "Paradiſe Loſt." In theſe he interpolated ſome fragments of Hog's Latin tranſlation of that Poem, alledging, that the maſs thus fabricated, was the archetype from which Milton copied. Theſe fabrications he publiſhed from time to time in the Gentleman's Magazine; and, exulting in his fancied ſucceſs, he, in 1750, ventured to collect them into a pamphlet, entitled "An Eſſay on Milton's Uſe and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradiſe Loſt." To this pamphlet Johnſon wrote a Preface, in full perſuaſion of Lauder's honeſty, and a Poſtcript recommending, in the moſt perſuaſive terms, a ſubſcription for the relief of a grand-daughter of Milton, of whom he thus ſpeaks: 'It is yet in the power of a great people to reward the poet whoſe name they boaſt, and from their alliance to whoſe genius they claim ſome kind of ſuperiority to every other nation of the earth; that poet, whoſe works may poſſibly be read when every other monument of Britiſh greatneſs ſhall be obliterated; to reward him, not with pictures, or with medals, which, if he ſees, he ſees with contempt, but with tokens of gratitude, which he, perhaps, may even now conſider, as not unworthy the regard of an immortal ſpirit.'

The circle of his friends, in the year 1752, was extenſive and various, far beyond what has been generally imagined, among whom was his *dulce decus*, Sir Joſhua

Joſhua Reynolds, and with whom he maintained an uninterrupted intimacy to the laſt hour of his life.—When Johnſon lived in Caſtle-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, he uſed frequently to viſit two ladies, who lived oppoſite to him, Miſs Cotterells, daughters of Admiral Cotterell. Reynolds uſed alſo to viſit there, and thus they met. Mr. Reynolds had, from the firſt reading of his moſt admirable Life of Savage, conceived a very high admiration of Johnſon's powers of writing. His converſation no leſs delighted him; and he cultivated his acquaintance with the laudable zeal of one who was ambitious of general improvement. Sir Joſhua, indeed, was lucky enough at their very firſt meeting, to make a remark, which was ſo much above the common-place ſtyle of converſation, that Johnſon at once perceived that Reynolds had the habit of thinking for himſelf. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations; upon which Reynolds obſerved, "You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from a burthen of gratitude." They were ſhocked a little at this alleviating ſuggeſtion, as too ſelfiſh; but Johnſon defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and was much pleaſed with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature, which it exhibited, like ſome of the reflections of Rochefaucalt.—The conſequence was, that he went home with Reynolds, and ſupped with him.

When they were one evening together at the Miſs Cotterells, the then Ducheſs of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in. Johnſon thinking that the Miſs Cotterells were too much engroſſed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected as low company, of whom they were ſomewhat aſhamed, grew angry; and reſolving to ſhock their ſuppoſed pride, by making their great viſitors imagine that his friend and he were low indeed, he addreſſed himſelf in a loud tone to Mr. Reynolds, ſaying, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to *work as hard* as we could?" as if they had been common mechanics.

Soon after his acquaintance with Mr. Langton commenced, Johnſon paſſed a conſiderable time at Oxford.

He at firſt thought it ſtrange that Langton ſhould aſſociate ſo much with Beauclerk, one who had the character of being looſe, both in his principles and practice; but by degrees, he himſelf was faſcinated. Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Alban's family, and having, in ſome particulars, a reſemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnſon's imagination, to throw a luſtre upon his other qualities; and, in a ſhort time, the moral, pious Johnſon, and the gay, diſſipated Beauclerk, were companions. "What a coalition! (ſaid Garrick, when he heard of this) I ſhall have my old friend to bail out of the round-houſe." Innumerable were the ſcenes in which Johnſon was amuſed by theſe young men. Beauclerk had ſuch a propenſity to ſatire, that at one time Johnſon ſaid to him, "You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you ſaid, but from ſeeing your intention." At another time applying to him, with a ſlight alteration, a line of Pope, he ſaid, "Thy love of folly, and thy ſcorn of fools—Every thing thou doſt ſhews the one, and every thing thou ſay'ſt the other." At another time he ſaid to him, "Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue." Beauclerk not ſeeming to reliſh the compliment, Johnſon ſaid, "Nay, Sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have deſired to have had more ſaid to him."

Johnſon was ſome time with Beauclerk at his houſe at Windſor, where he was entertained with experiments in natural philoſophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerk enticed him, inſenſibly, to ſaunter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard, in the time of divine ſervice, and Johnſon laid himſelf down at his eaſe upon one of the tomb-ſtones. "Now, Sir, (ſaid Beauclerk) you are like Hogarth's Idle Apprentice." When Johnſon got his penſion, Beauclerk ſaid to him, in the humourous phraſe of Falſtaff, "I hope you'll now purge, and live cleanly like a gentleman."

One night when Beauclerk and Langton had ſupped at a tavern in London, and ſat till about three in the morning,

morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnſon, and ſee if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at laſt he appeared in his ſhirt with his little black wig on the top of his head, inſtead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that ſome ruffians were coming to attack him, when he diſcovered who they were, and was told their errand, he ſmiled, and with great good humour agreed to their propoſal: "What is it you, you dogs? I'll have a friſk with you." He was ſoon dreſſed, and they ſallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the green-grocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, juſt come in from the country. Johnſon made ſome attempts to help them; but the honeſt gardeners ſtared ſo at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he ſoon ſaw his ſervices were not reliſhed. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Biſhop*, which Johnſon had always liked? while in joyous contempt of ſleep, from which he had been rouſed, he repeated the feſtive lines,

> "Short, O ſhort then be thy reign,
> And give us to the world again."

They did not ſtay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingſgate.—Beauclerk and Johnſon were ſo well pleaſed with their amuſement, that they reſolved to perſevere in diſſipation for the reſt of the day: but Langton deſerted them, being engaged to breakfaſt with ſome young ladies. Johnſon ſcolded him for "leaving his ſocial friends, to go and ſit with a ſet of wretched, *un-idea'd* girls. Garrick being told of this ramble, ſaid to him ſmartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the Chronicle." Upon which Johnſon afterwards obſerved, "*He* durſt not do ſuch a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him.

The following is that celebrated letter to Lord Cheſterfield, on the two papers which he had writ-

ten in the World, in recommendation of Johnſon's Dictionary.

To the Right Hon. the EARL *of* CHESTERFIELD.

" MY LORD, February, 1755.

" I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordſhip. To be ſo diſtinguiſhed, is an honour, which, being very little accuſtomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

" When, upon ſome ſlight encouragement, I firſt viſited your Lordſhip, I was overpowered, like the reſt of mankind, by the enchantment of your addreſs; and could not forbear to wiſh that I might boaſt myſelf *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I ſaw the world contending; but I found my attendance ſo little encouraged, that neither pride nor modeſty would ſuffer me to continue it.—When I had once addreſſed your Lordſhip in public, I had exhauſted all the art of pleaſing which a retired and uncourtly ſcholar can poſſeſs. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleaſed to have his all neglected, be it ever ſo little.

" Seven years, my Lord, are now paſt, ſince I waited in your outer rooms, or was repulſed from your door; during which time I have been puſhing on my work through difficulties, of which it is uſeleſs to complain, and have brought it, at laſt, to the verge of publication, without one act of aſſiſtance*, one word of encouragement, or one ſmile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

* The following note is ſubjoined by Mr. Langton. " Dr. Johnſon, when he gave me this copy of his letter, deſired that I would annex to it his information to me, that whereas it is ſaid in the letter, that 'no aſſiſtance has been received,' he did once receive from Lord Cheſterfield the ſum of ten pounds; but as that was ſo inconſiderable a ſum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was."

" The

" The ſhepherd in Virgil grew at laſt acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

" Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man ſtruggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleaſed to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am ſolitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical aſperity not to confeſs obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public ſhould conſider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myſelf.

" Having carried on my work thus far, with ſo little obligations to any favourer of learning, I ſhall not be diſappointed though I ſhall conclude it, if leſs be poſſible, with leſs; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boaſted myſelf with ſo much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,
Moſt obedient ſervant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Johnſon having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord Cheſterfield, did not refrain from expreſſing himſelf concerning that nobleman with pointed freedom: " This man (ſaid he) I thought had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords! And when his Letters to his natural ſon were publiſhed, he obſerved, that " they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing-maſter."

In 1756 he reſumed his ſcheme of giving an edition of Shakeſpeare with notes. He iſſued propoſals of conſiderable length, in which he ſhewed that he perfectly well knew what a variety of reſearch ſuch an undertaking required; but his indolence prevented him from purſuing it with that diligence which alone can

collect thoſe ſcattered facts that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot diſcover by its own force. It is remarkable, that at this time his fancied activity was for the moment ſo vigorous, that he promiſed his work ſhould be publiſhed before Chriſtmas, 1757. Yet nine years elapſed before it ſaw the light. His throes in bringing it forth had been ſevere and remittent, and at laſt we may almoſt conclude that the Cæſarian operation was performed by the knife of Churchill.

> " He for ſubſcribers bates his hook,
> And takes your caſh; but where's the book?
> No matter where; wiſe fear, you know,
> Forbids the robbing of a foe;
> But what, to ſerve our private ends,
> Forbids the cheating of our friends?"

Sunday, July 31, 1763, Mr. B. told him he had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where he had heard a woman preach. Johnſon ſaid, " Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are ſurprized to find it done at all."

The year 1765 was diſtinguiſhed by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, one of the moſt eminent brewers in England, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of Southwark. Foreigners are not a little amazed when they hear of brewers, diſtillers, and men in ſimilar departments of trade, held forth as perſons of conſiderable conſequence. Johnſon uſed to give this account of the riſe of Mr. Thrale's father. " He worked at ſix ſhillings a week for twenty years in the great brewery which was afterwards his own. The proprietor of it had an only daughter, who was married to a nobleman. It was not fit that a Peer ſhould continue the buſineſs. On the old man's death, therefore, the brewery was to be ſold. To find a purchaſer for ſo large a property was a difficult matter; and, after ſome time, it was ſuggeſted, that it would be adviſeable to treat with Thrale, a ſenſible, active, honeſt man, who had been long employed in the houſe, and

and to transfer the whole to him for thirty thouſand pounds, ſecurity being taken upon the property. This was accordingly ſettled. In eleven years Thrale paid the purchaſe-money. He acquired a large fortune, and lived to be Member of Parliament for Southwark. But what was moſt remarkable was the liberality with which he uſed his riches. He gave his ſon and daughters the beſt education. The eſteem which his good conduct procured him from the nobleman who had married his maſter's daughter, made him be treated with much attention; and his ſon, both at ſchool and at the univerſity of Oxford, aſſociated with young men of the firſt rank. His allowance from his father, after he left college, was ſplendid; no leſs than a thouſand a year. This, in a man who had riſen as old Thrale did, was a very extraordinary inſtance of generoſity. He uſed to ſay, "If this young dog does not find ſo much after I am gone as he expects, let him remember that he has had a great deal in my own time."

Mr. Thrale had married Miſs Heſther Lynch Saluſbury, of good Welch extraction, a lady of lively talents, improved by education. That Johnſon's introduction into Mr. Thrale's family, which contributed ſo much to the happineſs of his life, was owing to her deſire for his converſation, is the moſt probable and general ſuppoſition. But it is not the truth. Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having ſpoken very highly of Dr. Johnſon, he was requeſted to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnſon, he accepted of an invitation to dinner at Thrale's, and was ſo much pleaſed with his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they ſo much pleaſed with him, that his invitations to their houſe were more and more frequent, till at laſt he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their houſe in Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnſon than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life; his melancholy

was

was diverted, and his irregular habits leſſened, by aſſociation with an agreeable and well-ordered family. He was treated with the utmoſt reſpect, and even affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk rouſed him to cheerfulneſs and exertion even when they were alone. But this was not often the caſe; for he found here a conſtant ſucceſſion of what gave him the higheſt enjoyment, the ſociety of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, who were aſſembled in numerous companies, called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be inſenſible.

In the October of this year he at length gave to the world his edition of Shakſpeare, which, if it had no other merit but that of producing his Preface, in which the excellencies and defects of that immortal bard are diſplayed with a maſterly hand, the nation would have had no reaſon to complain. A blind, indiſcriminate admiration of Shakſpeare had expoſed the Britiſh nation to the ridicule of foreigners. Johnſon, by candidly admitting the faults of his poet, had the more credit in beſtowing on him deſerved and indiſputable praiſe; and doubtleſs none of all his panegyriſts have done him half ſo much honour.

Trinity College, Dublin, at this time ſurpriſed Johnſon with a ſpontaneous compliment of the higheſt academical honours, by creating him Doctor of Laws.

This unſolicited mark of diſtinction, conferred on ſo great a literary character, did much honour to the judgment and liberal ſpirit of that learned body.

He uſed to ſay of Goldſmith's Traveller, "There has not been ſo fine a poem ſince Pope's time."

And here it is proper to ſettle, with authentic preciſion, what has long floated in public report, as to Johnſon's being himſelf the author of a conſiderable part of that poem. But in the year 1783, he marked with a pencil the lines which he had furniſhed, which are only line 420,

"To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go;"

and

and the concluding ten lines, except the laſt couplet but one, diſtinguiſhed by the Italic character:

" How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
" That part which kings or laws can cauſe or cure.
" Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
" Our own felicity we make or find;
" With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
" Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
" *The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,*
" *Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,*
" To men remote from power, but rarely known,
" Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience all our own."

Of the " Deſerted Village," he furniſhed the four following, which are the laſt:

" That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
" As ocean ſweeps the the labour'd mole away:
" While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
" As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky."

Mr. Cuthbert Shaw, alike diſtinguiſhed by his genius, misfortunes, and miſconduct, publiſhed in 1766, a Poem, called " The Race, by Mercurius Spur, Eſq." in which he whimſically made the living poets of England contend for pre-eminence of fame by running:

" Prove by their heels the proweſs of the head."

In this Poem there was the following portrait of Johnſon:

" Here Johnſon comes,---unbleſt with outward grace,
" His rigid morals ſtamp'd upon his face.
" While ſtrong conceptions ſtruggle in his brain;
" (For even wit is brought to bed with pain):
" To view him, porters with their loads would reſt,
" And babes cling frighted to the nurſe's breaſt.
" With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous ſtrain,
" And like an angry lion ſhakes his mane.
" The Nine, with terror ſtruck, who ne'er had ſeen
" Aught human with ſo horrible a mien,
" Debating whether they ſhould ſtay or run,
" Virtue ſteps forth, and claims him for her ſon.

" With

" With gentle ſpeech ſhe warns him now to yield,
" Nor ſtain his glories in the doubtful field;
" But wrapt in conſcious worth, content ſit down,
" Since fame reſolv'd his various pleas to crown,
" Though forc'd his preſent claim to diſavow,
" Had long reſerv'd a chaplet for his brow.
" He bows, obeys; for Time ſhall firſt expire,
" Ere Johnſon ſtay, when Virtue bids retire."

Dr Johnſon repeatedly talked of the heinouſneſs of the crime of adultery, by which the peace of families was deſtroyed. " He ſaid confuſion of progeny conſtitutes the eſſence of the crime; and therefore a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more criminal than a man who does it. A man, to be ſure, is criminal in the ſight of God: but he does not do his wife a very material injury, if he does not inſult her; if, for inſtance, from mere wantonneſs of appetite, he ſteals privately to her chambermaid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to reſent this. I would not receive home a daughter who had run away from her huſband on that account. A wife ſhould ſtudy to reclaim her huſband by more attention to pleaſe him. Sir, a man will not, once in a hundred inſtances, leave his wife and go to a harlot, if his wife has not been negligent of pleaſing."

Being aſked if it was not hard that one deviation from chaſtity ſhould abſolutely ruin a young woman. Johnſon. " Why no, Sir; it is the great principle which ſhe is taught. When ſhe has given up that principle, ſhe has given up every notion of female honour and virtue, which are all included in chaſtity."

When Mr. B. once cenſured a gentleman of his acquaintance for marrying a ſecond time, as it ſhewed a diſregard of his firſt wife, he ſaid, " Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his firſt wife had given him a diſguſt to marriage; but by taking a ſecond wife he pays the higheſt compliment to the firſt, by ſhewing that ſhe made him ſo happy as a married man, that he wiſhes to be ſo a ſecond time."

As a proof that Dr. Johnſon poſſeſſed great perſonal courage, Mr. B. gives the following inſtances.

On being told one day of the danger there was that a gun might burſt if charged with many balls, he put in ſix or ſeven, and fired it off againſt a wall. Mr. Langton, when ſwimming with the Doctor near Oxford, cautioned him againſt a pool, which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnſon directly ſwam into it.

One night he was attacked in the ſtreet by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them to the round-houſe.

Foote, who ſo ſucceſsfully revived the old comedy, by exhibiting living characters, had reſolved to imitate Johnſon on the ſtage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of ſo celebrated a man. Johnſon being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookſeller, he aſked Mr. Davies "What was the common price of an oak-ſtick;" and being anſwered ſix-pence, "Why then, Sir, (ſaid he) give me leave to ſend your ſervant to purchaſe me a ſhilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow ſhall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonneſs of the mimic. Mr. Macpherſon's menaces made Johnſon provide himſelf with the ſame implement of defence; and had he been attacked he would have made his corporal proweſs be felt as much as his intellectual.

His "Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland," is a moſt valuable performance. It abounds in extenſive philoſophical views of ſociety, and in ingenious ſentiments and lively deſcription. A conſiderable part of it, indeed, conſiſts of ſpeculations, which many years before he ſaw the wild regions which we viſited together, probably had employed his attention, though the actual ſight of thoſe ſcenes undoubtedly quickened and augmented them. Mr. Orme, the very able hiſtorian, agreed with Mr. B. in this opinion, which

which he thus ſtrongly expreſſed:—" There are in that book thoughts, which, by long revolution in the great mind of Johnſon, have been formed and poliſhed like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"

In the year 1776 an Epitaph, which Dr. Johnſon had written for the monument of Dr. Goldſmith in Weſtminſter Abbey, gave occaſion to a remonſtrance to the Monarch of Literature.

Sir William Forbes, who gave Mr. B. an account of this circumſtance, writes to him thus—" I encloſe the Round Robin. This *jeu d'eſprit* took its riſe one day at dinner at our friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds's. All the company preſent, except myſelf, were friends and acquaintance of Dr. Goldſmith. The Epitaph, written for him by Dr. Johnſon, became the ſubject of converſation, and various emendations were ſuggeſted, which it was agreed ſhould be ſubmitted to the Doctor's conſideration.—But the queſtion was, who ſhould have the courage to propoſe them to him? At laſt it was hinted, that there could be no way ſo good as that of a Round Robin, as the ſailors call it, which they make uſe of when they enter into a conſpiracy, ſo as not to let it be known who puts his name firſt or laſt to the paper. This propoſition was inſtantly aſſented to, and Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, now Biſhop of Killaloe, drew up an addreſs to Dr. Johnſon on the occaſion, replete with wit and humour, but which it was feared the Doctor might think treated the ſubject with too much levity. Mr. Burke then propoſed the addreſs as it ſtands in the paper in writing, of which the following is a copy:

"*We the circumſcribers, having read with great pleaſure, an intended Epitaph for the Monument of Dr. Goldſmith, which, conſidered abſtractedly, appears to be, for elegant compoſition, and maſterly ſtyle, in every reſpect worthy of the pen of its learned author, are yet of opinion, that the character of the deceaſed as a writer, particularly as a Poet, is perhaps not delineated with all the exactneſs which Dr. Johnſon is capable of giving it. We therefore, with deference to his ſuperior judgment,*

ment, humbly requeſt that he would at leaſt take the trouble of reviſing it, and of making ſuch additions and alterations as he ſhall think proper, upon a further peruſal: But if we might venture to expreſs our wiſhes, they would lead us to requeſt, that he would write the Epitaph in Engliſh, rather than in Latin: as we think that the memory of ſo eminent an Engliſh writer ought to be perpetuated in that language to which his works are likely to be ſo laſting an ornament, which we alſo know to have been the opinion of the late Doctor himſelf.

Thos. Franklin.	*T. Barnard.*
Ant. Channier.	*R. B. Sheridan.*
G. Colman,	*P. Metcalf.*
Wm. Vackell,	*E. Gibbon.*
J. Reynolds,	*Jos. Warton.*
W. Forbes.	*Edm. Burke.*

" Sir Joſhua agreed to carry it to Dr. Johnſon, who received it with great good humour, and deſired Sir Joſhua to tell the gentlemen, that he would alter the Epitaph in any manner they pleaſed, as to the ſenſe of it; *but he would never conſent to diſgrace the walls of Weſtminſter Abbey with an Engliſh inſcription.*"

Tom Davies, the bookſeller, in 1778, unfortunately failed in his circumſtances, and much indebted to Dr. Johnſon's kindneſs for obtaining for him many alleviations of his diſtreſs. Johnſon blamed his folly in quitting the ſtage, by which he and his wife got five hundred pounds a year. Mr B. told the Doctor he believed it was owing to Churchill's attack upon him;

" He mouths a ſentence as curs mouth a bone."

Johnſon replied, " I believe ſo too, Sir. But what a man is he who is to be driven from the ſtage by a line! Another line would have driven him from his ſhop."

Mr. Thomas Davies was ſoon to have a benefit at Drury-lane theatre, as ſome relief to his unfortunate circumſtances. Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Boſwell, and

and their friends, were all warmly intereſted for his ſucceſs, and had contributed towards it. However, they thought there was no harm in having a joke, when he could not be hurt by it. Mr. B. propoſed that he ſhould be brought on to ſpeak a Prologue upon the occaſion; and began to mutter fragments of what it might be: as, that when now grown *old*, he was obliged to cry, "Poor Tom's *a-cold*;—that he owned he had been driven from the ſtage by a Churchill, but that this was no diſgrace, for a Churchill had beat the French; that he had been ſatyriſed as "mouthing a ſentence as curs mouth a bone," but he was now glad of a bone to pick.—"Nay, (ſaid Johnſon,) I would have him to ſay,

"Mad Tom is come to ſee the world again."

Goldſmith being mentioned one day, Johnſon obſerved that it was long before his merit came to be acknowledged. That he once complained to him, in ludicrous terms of diſtreſs, "Whenever I write any thing the public make a point to know nothing at all about it: but that his "Traveller" brought him into high reputation.

Johnſon, (now in his ſeventieth year) ſaid, "it is a man's own fault, it is from want of uſe, if his mind grows torpid in old age."

This ſeaſon there was a whimſical faſhion in the newſpapers, of applying Shakſpeare's words to deſcribe living people well known in the world; which was done under the title of "*Modern Characters from Shakſpeare*;" many of which were admirably adapted. The fancy took ſo much, that they were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. Somebody ſaid to Johnſon, that he had not been in thoſe characters. "Yes, (ſaid he) I have. I ſhould have been ſorry to be left out." He then repeated what had been applied to him.

"I muſt borrow GARAGANTUA's mouth."

Johnſon had a noble ambition floating in his mind, and had, undoubtedly, often ſpeculated on the poſſibility

bility of his ſuper-eminent powers being rewarded in this great and liberal country by the higheſt honours of the ſtate. Sir William Scott, upon the death of the late Lord Litchfield, who was Chancellor of the Univerſity of Oxford, ſaid to Johnſon, "What a pity it is, Sir, that you did not follow the profeſſion of the law! You might have been Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and attained to the dignity of the Peerage; and now that the title of Litchfield, your native city, is extinct, you might have had it." Johnſon upon this ſeemed much agitated; and, in an angry tone, exclaimed, "Why will you vex me, by ſuggeſting this, when it is too late?"

But he did not repine at the proſperity of others.—The late Dr. Thomas Leland told Mr. Courtenay, that when Mr. Edmund Burke ſhewed Johnſon his fine houſe and lands near Beaconsfield, Johnſon coolly ſaid, "*Non equidem invideo; miror magis.*"

In May 1780, Mr. Boſwell, then at Edinburgh, received the following letter from Mr. Langton:

"The melancholy information you have received concerning Mr. Beauclerk's death is true. Had his talents been directed in any ſufficient degree as they ought, I have always been ſtrongly of opinion, that they were calculated to make an illuſtrious figure; and that opinion, as it had been in part formed by Dr. Johnſon's judgment, receives more and more confirmation by hearing what, ſince his death, Dr. Johnſon has ſaid concerning them; a few evenings ago he was at Mr. Veſey's, where Lord Althorpe, who was one of a numerous company there, addreſſed Dr. Johnſon on the ſubject of Mr. Beauclerk's death, ſaying, 'Our club has had a great loſs ſince we met laſt.' He replied, 'A loſs, that perhaps the whole nation could not repair!' The Doctor then went on to ſpeak of his endowments, and particularly extolled the wonderful eaſe with which he uttered what was highly excellent. He ſaid, that no man ever was ſo free when he was going to ſay a good thing, from a look that expreſſed that it was coming; or, when he had ſaid it, from a look that expreſſed that it had come. At Mr. Thrale's,

Thrale's, some days before, when we were talking on the same subject, he said, referring to the same idea of his facility, 'That Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy, than those of any whom he had known.'

"At the evening I have spoken of above, at Mr. Vesey's, you would have been much gratified, as it exhibited an instance of the high importance in which Dr. Johnson's character is held, I think even beyond any I was ever before witness to. The company consisted chiefly of ladies, among whom were the Duchess Dowager of Portland, the Duchess of Beaufort, whom I suppose, from her rank, I must mention before her mother Mrs. Boscawen, and her elder sister Mrs. Lewson, who was likewise there; Lady Lucan, Lady Clermont, and others of note, both for their stations and understandings. Among the gentlemen were, Lord Althorpe, whom I have before named, Lord Macartney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Lucan, Mr. Wraxall, whose book you have probably seen, '*The Tour to the Northern Parts of Europe*;' a very agreeable ingenious man; Dr. Warren, Mr. Pepys, the Master in Chancery, whom I believe you know, and Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton. As soon as Dr. Johnson was come in and had taken a chair, the company began to collect round him, till they became not less than four or five deep; those behind standing, and listening over the heads of those that were sitting near him. The conversation for some time was chiefly between Dr. Johnson and the Provost of Eton, while the others contributed occasionally their remarks. Without attempting to detail the particulars of the conversation, which perhaps if I did, I should spin my account out to a tedious length, I thought, my dear Sir, this general account of the respect with which our valued friend was attended to, might be acceptable."

Of the extraordinary tumults this year, Dr. Johnson has given the following concise, lively, and just account, in his "Letters to Mrs. Thrale."

"On Friday the good Protestants met in St. George's Fields, at the summons of Lord George Gordon, and marching

marching to Weſtminſter, inſulted the Lords and Commons, who all bore it with great tameneſs. At night the outrages began by the demolition of the maſs-houſe by Lincoln's-inn.

" An exact journal of a week's defiance of government I cannot give you. On Monday, Mr. Strahan, who had I think been inſulted, ſpoke to Lord Mansfield, who had, I think, been inſulted too, of the licentiouſneſs of the populace; and his Lordſhip treated it as a very ſlight irregularity.

" On Tueſday night they pulled down Fielding's houſe, and burnt his goods in the ſtreet. They had gutted, on Monday, Sir George Savill's houſe, but the building was ſaved. On Tueſday evening, leaving Fielding's ruins, they went to Newgate to demand their companions, who had been ſeized demoliſhing the chapel. The keeper could not releaſe them but by the Mayor's permiſſion, which he went to aſk; at his return he found all the priſoners releaſed, and Newgate in a blaze. They then went to Bloomſbury, and faſtened upon Lord Mansfield's houſe, which they pulled down; and as for his goods they totally burnt them. They have ſince gone to Caenwood, but a guard was there before them. They plundered ſome Papiſts, I think, and burnt a Maſs-houſe in Moorfields the ſame night.

" On Wedneſday I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Proteſtants were plundering the Seſſions-houſe at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred, but they did their work at leiſure, in full ſecurity, without ſentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place.—On Wedneſday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marſhalſea, and Wood-ſtreet Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and releaſed all the priſoners.

" At night they ſet fire to the Fleet, and to the King's Bench, and I know not how many other places,

places, and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened: Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. Such a time of terror you have been happy in not seeing.

" The King said in council, ' That the magistrates had not done their duty, but that he would do his own; and a proclamation was published, directing us to keep our servants within doors, as the peace was now to be preserved by force. The soldiers were sent out to different parts, and the town is now at quiet.

" The soldiers are stationed so as to be every where within call; there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are haunted to their holes, and led to prison; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day in my neighbourhood, to seize the publishers of a seditious paper.

" Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the gaols. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already re-taken; and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all again under the protection of the King and the Law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the publick security: and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe.

" There has, indeed, been an universal panick, from which the King was the first that recovered.—Without the concurrence of his ministers, or the assistance of the civil magistrate, he put the soldiers in motion, and saved the town from calamities, such a rabble's government must naturally produce.

" The publick has escaped a very heavy calamity. The rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday-night, but in no great number, and, like other thieves, with

no

no great reſolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed, that if they had ſeized the Bank on Tueſday, at the height of the panick, when no reſiſtance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares, that if he be truſted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. There is, however, now no longer any need of heroiſm or bloodſhed, no blue ribband is any longer worn."

At a city dinner where were preſent, Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Beattie, and Mr. Boſwell, the Doctor gave an entertaining account of *Bet Flint*, a woman of the town, who with ſome eccentrick talents, and much effrontery, forced herſelf upon his acquaintance.—"Bet, (ſaid he) wrote her own Life in verſe, which ſhe brought to me, wiſhing that I would furniſh her with a Preface to it (laughing). I uſed to ſay of her, that ſhe was generally ſlut and drunkard, occaſionally whore and thief. She had, however, genteel lodgings, a ſpinnet, on which ſhe played, and a boy that walked before her chair. Poor Bet was taken up on a charge of ſtealing a counterpane, and tried at the Old Bailey. Chief Juſtice ———, who loved a wench, ſummed up favourably, and ſhe was acquitted. After which, Bet ſaid, with a gay and ſatisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is my own, I ſhall make a petticoat of it."

He told his friends that he had in one day written ſix ſheets of a tranſlation from the French, adding, "I ſhould be glad to ſee it now. I wiſh that I had copies of all the pamphlets written againſt me, as it is ſaid Pope had. Had I known that I ſhould make ſo much noiſe in the world, I ſhould have been at pains to collect them. I believe there is hardly a day in which there is not ſomething about me in the newspapers."

The following curious anecdote is from Dr. Burney's own words: "Dr. Burney related to Dr. Johnſon the partiality which his writings had excited in a friend of Dr. Burney's, the late Mr. Bewley, well known in

Norfolk, by the name of the *Philoſopher of Maſſingham*; who, from the Ramblers, and Plan of his Dictionary, and long before the author's fame was eſtabliſhed, by the Dictionary itſelf, or any other work, had conceived ſuch a reverence for him, that he urgently begged Dr. Burney to give him the cover of the firſt letter he had received from him, as a relick of ſo eſtimable a writer. This was in 1755. In 1760, when Dr. Burney viſited Dr. Johnſon at the Temple in London, where he had then chambers, he happened to arrive there before he was up, and being ſhewn into the room where he was to breakfaſt, finding himſelf alone, he examined the contents of the apartment, to try whether he could, undiſcovered, ſteal any thing to ſend to his friend Bewley, as another relick of the admirable Dr. Johnſon. But finding nothing better to his purpoſe, he cut ſome briſtles of a hearth-broom, and encloſed them in a letter to his country enthuſiaſt, who received them with due reverence.

"The Doctor was ſo ſenſible of the honour done him by a man of genius and ſcience, to whom he was an utter ſtranger, that he ſaid to Dr. Burney, "Sir, there is no man poſſeſſed of the ſmalleſt portion of modeſty, but muſt be flattered with the admiration of ſuch a man. I'll give him a ſet of my Lives, if he will do me the honour to accept of them."

"In this he kept his word; and Dr. Burney had not only the pleaſure of gratifying his friend with a preſent more worthy of his acceptance than the ſegment of a hearth-broom, but ſoon after of introducing him to Dr. Johnſon himſelf in Bolt-court, with whom he had the ſatisfaction of converſing a conſiderable time, not a fortnight before his death, which happened in St. Martin's-ſtreet, during his viſit to Dr. Burney, in the houſe where the great Sir Iſaac Newton had lived and died before."

In one of his regiſters of the year 1782, there occurs the following curious paſſage: "Jan. 20. The miniſtry is diſſolved. I prayed with Francis, and gave thanks." It has been the ſubject of diſcuſſion, whether there are two diſtinct particulars mentioned here, or that

that we are to understand the giving of thanks to be in consequence of the dissolution of the ministry. In support of the last of these conjectures, may be urged his mean opinion of that ministry, which has frequently appeared in the course of this work; and it is strongly confirmed by what he said on the subject to Mr. Seward:—"I am glad the ministry is removed. Such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a country. If they sent a messenger into the City to take up a printer, the messenger was taken up instead of the printer, and committed by the sitting Alderman. If they sent one army to the relief of another, the first army was defeated and taken before the second arrived. I will not say what they did was always wrong; but it was always done at a wrong time."

In December, 1782, he writes to Mr. B. "Having passed almost this whole year in a succession of disorders, I went in October to Brighthelmston, whither I came in a state of so much weakness that I rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. By physic and abstinence I grew better, and am now reasonably easy, though at a great distance from health. I am afraid, however, that health begins, after seventy, and often long before, to have a meaning different from that which it had at thirty. But it is culpable to murmur at the established order of the creation, as it is vain to oppose it. He that lives, must grow old, and he that would rather grow old than die, has God to thank for the infirmities of old age."

The death of Mr. Thrale had made a very material alteration upon Johnson, with respect to his reception in that family. The manly authority of the husband no longer curbed the lively exuberance of the lady;—and as her vanity had been fully gratified, by having the Colossus of Literature attached to her for many years, she gradually became less assiduous to please him.

It has been observed and wondered at, that Mr. Charles Fox never talked with any freedom in the presence of Dr. Johnson, though it is well known that his conversation is various, fluent, and exceedingly

agreeable. Johnſon's experience, however, founded him in going on thus: "Fox never talks in private company, not from any determination not to talk, but becauſe he has not the firſt motion. A man who is uſed to the applauſe of the Houſe of Commons, has no wiſh for that of a private company. A man accuſtomed to throw for a thouſand pounds, if ſet down to throw for ſixpence, would not be at the pains to count his dice. Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a deſire of diſtinction, but becauſe his mind is full."

Mr. B. and the Doctor once talked of the accuſation againſt a gentleman for ſuppoſed delinquencies in India. JOHNSON. "What foundation there is for accuſation I know not, but they will not get at him.—Where bad actions are committed at ſo great a diſtance, a delinquent can obſcure the evidence till the ſcent becomes cold; there is a cloud between, which cannot be penetrated, therefore all diſtant power is bad. I am clear that the beſt plan for the government of India is a deſpotic governor; for if he be a good man, it is evidently the beſt government; and ſuppoſing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many. A governor, whoſe power is checked, lets others plunder that he himſelf may be allowed to plunder. But if deſpotic, he ſees that the more he lets others plunder the leſs there will be for himſelf, ſo he reſtrains them; and though he himſelf plunders, the country is a gainer, compared with being plundered by numbers."

In the autumn of 1783, he received a viſit from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. He gives this account of it in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale: "Mrs. Siddons, in her viſit to me, behaved with great modeſty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be cenſured or deſpiſed. Neither praiſe nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, ſeem to have depraved her. I ſhall be glad to ſee her again. Her brother Kemble calls on me, and pleaſes me very well. Mrs. Siddons and I talked of plays; and ſhe told me her intention of exhibiting this winter the characters

characters of Conſtance, Catherine, and Iſabella, in Shakſpeare."

When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he obſerving, ſaid with a ſmile, "Madam, you who ſo often occaſion a want of ſeats to other people, will the more eaſily excuſe the want of one yourſelf."

Having placed himſelf by her, he with great good humour entered upon a conſideration of the Engliſh drama; and, among other enquiries, particularly aſked her, which of Shakſpeare's characters ſhe was moſt pleaſed with. Upon her anſwering that ſhe thought the character of Queen Catherine, in Henry the Eighth, the moſt natural. I think ſo too, Madam, (ſaid he;) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myſelf." Mrs. Siddons promiſed ſhe would do herſelf the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumſtances happened to prevent the repreſentation of King Henry the Eighth during the Doctor's life.

In the courſe of this viſit he thus gave his opinion upon the merits of ſome of the principal performers whom he remembered to have ſeen upon the ſtage.—"Mrs. Porter, in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the ſprightlineſs of humour, I have never ſeen equalled. What Clive did beſt, ſhe did better than Garrick; but could not do half ſo many things well; ſhe was a better romp than any I ever ſaw in nature. Pritchard, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; ſhe would talk of her *gownd:* but, when ſhe appeared upon the ſtage, ſeemed to be inſpired by gentility and underſtanding. I once talked with Colley Cibber, and thought him ignorant of the principles of his art. Garrick, Madam, was no declaimer; there was not one of his own ſcene-ſhifters, who could not have ſpoken *To be, or not to be*, better than he did;—yet he was the only one whom I could call a maſter both in tragedy and comedy; though I liked him beſt in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expreſſion of it, were his diſtinguiſhing excellencies."

Having expatiated, with his usual force and eloquence, on Mr. Garrick's extraordinary eminence as an actor, he concluded with this compliment to his social talents:—"And after all, Madam, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table."

Johnson, indeed, had thought more upon the subject of acting than might be generally supposed. Talking of it one day to Mr. Kemble, he said, "Are you, Sir, one of those enthusiasts who believe yourself transformed into the very characters you represent?" Upon Mr. Kemble's answering he had never felt so strong a persuasion himself; "To be sure not, Sir, (said Johnson). The thing is impossible. And if Garrick really believed himself to be that monster Richard the Third, he deserved to be hanged every time he performed it."

After the re-establishment of his health, as mentioned by Mrs. Piozzi, he continued free from any alarming complaints till 1783, when, during the night, in the summer-season, he was attacked with a paralytic stroke, at his house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, which deprived him of the powers of speech. He awoke with the attack, and immediately rung the bell; but on the approach of his servant could not articulate a syllable.—Feeling, however, that he retained the full use of his senses, he signified a desire for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following note to Mr. Allen, a printer, who lived next door to him; a very honest, virtuous, good man, who had been his intimate and confidential friend for many years.

"Dear Sir,

"It hath pleased Almighty God this morning to de-
"prive me of the powers of speech; and as I do not
"know

" know but that it might be his further good pleasure
" to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will
" on the receipt of this note, come to me, and act for
" me, as the exigencies of my case may require.

" I am sincerely your's,

" S. JOHNSON.

" To Mr. Edmund Allen."

Mr. Allen immediately attended him, and sent for his usual physicians, Drs. Heberden and Brocklesby, who, in the course of a few months, recovered him so much, that he was able to take the air, and visit his friends as usual.

He continued every day growing better; and as he found his spirits much relieved by society, it was proposed by some friends to establish a club in the neighbourhood, which would answer that purpose. The Doctor seemed highly pleased with the proposal, and after naming some friends, whom he wished to have about him, they met early in the winter of 1783, at the Essex-head, in Essex-street, for the first time, when the Doctor being unanimously called to the chair, he surprised them with a set of rules drawn by himself, as Ben. Jonson did his " *Leges Convivales*," which being read, and approved of by the rest of the members, were regularly entered in a book for that purpose.

These rules, to use his own words, are " founded in frequency and parsimony;" and as the public may have some curiosity in seeing so learned a man as Dr. Johnson in his hours of social relaxation, the following is an authentic copy of them, together with the names of the gentlemen who composed the club, as they stood " on the rota of monthly attendance."

General Rules of the Eſſex-Head Club, commenced the 10th of December, 1783.

" To day deep thoughts with me reſolve to drench
" In mirth—which after no repenting draws."

MILTON.

I. THE Club ſhall conſiſt of twenty-four members. The meetings ſhall be on the Monday, Wedneſday*, and Saturday of every week; but on the *week before Eaſter-day* there ſhall be no meeting.

II. Every member is at liberty to introduce a friend once in a week, but not oftener.

III. Two members ſhall oblige themſelves to attend in their turn every night from eight to ten o'clock, or procure two to attend in their room.

IV. Every member preſent at the club ſhall ſpend at leaſt ſixpence; and every man who ſtays away, ſhall forfeit three-pence.

V. The maſter of the houſe ſhall keep an account of the abſent members, and deliver to the Preſident of the night a liſt of the forfeits incurred.

VI. When any member returns after abſence, he ſhall immediately lay down his forfeits; which, if he omits to do, the Preſident ſhall require them of him.

VII. There ſhall be no general reckoning, but every member ſhall adjuſt his own expences.

VIII. The night of indiſpenſible attendance will come to every member once a month. Whoever ſhall for three months together omit to attend himſelf, or by ſubſtitution—nor ſhall make any apology on the fourth month, ſhall be conſidered as having abdicated the Club.

IX. When a vacancy is to be filled, the name of the candidate, and of the member recommending him, ſhall ſtand in the club-room three nights: on the fourth he may be choſen by ballot, ſix members at leaſt being preſent, and two thirds of the ballot being in his favour, or the majority, ſhould the numbers not be diviſible by three.

* Several of the members being Fellows of the Royal Society, this night was afterwards changed to Thurſday for their convenience.

X. The

X. The master of the house shall give notice, six days before, to each of those members whose turn of necessary attendance is come.

The notice may be in these words: ["Sir, On —— "the—— of —— will be your turn of presiding at "the Essex-head; your company is therefore earnestly "requested."]

One penny shall be left by each member for the waiter.

Nightly Rules of the Essex-head Club.

I. The President will collect seven-pence from each member at his entrance, marking his attendance thus V; and three-pence for every preceding night which is not marked against his name in the book thus V.

II. The forfeits to be paid over to the landlord. The seven-pence to be considered as part of each member's distinct reckoning.

III. Two letters of notice are to be forwarded each night, by the Penny-post, to the Presidents of that day seven-night, as by list of the members.

IV. When the forfeits are paid, they should be noted in the book thus W.

List of the members of the Essex-head Club, when first instituted, as they stood on the rota of monthly attendance.

Dr. Johnson,
Dr. Horsley,
Dr. Brocklesby,
—— Jodderell, Esq.
William Cooke, Esq.
W. Ryland, Esq.
—— Paradise, Esq.
Dr. Burney,
John Hoole, Esq.
Francesco Sastres, Esq.
Mr. Edmund Allen, (Printer)
Hon. Daines Barrington,
James Barry, Esq.
J. Wyatt, Esq.

Mr. John Nichols, (Printer)
Edward Poore, Esq.
Rt. Hon. William Wyndham, M. P.
Thomas Tyers, Esq.
William Cruikshank, Esq.
W. Seward, Esq.
Richard Clarke, Esq. (late Lord Mayor of London.)*
William Strahan, Esq. M. P.
Arthur Murphy, Esq.
Dr. W. Scott, (now Sir W. Scott.)

The Doctor, when his health permitted it, was a constant visitor, and seemed to reserve his spirits and conversation for those meetings, to the delight and improvement of his friends. In this career of innocent relaxation, the constant bleeding which he was obliged to undergo for the necessary reduction of an asthma (with which he was afflicted many years) brought on a dropsy, which again confined him to his house for some months in the spring of 1784.

In the summer of the same year he grew so much better, that supposing the air of Italy might be the best means of re-establishing his health, he hinted in conversation his desire to undertake that journey. His old and intimate friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, eager to extend a life so dear to himself, and so valuable to the public, and yet thinking the Doctor's finances not equal to the project, mentioned the circumstance to the Lord Chancellor, adding, "that if his pension could be encreased two "hundred a-year more, it would be fully sufficient for "the purpose." His Lordship met the proposal cordially, and took the first opportunity to speak of it to the K—g.

His M——y had been previously advertised of the Doctor's intention, and seemed to think favourably of

* 1785—Mr. Clarke's Mayoralty was distinguished by exemplary attendance to the duties of that high office; wisdom in his conduct, and politeness to his fellow citizens, to whom he was always easy of access. The Corporation of London unanimously voted him their thanks, in a distinguished manner, for his singular services as their Chief Magistrate; it was, however, his character as a private gentleman, which first procured him the Doctor's friendship.

it;

it; but whether he did not conceive the Lord Chancellor's application to be direct, or that he understood Dr. Johnson's physicians had no opinion of this journey, when it was mentioned to him he waved the conversation.

The Chancellor, on this, wrote to Dr. Johnson, informing him, that as the return of his health might not wait the forms of an addition to his pension, he might draw immediately upon him for 500l. which lay at his banker's for that purpose.

So liberal and unexpected an offer, from a quarter where he had no right to expect it, called forth the Doctor's gratitude, and he immediately wrote the Lord Chancellor the following letter:

" My Lord,

" After a long and not inattentive observation on " mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer " raises in me no less wonder than gratitude. Bounty " so liberally bestowed I should gladly receive, if my " condition made it necessary; for to such a mind who " would not be proud to own his obligation? But it " hath pleased God to restore me to such a measure of " health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a " fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from " myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My " journey to the continent, though I once thought it " necessary, was never much encouraged by my physi- " cians, and I was very desirous that your Lordship " should be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event " very uncertain; for if I should grow much better I " should not be willing, and if much worse I should " not be able to migrate.

" Your Lordship was first solicited without my " knowledge; but when I was told that you was pleased " to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect " to hear of a refusal; yet as I have had no long time " to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary " opulence, this cold reception has scarce been a disap- " pointment; and from your Lordship's kindness I have

" received a benefit which men like you are able to be-
" ſtow. I ſhall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher
" opinion of my own merit.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,
Moſt grateful,
And moſt humble ſervant,
S. JOHNSON."

To the Right Honourable
the Lord Chancellor.
Sept. 1784.

The Doctor was at Litchfield when he wrote this letter, on his return from Derbyſhire, in tolerable good health. However on his arrival in town in October, Providence thought fit to make all pecuniary as well as medical application unneceſſary. The dropſy returned in his legs, which ſwelled to ſuch a thickneſs that his phyſicians had no hopes of his recovery. They, however, continued to viſit him, and preſcribe ſuch medicines as were beſt calculated to compoſe and quiet his pains. He was likewiſe occaſionally viſited by ſeveral of his friends, and, at intervals, poſſeſſed his uſual ſpirits, and flow of converſation.

His conſtant friend, as well as phyſician, Dr. Brocklesby, calling upon him one morning, after a night of much pain and reſtleſſneſs, he ſuddenly repeated theſe lines from Macbeth:

——— ——— ——— Oh! Doctor,
" Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
" Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
" Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
" And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote
" Cleanſe the full boſom of that perilous ſtuff
" Which weighs upon the heart? ———

And when the Doctor replied in the following words of the ſame author:

——— " Therein the patient
" Muſt miniſter unto himſelf."

He

He exclaimed, " well applied,—that's true,—that's more than poetically true."

On the Thurſday before his death, finding himſelf grow worſe, he inſiſted on knowing from Dr. B——, whether there were any hopes of his recovery? The Doctor at firſt waved the queſtion; but he repeating it with great eagerneſs, the other told him, " that from the complication of diſorders he laboured under, and the advanced ſtate of life he was in, there were but little hopes." He received his fate with firmneſs; thanked him, and ſaid he would endeavour to compoſe himſelf for the approaching ſcene.

The next day, a friend of his hearing the alarming ſentence, and anxious to have every poſſible means tried for his recovery, brought Dr. Warren to him; but he would take no preſcription; he ſaid, " he felt it too late, the ſoul then wanted medicine and not the body." Upon the Doctor's taking his leave, he told him " he muſt not go till he had given him his fee, and then preſenting him with a copy of *his Lives of the Poets*, begged his acceptance of it, aſſuring him, " that was all the fee he had ever given his other two phyſicians."

For ſome weeks before he died, he received the ſacrament two, or three times in each week. An intimate friend of his coming into the room one day, after this ceremony, the Doctor exclaimed " Oh! my friend, I owe you many obligations through life; but they will all be more than amply repaid by your taking this moſt important advice, BE A GOOD CHRISTIAN."

The next night he was at intervals delirious; and in one of thoſe fits, ſeeing a friend at his beſide, he exclaimed, " What, will that fellow never have done talking poetry to me?" He recovered his ſenſes before morning, but ſpoke little after this. His heart, however, was not unemployed, as by his fixed attention, and the motion of his lips, it was evident he was pouring out his ſoul in prayer. He languiſhed in this manner till ſeven o'clock on Monday evening, the 13th of December, 1784, and then expired without a groan, in the 75th year of his age.

Dr.

Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged Mr. Boswell with the following account of Dr. Johnson's death:

"For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and *propitiation* of Jesus Christ.

"He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the *sacrifice* of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works, whatever, for the salvation of mankind.

"He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke, and to read his sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian. 'Because (said he) he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*.'

Johnson having thus in his mind the true Christian scheme, at once rational and consolatory, uniting justice and mercy in the Divinity, with the improvement of human nature, while the Holy Sacrament was celebrating in his apartment, fervently uttered this prayer:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by the Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

"The Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, 'Attend, Francis, to the salvation

ſalvation of your ſoul, which is the object of greateſt importance:" he alſo explained to him paſſages in the ſcripture, and ſeemed to have pleaſure in talking upon religious ſubjects.

"On Monday the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miſs Morris, daughter to a particular friend of his, called, and ſaid to Francis, that ſhe begged to be permitted to ſee the Doctor, that ſhe might earneſtly requeſt him to give her his bleſſing.—Francis went into the room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the meſſage. The Doctor turned himſelf in the bed, and ſaid, 'God bleſs you my dear!' Theſe were the laſt words he ſpoke.—His difficulty of breathing increaſed till about ſeven o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Barber and Mrs. Deſſmoulins, who were ſitting in the room, obſerving that the noiſe he made in breathing had ceaſed, went to the bed, and found he was dead."

About two days after his death the following very agreeable account was communicated to Mr. Malone, in a letter, by the Honourable Mr. Byng:

"Dear Sir,

"SINCE I ſaw you, I have had a long converſation with Cawſton*, who ſat up with Dr. Johnſon from nine o'clock on Sunday evening till ten o'clock on Monday morning. And from what I can gather from him, it ſhould ſeem, that Dr. Johnſon was perfectly compoſed, ſteady in hope, and reſigned to death. At the interval of each hour, they aſſiſted him to ſit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain; when he regularly addreſſed himſelf to fervent prayer; and though ſometimes his voice failed him, his ſenſes never did, during that time. The only ſuſtenance he received was cider and water. He ſaid his mind was prepared, and the time to his diſſolution ſeemed long. At ſix in the morning he enquired the hour, and, on being informed, ſaid that all went on regularly, and he felt he had but a few hours to live.

* A ſervant to the Right Hon. W. Wyndham.

"At

" At ten in the morning he parted from Cawſton, ſaying, 'You ſhould not detain Mr. Windham's ſervant——I thank you;—bear my remembrance to your maſter.' Cawſton ſays, that no man could appear more collected, more devout, or leſs terrified at the approaching minute.

" This account, which is ſo much more agreeable than, and ſomewhat different from your's, has given us the ſatisfaction of thinking that that great man died as he lived, full of reſignation, ſtrengthened in faith, and joyful in hope."

A few days before his death he had aſked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he ſhould be buried; and on being anſwered "Doubtleſs in Weſtminſter Abbey," ſeemed to feel a ſatisfaction very natural to a poet, and indeed very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family ſepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were depoſited in that noble and renowned edifice; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-ſtone, with this inſcription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Obiit XIII Die Decembris,
Anno Domini
M. DCC. LXXXIV.
Ætatis ſuæ LXXV.

His funeral was attended by a reſpectable number of his friends, particularly by many of the members of the Literary Club, who were then in town; and was alſo honoured by the preſence of ſeveral of the Reverend Chapter of Weſtminſter. His ſchool fellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the ſervice.

As Johnſon had abundant homage paid to him during his life, ſo no writer in this nation ever had ſuch an accumulation of literary honours after his death. A ſermon upon that event was preached in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, before the Univerſity, by the Reverend Mr. Agutter, of Magdalen College.

His

His body was opened on Wednesday December 15, in the presence of Drs. Heberden and Brocklesby, where the causes which produced his last disorder were discoverable, but found impracticable to have been removed by medicine. His heart was *uncommonly large*, as if analogous to the extent and *liberality of his mind:* and what was very extraordinary, one of his kidneys was entirely consumed, though he never once complained of any *nephritic*, or gravelly disorder. It is, however, to be conjectured, that he had some *presentiment* of this circumstance, as a few months before his death he had an argument with his physicians, on the possibility of a man's living after the loss of one of his kidneys.

Some time previous to his death he made a will, subscribed only by two witnesses; but telling the circumstance to some friend, who knew he had a freehold of about twelve pounds a year, in Litchfield, in right of his father, another was drawn; but so tardy are some of the wisest men, even in the most necessary acts, when they awaken the fears of death—it was only a few weeks before he died, that the blanks were filled up. On the same principle of delay, the revision of many manuscripts was postponed, some of which were burned by the Doctor the week before he died, to avoid being left in an imperfect state. Among the rest was one book, out of two, wherein he had noted hints for writing his life, which he committed to the flames by mistake.

Though I have subjoined an authentic copy of the Doctor's will to these Memoirs, there are two clauses which, in justice to him, ought particularly to be explained and commented on.—By the first he has left an annuity of seventy pounds to his old, faithful black servant, Francis Barber, who lived with him for near forty years, and who, by a faithful and diligent discharge of his duty, had deserved this mark of his master's generosity and friendship. When he had determined on this legacy for him, he asked Dr. Brocklesby, who happened to be sitting with him, how much people in general left to their favourite servants? The other answered him, from twenty to fifty pounds a year, but that no nobleman gave more than the last sum: "Why then," says the

the Doctor, "I'll be *Nobliſſimus*, for I have left Frank *ſeventy pounds* a year; and as it probably will make the poor fellow's mind eaſy, to know that he will be provided for after my death, I'll be obliged to you to tell him of it."

If we compare this generous action with that of his brother poet Pope, how ſuperior Dr. Johnſon riſes in generous feelings and grateful remembrance of faithful ſervices! When the bard of Twickenham died, he left but *one hundred pounds* to his faithful ſervant John Searle, and *one more* on the death of Mrs. Martha Blount, which was eventual; and yet he diſtinguiſhes this man, in his Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, under the character of *good John*.

> "Shut, ſhut the door, good John, fatigued I ſaid,
> "Tie up the knocker, ſay, I'm ſick, I'm dead."

And Dr. Warburton, who had an opportunity of knowing the fact, calls him, in a note upon this paſſage, "his old and faithful ſervant." But compliments paſs from the head, generous actions ariſe from the heart.

The other clauſe does his memory equal honour. When Dr. Johnſon's father died, which is now above thirty years ago, he owed Mr. Innys, a bookſeller, who lived in Pater-noſter Row, thirty pounds; after many enquiries the Doctor found out the deſcendant of this man, and has left him the ſum of *two hundred pounds*, as a compenſation for the loſs of the principal, and intereſt, for ſo many years.

So anxious was this good man to diſcharge every part of his moral character with punctuality, that ſome time before his death he ſat down to recollect what little ſums he might owe in the early part of his life to particular friends, which were never given with a view to be reſtored. Among this number he ſent a guinea to the ſon of an eminent printer, which he had borrowed of his father many years before, to pay his reckoning at a tavern.

He likewiſe recollected borrowing thirty pounds of Sir Joſhua Reynolds at a great diſtance of time; "but this ſum (ſaid the Doctor to Sir Joſhua, with a manlineſs of mind

mind which anſwered for the feelings of his friend being ſimilar to his own) I intend to beſtow on a charity which I know you'll approve of."

Dr. Johnſon's figure, even in his youth, could never have been calculated either "to make women falſe," or give him a preference in the ſchools of manly, or military exerciſes. His face was formed of large coarſe features, which, from a ſtudious turn, when compoſed, looked ſluggiſh, yet awful and contemplative. He had likewiſe nearly loſt the ſight of one of his eyes, which made him *courſe* every object he looked at in ſo ſingular a manner, as often to create pity, ſometimes laughter. The head at the front of this book is eſteemed a good likeneſs; it was etched from a drawing made by Mr. Trotter after the Doctor had dined, when he was inclined to take his afternoon nap.

His face, however, was capable of great expreſſion, both in reſpect to *intelligence* and *mildneſs*, as all thoſe can witneſs who have ſeen him in the glow of converſation, or under the influence of grateful feelings. I am the more confirmed in this opinion by the authority of a celebrated French phyſiognomiſt, who has, in a late publication on his art, given two different etchings of Dr. Johnſon's head, to ſhew the correſpondence between the countenance and the mind.

In reſpect to perſon, he was rather of the *heroic* ſtature, being above the middle ſize; but though ſtrong, broad, and muſcular, his parts were ſlovenly put together. When he walked the ſtreets, what with the conſtant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion independent of his feet. At other times he was ſubject to be ſeized with ſudden convulſions, which ſo agitated his whole frame, that to thoſe who did not know his diſorder, it had the appearance of madneſs—Indeed, to ſee him in moſt ſituations, he was not favourably diſtinguiſhed either by nature or his habits.

His domeſtic arrangements were always frugal, and he never aſpired, even when his fame and reputation were at the higheſt, to exhibit, either in his dreſs or eſtabliſhment,

eſtabliſhment, what the world calls a genteel appearance

He viſited none of his friends ſo conſtantly as the late Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. In the family of this gentleman he lived a conſiderable part of the year, and they ſo perfectly underſtood his habits, and had ſuch a proper reliſh for his converſation, that he ſeemed more *at home* there than any where elſe. He had a ſuite of apartments for himſelf, both at their town and country-houſe—formed a library principally of his own ſelection—directed the education of the young ladies, and was, in every reſpect, ſo much "the guide, philoſopher, and friend" of the family, that Mr. Thrale, on his death, left him two hundred pounds, and appointed him one of his executors.

From the largeneſs of his perſon, the demands of nature were expected to be conſiderable, and nature was true to herſelf. He fed without much delicacy, either in choice or quantity, but then his dinner was his laſt meal for the day. He formerly drank his bottle, it is ſaid, with a view to diſpel that apprehenſion, which he dreaded through life, of approaching inſanity. But afterwards ſuſpecting danger from that habit he almoſt totally abandoned it. "For," ſaid he, in that moral and philoſophic ſtrain which generally diſtinguiſhed his remarks, "What ferments the ſpirits, may alſo derange the intellects; and the means employed to counteract dejection may haſten the approach of madneſs."

In his traffic with bookſellers, he ſhewed no great regard to money-matters. By his Dictionary he no more than barely ſupported himſelf during the many years that he was employed in that great undertaking. By his Ramblers, I have before obſerved, he did not get much above two guineas per week; and tho' it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe he might, on a repreſentation of the encreaſing fame of thoſe valuable papers, have got his ſtipend encreaſed —he did not ſolicit it—"his wants being few, they were competently ſupplied."

CHARAC-

CHARACTER—BY MR BOSWELL.

" His figure was large and well-formed, and his countenance of the caſt of an ancient ſtatue; yet his appearance was rendered ſtrange, and ſomewhat uncouth, by convulſive cramps, by the ſcars of that diſtemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a ſlovenly mode of dreſs. He had the uſe only of one eye; yet ſo much does mind govern, and even ſupply the deficiency of organs, that his viſual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament, that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous uſe of his limbs; when he walked, it was like the ſtruggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horſe, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his conſtitution and habits of life he ſhould have lived ſeventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis* is a powerful preſervative of the human frame.

" He was prone to ſuperſtition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the myſterious, his vigorous reaſon examined the evidence with jealouſy. He was a ſincere and zealous Chriſtian, of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely ſuffer to be queſtioned: and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind ſomewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impreſſed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent ſpirit, occaſioned his appearing ſomewhat unfavourable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of ſentiment which is the beſt poſſeſſion of man. Nor can it be denied, that he had many prejudices, which, however frequently ſuggeſted many of his pointed ſayings, that rather ſhewed a playfulneſs of fancy than any ſettled malignity.

" He was ſteady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of ſociety, and from a veneration for

for the great ſource of all order; correct, nay ſtern in his taſte; hard to pleaſe, and eaſily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a moſt humane and benevolent heart, which ſhewed itſelf not only in a moſt liberal charity, as far as his circumſtances would allow, but in many inſtances of active benevolence.

"He loved praiſe when it was brought to him; but was too proud to ſeek for it. He was ſomewhat ſuſceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his ſtudies, he cannot be conſidered as a maſter of any one particular ſcience; but he had accumulated a vaſt and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was ſo arranged in his mind, as to be ever in readineſs to be brought forth. But his ſuperiority over other learned men, conſiſted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of uſing his mind; a certain continual power of ſeizing the uſeful ſubſtance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; ſo that knowledge which we often ſee to be no better than lumber in men of dull underſtanding, was in him, true, evident, and actual wiſdom.

"His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His mind was ſo full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable, that however rich his proſe is in that reſpect, the poetical pieces which he wrote were in general not ſo, but rather ſtrong ſentiment and acute obſervation, conveyed in good verſe,—particularly in heroick couplets.

"Though uſually grave, and even aweful in his deportment, he poſſeſſed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humour: He frequently indulged himſelf in colloquial pleaſantry; and the heartieſt merriment was often enjoyed in his company, with this great advantage, that as it was entirely free from any poiſonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was ſalutary to thoſe who ſhared in it.

"He

"He had accuſtomed himſelf to ſuch accuracy in his common converſation, that he at all times delivered himſelf with an elegant choice of expreſſion, and a ſlow deliberate utterance. He united a moſt logical head with a fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reaſon cloſe or wide, as he ſaw beſt for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual ſtrength and dexterity, he could, when he pleaſed, be the greateſt ſophiſt that ever contended in the liſts of declamation; and, from a ſpirit of contradiction, and a delight in ſhewing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong ſide with equal warmth and ingenuity; ſo that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could ſeldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a ſingle friend, he would diſcuſs a ſubject with genuine fairneſs. But he was too conſcientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and in all his numerous works he earneſtly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth. His piety was conſtant, and was the ruling principle of all his conduct.

In anſwer to ſome inſinuations of Sir John Hawkins, that the mind of Johnſon was oppreſſed with a ſenſe of *guilt*, Mr. Boſwell is candid enough to own, "That his conduct after he came to London, and had aſſociated with Savage and others, was not ſo ſtrictly virtuous in one reſpect, as when he was a younger man. It was well known that his amorous inclinations were uncommonly ſtrong and impetuous. He owned to many of his friends that he uſed to take women of the town to taverns, and hear them relate their hiſtory. In ſhort, it muſt not be concealed, that like many other good and pious men, amongſt whom we may place the Apoſtle Paul, upon his own authority, Johnſon was not from propenſities which were ever 'warring againſt the law of his mind,'—and that in his combats with them, he was ſometimes, though rarely, overcome."

Some years ſince, the Doctor coming up Fleet-ſtreet, at about two o'clock in the morning, was alarmed with

with the cries of a perſon ſeemingly in great diſtreſs. He followed the voice for ſome time, when by the glimmer of an expiring lamp, he perceived an unhappy female, almoſt naked and periſhing, on a truſs of ſtraw, who had juſt ſtrength enough to tell him, "ſhe was turned out by an inhuman landlord, in that condition, and to beg his charitable aſſiſtance not to let her die in the ſtreet." The Doctor, melted at her ſtory, deſired her to place her confidence in God, for that under him he would be her protector. He accordingly looked about for a coach to put her into; but there was none to be had: "His charity, however, worked too ſtrong" to be cooled by ſuch an accident. He kneeled down by her ſide, raiſed her in his arms, wrapped his great coat about her, placed her on his back, and in this condition carried her home to his houſe.

Next day, her diſorder appearing to be *venereal*, he was adviſed to abandon her: but he replied, "that may be as much her misfortune as her fault; I am determined to give her the chance of a reformation; he accordingly kept her in his houſe above thirteen weeks, where ſhe was regularly attended by a phyſician, who reſtored her to her uſual health.

The Doctor, during this time learned more of her ſtory; and finding her to be one of thoſe unhappy women who are impelled to this miſerable life more from neceſſity than inclination, he ſet on foot a ſubſcription, and eſtabliſhed her in a milliner's ſhop in the country, where ſhe was living ſome years ago in very conſiderable repute.

Dr Johnſon was buried in a public manner, in Weſtminſter-abbey, on Monday, Dec. 20, 1784, at the foot of Shakſpeare's monument, in the Poet's Corner, near the grave of his old and intimate friend David Garrick. His pall was ſupported by the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, Right Honourable William Wyndham, Sir Joſeph Banks, Sir Charles Bunbury, George Colman, and Bennet Langton, Eſqrs. His executors likewiſe attended, as did a conſiderable number of his friends and acquaintances, who ſincerely paid this laſt tribute of affection to his memory.

Sir

Sir Joſhua Reynolds, immediately after the Doctor's death, ordered Mr. Hoſkins, in St. Martin's Lane, caſter of figures to the Royal Academy, to make a plaiſter of Paris caſt from his face.

The Doctor was ſo much pleaſed with theſe Beauties that he purchaſed ſeveral copies to preſent to his friends, and when the ſecond edition was printing, he ſat twice, at Mr. Kearſley's requeſt, to Mr. Trotter.—The etching from that drawing, forms the frontiſpiece to this volume.

An authentic Copy of Dr. JOHNSON's WILL, extracted from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN the name of God. Amen. I SAMUEL JOHNSON, *being in full poſſeſſion of my faculties, but fearing this night may put an end to my life, do ordain this my laſt will and teſtament. I bequeath to God a ſoul polluted with many ſins, but I hope purified by repentance, and I truſt redeemed by Jeſus Chriſt. I leave ſeven hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Bennet Langton, Eſq. three hundred pounds in the hands of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Perkins, brewers; one hundred and fifty pounds in the hands of Dr. Percy, Biſhop of Dromore; one thouſand pounds, three per cent. annuities in the public funds, and one hundred pounds now lying by me in ready money; all theſe before-mentioned ſums and property I leave, I ſay, to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. William Scott of Doctors Commons; in truſt for the following uſes: That is to ſay, to pay to the repreſentatives of the late William Innys, bookſeller, in St. Paul's Church Yard, the ſum of two hundred pounds; to Mrs. White, my female ſervant, one hundred pounds ſtock in the three per cent. annuities aforeſaid. The reſt of the aforeſaid ſums of money and property, together with my*

books, plate, and houſhold-furniture, I leave to the before-mentioned Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Doctor William Scott, alſo in truſt, to be applied, after paying my debts, to the uſe of Francis Barber, my man ſervant, a negro, in ſuch manner as they ſhall judge moſt fit and available to his benefit. And I appoint the aforeſaid Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Doctor William Scott, ſole executors of this my laſt will and teſtament, hereby revoking all former wills and teſtaments whatſoever. In witneſs whereof I hereunto ſubſcribe my name, and affix my ſeal, this eighth Day of December, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON, *(L. S.)*

Signed, ſealed, publiſhed, declared and delivered by the ſaid teſtator, as his laſt will and teſtament, in the preſence of us, the word two *being firſt inſerted in the oppoſite page.*

GEORGE STRAHAN.
JOHN DES MOULINS.

By way of codicil to my laſt will and teſtament, I SAMUEL JOHNSON, *give, deviſe, and bequeath, my meſſuage, or tenement, ſituated at Litchfield, in the county of Stafford, with the appurtenances, in the tenure or occupation of Mrs. Bond, of Litchfield aforeſaid, or of Mr. Hinchman, her under tenant, to my executors in truſt, to ſell and diſpoſe of the ſame; and the money ariſing from ſuch ſale I give and bequeath as follows, to Thomas and Benjamin, the ſons of Fiſher Johnſon, late of Leiceſter, and ——— Whiting, daughter of Thomas Johnſon, late of Coventry, and the grand daughter of the ſaid Thomas Johnſon, one full and equal fourth part each; but in caſe there ſhall be more grand-daughters than one of the ſaid Thomas Johnſon, living at the time of my deceaſe, I give and bequeath the part or ſhare of that one to, and equally between ſuch grand-daughters. I give and bequeath to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Berkley, near Froome, in the county of Somerſet, the ſum of one hundred pounds, requeſting him to apply the ſame towards the maintenance of Elizabeth Merne, a lunatic. I alſo give and bequeath to my god-children, the ſon and daughter of Mauritius Low, painter, each of them one hundred pounds*

of

of my ſtock in the three per cent. conſolidated annuities, to be applied and diſpoſed of by and at the diſcretion of my executors, in the education or ſettlement in the world of them my ſaid legatees. Alſo I give and bequeath to Sir John Hawkins, one of my executors, the Annales Eccleſiaſtici of Baronius and Hollingſhed; and Stowe's Chronicles; and alſo an octavo Common Prayer Book. To Bennet Langton, Eſq. I give and bequeath my Polyglot Bible. To Sir Joſhua Reynolds, my great French Dictionary, by Martiniere, and my own copy of my folio Engliſh Dictionary of the laſt reviſion. To Dr. William Scott, one of my executors, the Dictionnaire de Commerce, and Lectius's edition of the Greek Poets. To Mr. Windham, Poeta Greci Heroici, per Henricum Stephanum. To the Rev. Mr. Strahan, Vicar of Iſlington, in the county of Middleſex, Mills's Greek Teſtament, Beza's Greek Teſtament by Stephens, all my Latin Bibles, and my Greek Bible, by Wechelius. To Dr. Heberden, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, Mr. Cruickſhanks, the Surgeon who attended me, Mr. Holder, my Apothecary, Gerard Hamilton, Eſq. Mrs. Gardiner, of Snow-hill, Mrs. Francis Reynolds, Mr. Hoole, and the Rev. Mr. Hoole, his ſon, each a book at their election, to keep as a token of remembrance. I alſo give and bequeath to Mr. John des Moulins, two hundred pounds conſolidated three per cent. annuities; and to Mr. Saſtres, the Italian maſter, the ſum of five pounds, to be laid out in books of piety for his own uſe. And whereas the ſaid Bennet Langton hath agreed, in conſideration of the ſum of ſeven hundred and fifty pounds, mentioned in my will to be in his hands, to grant and ſecure an annuity of ſeventy pounds, payable during the life of me and my ſervant, Francis Barber, and the life of the ſurvivor of us, to Mr. George Stubbs in truſt for us; my mind and will is, that in caſe of my deceaſe before the ſaid agreement ſhall be perfected, the ſaid ſum of ſeven hundred and fifty pounds, and the bond for ſecuring the ſaid ſum, ſhall go to the ſaid Francis Barber; and I hereby give and bequeath to him the ſame, in lieu of the bequeſt in his favour contained in my ſaid will. And I hereby empower my ſaid Executors to deduct and retain all expences that ſhall or may be incurred in the execution of my ſaid will, or of this codicil thereto, out of ſuch eſtate and effects as I ſhall die poſſeſſed of. All the reſt,

residue, and remainder of my estate and effects, I give and bequeath to my said Executors, in trust for the said Francis Barber, his executors and administrators. Witness my hand and seal this ninth day of December, 1784.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *(L. S.)*

Signed, sealed, published, declared and delivered by the said Samuel Johnson, as and for a codicil to his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence, and at his request, and also in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

JOHN COPLEY.
WILLIAM GIBSON.
HENRY COTE.

Proved at London, with a Codicil, the sixteenth of December, 1784, *before the worshipful George Harris, Doctor of Laws, and Surrogate, by the oath of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight, Sir John Hawkins, Knight, and William Scott, Doctor of Laws, the Executors named in the will, to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.*

HENRY STEVENS,
GEO. GOSTLING,
JOHN GRENE,
} Deputy Registers.

Dec. 13, 1784.

Dr.

DR. DODD's SPEECH,

Delivered in Court on Friday the 16th of May, 1777, previous to his receiving Sentence of Death.

Written by Dr. JOHNSON.

MY LORD,

I now ſtand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon publick life with the expectations common to young men whoſe education has been liberal, and whoſe abilities have been flattered; and when I became a clergyman, conſidered myſelf as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor, I hope, an uſeleſs miniſter. I taught the truths of Chriſtianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved, my pulpit became popular; and I have reaſon to believe, that of thoſe who heard me, ſome have been preſerved from ſin, and ſome have been reclaimed. Condeſcend, my Lord, to think, if theſe conſiderations aggravate my crime, how much muſt they embitter my puniſhment!

Being diſtinguiſhed and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myſelf; and, thinking my integrity what others thought it, eſtabliſhed in ſincerity, and fortified by religion, I did not conſider the danger of vanity, nor ſuſpect the deceitfulneſs of my own heart. The day of conflict came, in which temptation ſurpriſed and overwhelmed me. I committed the crime which I entreat your Lordſhip to believe that my conſcience hourly repreſents to me in its full bulk of miſchief and malignity. Many have been overpowered by temptation, who are now among the penitent in heaven.

To an act now waiting the deciſion of vindictive juſtice, I will not preſume to oppoſe the counterbalance of almoſt thirty years (a great part of the life of man) paſſed in exciting and exerciſing charity; in relieving

ſuch diſtreſſes as I now feel, in adminiſtering thoſe conſolations which I now want. I will not otherwiſe extenuate my offence, than by declaring, what many circumſtances make probable, that I did not intend to be finally fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my puniſhment, by alledging that my ſufferings have been not much leſs than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have made me cautious; and from a fortune which ought to have given me content. I am ſunk at once into poverty and ſcorn; my name and my crime fill the ballads in the ſtreets, the ſport of the thoughtleſs, and the triumph of the wicked.

It may ſeem ſtrange that, remembering what I have lately been, I ſhould ſtill wiſh to continue what I am. But contempt of death, how ſpeciouſly ſoever it might mingle with Heathen virtues, has nothing ſuitable to Chriſtian penitence. Many motives impel me to beg earneſtly for life. I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the univerſal dread of untimely diſſolution. I am deſirous of recompenſing the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world, and to religion, and to efface the ſcandal of my crime by the example of my repentance. But, above all, I wiſh to die with thoughts more compoſed, and calmer preparation. The gloom of a priſon, the anxiety of a trial, and the inevitable viciſſitudes of paſſion, leave the mind little diſpoſed to the holy exerciſes of prayer and ſelf examination. Let not a little time be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, be prepared to ſtand at the tribunal of Omnipotence, and ſupport the preſence of that Judge who ſhall diſtribute to all according to their works, who will receive to pardon the repenting ſinner, and from whom the merciful ſhall obtain mercy.

For theſe reaſons, amidſt ſhame and miſery, I yet wiſh to live, and moſt humbly intreat, that I may be recommended by your Lordſhip to the clemency of his Majeſty.

A SERMON, written by Dr. JOHNSON, and preached by Dr. DODD, before his Fellow-convicts, in the Chapel of *Newgate*.

My dear and unhappy Fellow-prisoners,

CONSIDERING my peculiar circumstances and situation, I cannot think myself justified, if I do not deliver to you, in sincere Christian love, some of my serious thoughts on our present awful state.

In the sixteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, you read a memorable story respecting *Paul* and *Silas*, who, for preaching the Gospel, were cast by the magistrates into prison, verse 23,—and, after having received many stripes, were committed to the *goaler*, with a strict charge to keep them safely. Accordingly he thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. At midnight Paul and Silas, supported by the testimony of a good conscience, prayed, and sang praises to God, and the prisoners heard them; and suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every ones chains were loosed. The keeper of the prison, awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, in the greatest distress, as might well be imagined, drew his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners were fled.—But Paul cried with a loud voice, Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.—The keeper, calling for a light, and finding his prisoners thus freed from their bonds by the imperceptible agency of divine power, was irresistibly convinced that these men were not offenders against the law, but martyrs to the truth: he sprang in therefore, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, SIRS, WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

What must I do to be saved? is the important question, which it becomes every human being to study from the first hour of reason to the last: but which we, my fellow prisoners, ought to consider with particular diligence and intenseness of meditation. Had it not been forgot-

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or neglected by us, we had never appeared in this place. A little time for recollection and amendment is yet allowed us by the mercy of the law. Of this little time let no particle be loſt. Let us fill our remaining life with all the duties which our preſent condition allows us to practiſe. Let us make one earneſt effort for ſalvation! And oh! heavenly Father, who deſireſt not the death of a ſinner, grant that this effort may not be in vain.

To teach others what *they muſt do to be ſaved*, has long been my employment and profeſſion. You ſee with what confuſion and diſhonour I now ſtand before you--no more in the pulpit of inſtruction, but on this humble ſeat with yourſelves.--You are not to conſider me now as a man authoriſed to form the manners, or direct the conſcience, and ſpeaking with the authority of a paſtor to his flock. I am here guilty, like yourſelves, of a capital offence; and ſentenced, like yourſelves, to a public and ſhameful death. My profeſſion, which has given me ſtronger convictions of my duty than moſt of you can be ſuppoſed to have attained, and has extended my views to the conſequences of wickedneſs farther than your obſervation is likely to have reached, has loaded my ſin with peculiar aggravations; and I entreat you to join your prayers with mine, that my ſorrow may be proportionate to my guilt!

I am now, like you, enquiring, *what I muſt do to be ſaved?* and ſtand here to communicate to you what that enquiry ſuggeſts. Hear me with attention, my fellow-priſoners; and, in your melancholy hours of retirement, conſider well what I offer to you from the ſincerity of my good will, and from the deepeſt conviction of a penitent heart.

Salvation is promiſed to us Chriſtians, on the terms of *Faith*, *Obedience*, and *Repentance*. I ſhall therefore endeavour to ſhew how, in the ſhort interval between this moment and death, we may exert *faith*, perform *obedience*, and exerciſe *repentance*, in a manner which our heavenly Father may, in his infinite mercy, vouchſafe to accept.

I. *Faith* is the foundation of all Chriſtian virtue. It is that *without which it is impoſſible to pleaſe God*. I ſhall therefore

therefore consider, first, How *faith* is to be particularly exerted by us in our present state.

Faith is a full and undoubting confidence in the declarations made by God in the holy Scriptures; a sincere reception of the doctrines taught by our blessed Saviour, with a firm assurance that he died to take away the sins of the world, and that we have, each of us, a part in the boundless benefits of the universal sacrifice.

To this *faith* we must have recourse at all times, but particularly if we find ourselves tempted to despair.—If thoughts arise in our minds, which suggest that we have sinned beyond the hope of pardon, and that therefore it is vain to seek for reconciliation by repentance; we must remember how God willeth that every man should be saved, and that those who obey his call, however late, should not be rejected. If we are tempted to think that the injuries we have done are unrepaired, and therefore repentance is vain; let us remember that the reparation which is impossible is not required; that sincerely to will, is to do, in the sight of Him to whom all hearts are open; and that what is deficient in our endeavour is supplied by the merits of Him who died to redeem us.

Yet let us likewise be careful, lest an erroneous opinion of the all-sufficiency of our Saviour's merits lull us into carelessness and security. His merits are indeed all-sufficient! but he has prescribed the terms on which they are to operate. He died to save sinners, but to save only those sinners that repent. Peter, who denied him, was forgiven, but he obtained his pardon by *weeping bitterly*. They who have lived in perpetual regularity of duty, and are free from any gross or visible transgression, are yet but *unprofitable servants*:—What then are *we*, whose crimes are hastening us to the grave before our time?—Let us *work with fear and trembling*, but still let us endeavour to *work out our salvation*. Let us hope without presumption; let us fear without desperation; and let our faith animate us to that which we were to consider,

Secondly, "Sincere *Obedience* to the laws of God." Our obedience, for the short time yet remaining, is restrained

ſtrained to a narrow circle. Thoſe duties which are called ſocial and relative, are for the moſt part out of our power. We can contribute very little to the general happineſs of mankind, while on thoſe whom kindred and friendſhip have allied to us, we have brought diſgrace and ſorrow. We can only benefit the publick by an example of contrition, and fortify our friends againſt temptation by warning and admonition.

The obedience left us now to practiſe is "ſubmiſſion to the will of God, and calm acquieſcence in his wiſdom and his juſtice." We muſt not allow ourſelves to repine at thoſe miſeries which have followed our offences, but ſuffer, with ſilent humility and reſigned patience, the puniſhment which we deſerve; remembering that, according to the Apoſtle's deciſion, no praiſe is due to them who bear with *patience to be buffeted for their faults.*

When we conſider the wickedneſs of our paſt lives, and the danger of having been ſummoned to the final judgment without preparation, we ſhall, I hope, gradually riſe ſo much above the conceptions of human nature, as to return thanks to God for what once ſeemed the moſt dreadful of all evils—our detection and conviction!—We ſhrink back, by immediate and inſtinctive terror from the publick eye, turned as it is upon us with indignation and contempt. Impriſonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful! But let us compare our condition with that which our actions might reaſonably have incurred. The robber might have died in the act of violence, by lawful reſiſtance. The man of fraud might have ſunk into the grave, while he was enjoying the gain of his artifice;—and *where then had been our hope?* We have now leiſure for thought; we have opportunities of inſtruction, and whatever we ſuffer from offended laws, may yet reconcile ourſelves to God, who, if we ſincerely *ſeek* him, will aſſuredly be *found.*

But how are we to *ſeek the Lord?* By the way which he himſelf hath appointed; by humble, fervent, and frequent prayer. Some hours of worſhip are appointed us; let us duly obſerve them. Some aſſiſtance to our devo-

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tion is supplied; let us thankfully accept it. But let us not rest in formality and prescription: let us call upon God night and day. When, in the review of the times which we have past, any offence arises to our thoughts, let us humbly implore forgiveness; and for those faults (and many there are and must be) which we cannot recollect, let us solicit mercy in general petitions. But it must be our constant care, that we pray not merely with our lips; but that when we lament our sins, we are really humbled in self-abhorrence;* and that, when we call for mercy, we raise our thoughts to hope and trust in the goodness of God, and merits of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The reception of the *holy sacrament*, to which we shall be called in the most solemn manner, perhaps a few hours before we die, is the highest act of Christian worship. At that awful moment it will become us to drop for ever all worldly thoughts, to fix our hopes solely upon Christ, whose death is represented; and to consider ourselves as no longer connected with mortality.—And possibly, it may please God to afford *us* some consolation, some secret intimations of acceptance and forgiveness. But these radiations of favour are not always felt by the sincerest penitents. To the greater part of those whom angels stand ready to receive, nothing is granted in this world beyond rational *hope*; and with *hope*, founded on *promise*, we may well be satisfied.

But such promises of salvation are made only to the *penitent*. It is requisite then that we consider,

Thirdly, "How *Repentance* is to be exercised." Repentance, in the general state of Christian life, is such a sorrow for sin as produces a change of manners, and an amendment of life. It is that disposition of mind, by which he *who stole, steals no more*; by which the *wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right*. And to the man thus reformed, it is expressly promised, that *he shall save his*

* See *Job*, chap. xlii. verse 6.

soul

*ſoul alive.** Of this repentance the proofs are viſible, and the reality certain, always to the penitent, and commonly to the church with whom he communicates; becauſe the ſtate of the mind is diſcovered by the outward actions.—But of the repentance which *our* condition requires and admits, no ſuch evidence can appear; for to us many crimes and many virtues are made impoſſible by confinement; and the ſhortneſs of the time which is before us, gives little power, even to ourſelves, of diſtinguiſhing the effects of terror from thoſe of conviction; of deciding, whether our preſent ſorrow for ſin proceeds from abhorrence of guilt or dread of puniſhment, whether the violence of our inordinate paſſions be totally ſubdued by the fear of God, or only cruſhed and reſtrained by the temporary force of preſent calamity.

Our repentance is like that of other ſinners on their death-bed; but with this advantage, that our danger is not greater, and our ſtrength is more. Our faculties are not impaired by weakneſs of body. We come to the great work not withered by pains, nor clouded by the fumes of diſeaſe, but with minds capable of continued attention, and with bodies of which *we* need have no care! We may therefore better diſcharge this tremendous duty, and better judge of our performance.

Of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance many have diſputed; but we have no leiſure for controverſy. Fix in your minds this deciſion, "Repentance is a change of the heart, of an evil to a good diſpoſition." When that change is made, repentance is complete. God will conſider that life as amended, which would have been amended if he had ſpared it. Repentance in the ſight of man, even of the penitent, is not known but by its *fruits*; but our Creator ſees the fruit, in the bloſſom or the ſeed. He knows thoſe reſolutions which are fixed, thoſe converſions which would be permanent; and will

* There cannot be a ſtronger exemplification of this idea than the conduct of the *Goaler*, who uttered the queſtion, with which we commenced our enquiry—*What ſhall I do to be ſaved?*—What a change of mind and manners was wrought in him by the power of God! Read Acts, chap. xvi.

receive

receive them who are qualified by holy desires for works of righteousness, without exacting from them those outward duties which the shortness of their lives hindered them from performing.

Nothing therefore remains, but that we apply with all our speed, and with all our strength, to rectify our desires, and purify our thoughts; that we set God before us in all his goodness and terrors; that we consider him as the Father and the Judge of all the earth; as a Father desirous to save; as a Judge, who cannot pardon unrepented iniquity: that we fall down before him self-condemned, and excite in our hearts an intense detestation of those crimes which have provoked him; with vehement and steady resolutions, that if life were granted us, it should be spent hereafter in the practice of our duty: * that we pray the Giver of *grace* to strengthen and impress these holy thoughts, and to accept our repentance, though late, and in its beginnings violent: that we improve every good motion by diligent prayer: and having *declared* and *confirmed* † our *faith* by the holy communion, we deliver ourselves into his hands, in firm hope, that he who created and redeemed us will not suffer us to perish. *Rom.* v. viii. 32.

The condition, without which forgiveness is not to be obtained, is, that we forgive others. There is always a danger left men, fresh from a trial in which life has been lost, should remember with resentment and malignity the prosecutor, the witnesses, or the judges. It is, indeed, scarcely possible, that with all the prejudices of an interest so weighty, and so affecting, the convict should

* See 2 Cor. chap. v. verse 14, 15.

† I would have this expression to be particularly attended to—While as a dying man, and with all possible sincerity of soul, I add, that if I could wish to *declare* my faith, I know not of any words in which I could do it so well, and so perfectly to my satisfaction, as in the *Communion* service of our Church: and if I would wish to *confirm* that faith, I know not of any appointed method so thoroughly adapted to that end as *participation* in that communion itself.—See particularly in this service, the *Exhortation*, *Confession*, prayer beginning *We do not presume*, &c.—*Consecration*—and prayer after receiving, *O Lord and heavenly Father*, &c.——Convicts should diligently and repeatedly read over this service before they communicate.

think otherwiſe, than that he has been treated in ſome part of the proceſs with unneceſſary ſeverity. In this opinion he is perhaps ſingular, and therefore probably miſtaken. But there is no time for diſquiſition: we muſt try to find the ſhorteſt way to peace. It is eaſier to forgive than to reaſon right. He that has been injuriouſly or unneceſſarily harraſſed, has one opportunity more of proving his ſincerity, by forgiving the wrong, and praying for his enemy.

It is the duty of a penitent to repair, ſo far as he has the power, the injury which he has done. What we can do, is commonly nothing more than to leave the world an example of contrition. On the dreadful day, when the ſentence of the law has its full force, ſome will be found to have affected a ſhameleſs bravery, or negligent intrepidity. Such is not the proper behaviour of a convicted criminal. To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence, if in any human being innocence could be found. Of him, whoſe life is ſhortened by his crimes, the laſt duties are humility and ſelf-abaſement. We owe to God ſincere repentance; we owe to man the appearance of repentance.—We ought not to propagate an opinion, that he who lived in wickedneſs can die with courage. If the ſerenity or gaiety with which ſome men have ended a life of guilt, were unfeigned, they can be imputed only to ignorance or ſtupidity, or, what is more horrid, to voluntary intoxication: if they were artificial and hypocritical, they were acts of deception, the uſeleſs and unprofitable crimes of pride unmortified, and obſtinacy unſubdued.

There is yet another crime poſſible, and, as there is reaſon to believe, ſometimes committed in the laſt moment, on the margin of eternity.—Men have died with a ſtedfaſt denial of crimes, of which it is very difficult to ſuppoſe them innocent. By what equivocation or reſerve they may have reconciled their conſciences to falſehood, if their conſciences were at all conſulted, it is impoſſible to know. But if they thought, that when they were to die, they paid their legal forfeit, and that the world had no further demand upon them; that therefore they might,

might, by keeping their own ſecrets, try to leave behind them a diſputable reputation; and that the falſehood was harmleſs, becauſe none were injured;—they had very little conſidered the nature of ſociety. One of the principal parts of national felicity, ariſes from a wiſe and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice. Every man repoſes upon the tribunal of his country the ſtability of poſſeſſion, and the ſerenity of life. He therefore who unjuſtly expoſes the courts of judicature to ſuſpicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to thoſe who diſpenſe the laws, but diminiſhes the public confidence in the laws themſelves, and ſhakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

For my own part, I confeſs, with deepeſt compunction, the crime which has brought me to this place: and admit the juſtice of my ſentence, while I am ſinking under its ſeverity. And I earneſtly exhort you, my fellow-priſoners, to acknowledge the offences which have been already proved; and to bequeath to our country that confidence in public juſtice, without which there can be neither peace nor ſafety.

As few men ſuffer for their firſt offences, and moſt convicts are conſcious of more crimes than have been brought within judicial cognizance, it is neceſſary to enquire how far confeſſion ought to be extended. Peace of mind, or deſire of inſtruction, may ſometimes demand, that to the miniſter, whoſe council is requeſted, a long courſe of evil life ſhould be diſcovered:—but of this every man muſt determine for himſelf.—To the public, every man, before he departs from life, is obliged to confeſs thoſe acts which have brought, or may bring unjuſt ſuſpicion upon others; and to convey ſuch information, as may enable thoſe who have ſuffered loſſes to obtain reſtitution.

Whatever good remains in our power we muſt diligently perform.—We muſt prevent, to the utmoſt of our power, all the evil conſequences of our crimes.—We muſt forgive all who have injured us.—We muſt, by fervency of prayer, and conſtancy in meditation, endeavour to repreſs all worldly paſſions, and generate in our minds that love of goodneſs, and hatred of ſin, which

may

may fit us for the society of heavenly minds.—And, finally, we must commend and entrust our souls to HIM who died for the sins of men; with earnest wishes and humble hopes that he will admit us with the labourers who entered the vineyard at the *last hour*, and associate us with the *thief* whom he pardoned on the cross!

To this great end, you will not refuse to unite with me, on bended knees, and with humbled hearts, in fervent prayer to the throne of grace! May the Father of mercy hear our supplications, and have compassion upon us!

"O almighty Lord God, the righteous JUDGE of all the earth, who in thy providential justice dost frequently inflict severe vengeance upon sinners in this life, that thou mayest by their sad examples effectually deter others from committing the like heinous offences; and that they themselves, truly repenting of their faults, may escape the condemnation of hell—look down in mercy upon us, *thy sorrowful servants*, whom thou hast suffered to become the unhappy objects of offended justice in this world!

"Give us a thorough sense of all those evil *thoughts*, *words*, and *works*, which have so provoked thy patience that thou hast been pleased to permit this public and shameful judgment to fall upon us; and grant us such a portion of grace and godly sincerity, that we may heartily confess, and unfeignedly repent of every breach of those most *holy laws and ordinances, which if a man do, he shall even live in them.*

"Let no root of bitterness and malice, no habitual and deadly sin, either of *omission* or *commission*, remain undisturbed in our hearts! But enable us to make our repentance universal, without the least flattering or deceitful reserve, that so we may clear our consciences before we close our eyes.

"And now that thou hast brought us within the view of our long home, and made us sensible that the time of our dissolution draweth near; endue us. we humbly pray thee, O gracious Father, with such Christian fortitude, that neither the terrors of thy present dispensations,

tions, nor the remembrance of our former ſins, may have power to ſink our ſpirits into a deſpondency of thy everlaſting mercies in the adorable Son of thy love.

" Wean our thoughts and affections good Lord, from all the vain and deluſive enjoyments of this tranſitory world; that we may not only with patient reſignation ſubmit to the appointed ſtroke of death, but that our faith and hope may be ſo elevated, that we may conceive a longing deſire to be diſſolved from theſe our earthly tabernacles, and to be with Chriſt, which is far better than all the happineſs we can wiſh for beſides!

" And in a due ſenſe of our own extraordinary want of forgiveneſs at thy hands, and of our utter unworthineſs of the very leaſt of all thy favours, of the meaneſt crumbs which fall from thy table—Oh! bleſſed Lord Jeſus! make us ſo truly and univerſally charitable, that in an undiſſembled compliance with thy own aweful command, and moſt endearing example, we may both freely forgive, and cordially pray for our moſt inveterate *enemies, perſecutors*, and *ſlanderers!*—Forgive them, O Lord, we beſeech thee,—turn their hearts, and fill them with thy love!

" Thus, may we humbly truſt, our ſorrowful prayers and tears will be acceptable in thy ſight. Thus ſhall we be qualified, through Chriſt, to exchange this diſmal bodily confinement [and theſe uneaſy fetters] for the glorious liberty of the ſons of God.—And thus ſhall our legal doom upon earth be changed into a comfortable declaration of mercy in the higheſt heavens: and all through thy moſt precious and all-ſufficient merits, O bleſſed Saviour of mankind!—who, with the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt, liveſt and reigneſt ever, *One God*, world without end. AMEN.

OF

[illegible]

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ACTIONS.

THINGS may be seen differently, and differently shewn; but *actions* are visible, though motives are secret.

Life of Cowley.

AUTHORS.

Those writers who lie on the watch for *novelty*, can have little hope of *greatness*; for *great things* cannot have escaped former observation.

Ibid.

It is the fault of some writers, that they pursue their thoughts to their *last ramifications*; by which they lose the *grandeur of generality*.

Ibid.

There are those who condemn authors for a want of *novelty*, which they are only *supposed to want*, from their accusers having already found similar thoughts in later books; not knowing, or enquiring, who produced them first. This treatment is unjust. Let not the original author lose by his imitators.

Life of Waller.

The ſkilful writer *irritat, mulcet*; makes a due diſtribution of the ſtyle and animated parts.

It is for want of this artful intertexture, and thoſe neceſſary changes, that the *whole* of a book may be tedious though all the *parts* are praiſed.

Life of Butler.

He who purpoſes to be an *author*, ſhould firſt be a *ſtudent*.

Life of Dryden.

The writer who thinks his works formed for duration, miſtakes his intereſt when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by ſhewing that he was affected by their cenſures, and gives laſting importance to names, which, left to themſelves, would vaniſh from remembrance.

Ibid.

To judge rightly of an author, we muſt tranſport ourſelves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of ſupplying them. That which is eaſy at one time, was difficult at another.

Ibid.

It is not eaſy for any man to write upon literature, or common life, ſo as not to make himſelf known to thoſe with whom he familiarly converſes, and who are acquainted with his track of ſtudy, his favourite topics, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phraſes.

Life of Addiſon.

The two moſt engaging powers of an author, are to make *new* things *familiar*, and *familiar* things *new*.

Life of Pope.

Next to the crime of writing contrary to what a man thinks, is that of writing without thinking.

Life of Savage.

Making any material alterations in the works of a writer, after his death, is a liberty which, as it has a manifeſt tendency to leſſen the confidence of ſociety, and to confound the characters of authors by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be juſtified by any ſuppoſed propriety of the alteration or kindneſs of the friend.

Life of Thompſon.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than *neglect*;—compared with which, reproach, hatred, and oppoſition, are names of happineſs: yet this worſt, this meaneſt fate, every one who dares to write has reaſon to fear.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 11.

A ſucceſsful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceaſes to write. The regard of the public is not to be kept but by tribute; and the remembrance of paſt ſervice will quickly languiſh, unleſs ſucceſſive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard; and there are few who do not at ſome unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

Ibid. p. 130.

It ought to be the firſt endeavour of a writer, to diſtinguiſh nature from cuſtom; or that which is eſtabliſhed becauſe it is right, from that which is right only becauſe it is eſtabliſhed; that he may neither violate eſſential principles by a deſire of

novelty, nor debar himſelf from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needleſs fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 304.

He that lays out his labours upon temporary ſubjects, eaſily finds readers, and quickly loſes them: for what ſhould make the book valued, when its ſubject is no more?

Idler, vol. 2, p. 37.

Let honeſt credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers.

Life of Dryden.

The taſk of an author is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light upon the mind, and open new ſcenes to the proſpect, or vary the dreſs and ſituation of common objects, ſo as to give them freſh grace and more powerful attractions. To ſpread ſuch flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progreſs, as may tempt it to return, and take a ſecond view of things haſtily paſſed over, or negligently regarded.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 13.

Whilſt an author is yet living, we eſtimate his powers by the worſt performance. When he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 1.

An author who ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe, even the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for

for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time and place.

Ibid. p. 19 & 20.

It is ſeldom that authors riſe much above the ſtandard of their own age. To add a little to what is beſt will always be ſufficient for preſent praiſe; and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiaſts, and to ſpare the labour of contending with themſelves.

Ibid. p. 44.

He that miſſes his end, will never be as much pleaſed as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himſelf; and when the end is to pleaſe the multitude, no man, perhaps, has a right, in things admitting of gradation and compariſon, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and ſhame by a haughty conſciouſneſs of his own excellence.

Life of Cowley.

Many cauſes may vitiate a writer's judgment of his own works. On that which has coſt him much labour he ſets a high value, becauſe he is unwilling to think he has been diligent in vain; what has been produced without toilſome effort is conſidered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention; and the laſt work, whatever it be, has neceſſarily moſt of the grace of novelty.

Life of Milton.

A writer who obtains his full purpoſe loſes himſelf in his own luſtre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceaſes to be

 examined.

examined. Of an art univerſally practiſed the teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of ſomething which we have beſtowed upon ourſelves, as the dew appears to riſe from the field which it refreſhes.

Life of Dryden.

There is a ſpecies of writers, who, without much labour have attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence, rather for the poſſeſſion than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

Life of Smith.

Tedioufneſs, in an author, is the moſt fatal of all faults. Negligence or errors are ſingle and local, but tedioufneſs pervades the whole; other faults are cenſured and forgotten, but the power of tedioufneſs propagates itſelf. He that is weary the firſt hour is more weary the ſecond, as bodies formed into motion, contrary to their tendency, paſs more and more ſlowly through every ſucceſſive interval of ſpace.

Life of Prior.

An author who aſks a ſubſcription ſoon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor, and he that wiſhes to ſave his money, conceals his avarice by his malice.

Life of Pope.

An author buſtling in the world, ſhewing himſelf in public, and emerging occaſionally from time to time into notice, might keep his works alive by his perſonal influence; but that which conveys

conveys little information, and gives no great pleaſure, muſt ſoon give way, as the ſucceſſion of things produces new topics of converſation, and other modes of amuſement.

Life of Mallet.

He that expects flights of wit, and ſallies of pleaſantry, from a ſucceſsful writer, will be often diſappointed. A man of letters, for the moſt part, ſpends in the privacies of ſtudy, that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance; and when he has gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglected the minuter arts by which he might have pleaſed.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 83.

He by whoſe writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the paſſions repreſſed, may be conſidered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his own behaviour ſhould not always exemplify his rules. His inſtructions may diffuſe their influence to regions in which it will not be inquired, whether the author be good or bad; to times when all his faults, and all his follies ſhall be loſt in forgetfulneſs, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thouſands, and ten thouſands, that flame which burnt but dimly in himſelf, through the fumes of paſſion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moraliſt may be conſidered as a taper by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated paſſions; he extends his radiance further than his heart, and guides all that are within view, but burns only thoſe who make too near approaches.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 133.

But the wickedneſs of a looſe or profane author, in his writings, is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken raviſher; not only becauſe it extends its effects wider (as a peſtilence that taints the air is more deſtructive than poiſon infuſed in a draught) but becauſe it is committed with cool deliberation. By the inſtantaneous violence of deſire, a good man may ſometimes be ſurpriſed before reflection can come to his reſcue: when the appetites have ſtrengthened their influence by habit they are not eaſily reſiſted or ſuppreſſed; but for the frigid villainy of ſtudious lewdneſs, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? what puniſhment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to ſolitude for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ranſacks his memory, only that he may leave the world leſs virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the riſing generation, and ſpread ſnares for the ſoul with more dexterity.

Ibid. p. 134.

He that commences a writer may be conſidered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack, ſince he quits the common rank of life, ſteps forward beyond the liſts, and offers his merit to the public judgment. To commence author, is to claim praiſe; and no man can juſtly aſpire to honour but at the hazard of diſgrace.

Ibid. p. 231.

Authors and lovers always ſuffer ſome infatuation through the fondneſs for their ſeparate objects, which only abſence can ſet them free; and every man ought to reſtore himſelf to the full exerciſe

ercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly without injuring his honour and his quiet.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 54.

That of conniving at another man printing his works, and then denying that he gave any authority, is a stratagem by which an author, panting for fame, and yet afraid of seeming to challenge it, may (at once to gratify his vanity and preserve the appearance of modesty) enter the lists and secure a retreat; and this candour might suffer to pass undetected as an innocent fraud, but that, indeed, no fraud is innocent; for the confidence which makes the happiness of society is, in some degree, diminished by every man whose practice is at variance with his words.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 257.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be reverenced as a master; he that conveys knowledge, by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 184.

That Shakespeare once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain, lest it should not find the same reception; he has, in the play of Henry V. for ever discarded him,

and made haſte to diſpatch him; perhaps for the ſame reaſon for which Addiſon killed Sir Roger de Coverly, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to *ſell the bear which is not yet hunted*—— to promiſe to the public what they have not written.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 55.

It is in vain for the moſt ſkilful author to cultivate barrenneſs, or to paint on vacuity. Even Shakeſpeare could not write well without a proper ſubject.

Ibid. p. 161.

Neither genius nor practice will always ſupply a haſty writer with the moſt proper diction.

Ibid. vol. 10, p. 383.

It is the nature of perſonal invective to be ſoon unintelligible, and the *author* that gratifies private malice *animam vulnere ponit*, deſtroys the efficacy of his own writings, and ſacrifices the eſteem of ſucceeding times to the laughter of a day.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 434.

AFFECTION.

As for Affection, thoſe that know how to operate upon the paſſions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 215.

AFFECTATION.

Affectation naturally counterfeits thoſe excellences which are placed at the greateſt diſtance from

from poſſibility of attainment, becauſe, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavour to ſupply them with artificial excellence.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 104.

Affectation is to be always diſtinguiſhed from *hypocriſy*, as being the art of counterfeiting thoſe qualities which we might with innocence and ſafety be known to want. Hypocriſy is the neceſſary burthen of villainy—Affectation part of the choſen trappings of folly.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 124 & 125.

Every man ſpeaks and writes with an intent to be underſtood; and it can ſeldom happen, but he that underſtands himſelf might convey his notions to another, if content to be underſtood, he did not ſeek to be admired; but when once he begins to contrive how his ſentiments may be received, not with moſt eaſe to his reader, but with moſt advantage to himſelf, he then transfers his conſideration from words to ſounds, from ſentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant, becomes leſs intelligible.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 202.

AGRICULTURE.

Nothing can more fully prove the ingratitude of mankind (a crime often charged upon them, and often denied) than the little regard which the diſpoſers of honorary rewards have paid to *Agriculture*; which is treated as a ſubject ſo remote from common life by all thoſe who do not immediately hold the plough, or give fodder to the ox, that there is room to queſtion, whether a great

part of mankind has yet been informed that life is ſuſtained by the fruits of the earth.

Univerſal Viſiter, p. 111.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches we can call our own, and of which we need not fear either deprivation or diminution.

Ibid. p. 112.

Of nations, as of individuals, the firſt bleſſing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy to whom any human power can deny the neceſſaries or conveniencies of life. There is no way of living without foreign aſſiſtance *but by the product of our own land improved by our own labour*. Every other ſource of plenty is periſhable or caſual.

Ibid.

AGRICULTURE OF ENGLAND.

Our country is, perhaps, beyond all others, productive of things neceſſary to life. The pine-apple thrives better between the tropics, and better furs are found in the Northern regions. But let us not envy thoſe unneceſſary privileges; mankind cannot ſubſiſt upon the indulgencies of nature, but muſt be ſupported by her common gifts; they muſt feed upon bread and be clothed with wool, and the nation that can furniſh theſe univerſal commodities, may have her ſhips welcomed at a thouſand ports, or ſit at home, and receive the tribute of foreign countries, enjoy their arts, or treaſure up their gold.

Ibid. p. 114.

ACADEMY.

IN this country an *academy for reforming and eſtabliſhing the Engliſh Language* could be expected to do but little. If an academician's place were profitable, it would be given by *intereſt*; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid; and no man would endure the leaſt diſguſt. Unanimity is impoſſible, and debate would ſeparate the aſſembly.

But ſuppoſe the philological decree made and promulgated; what would be its authority? In abſolute governments, there is ſometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the ſanction of power and the countenance of greatneſs. How little this is the ſtate of our country, needs not be told. We live in an age in which it is a kind of public ſport to refuſe all reſpect that cannot be enforced. The edicts of an Engliſh academy would probably be read by many, only that they might be ſure to diſobey them.

That our language is in perpetual danger of corruption cannot be denied; but what prevention can be found? The preſent manners of the nation would deride authority, and therefore nothing is left but that every writer ſhould criticiſe himſelf.

Life of Roſcommon.

AGE.

It has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the beſt ſeaſons of life are able to ſupply ſufficient gratifications without anticipating uncertain felicities: it cannot, ſurely, be ſuppoſed that old age, worn with labours, harraſſed with anxieties, and tortured with diſeaſes, ſhould have any gladneſs of its own, or feel any ſatisfaction from

from the contemplation of the preſent—All the comfort that now can be expected muſt be recalled from the paſt, or borrowed from the future: the paſt is very ſoon exhauſted; all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleaſure, are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hope, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and ſorrows inceſſantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomleſs miſery, in which every reflection muſt plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguiſh, and precipices of horror.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 91.

Cuſtom ſo far regulates the ſentiments, at leaſt of common minds, that I believe men may be generally obſerved to grow leſs tender as they advance in age.

Ibid. p. 140.

To the long catalogue of the inconveniencies of old age, which moral and ſatirical writers have ſo copiouſly diſplayed, may be often added the loſs of fame.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 130.

Length of life is diſtributed impartially to very different modes of life in very different climates. A cottager grows old over his oaten cakes, like a citizen at a turtle feaſt. He is indeed ſeldom incommoded by corpulence: Poverty preſerves him from ſinking under the *burthen of himſelf*, but he eſcapes no other injury of time.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 193.

He

He that would paſs the latter part of his life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is *young*, conſider that he ſhall one day be *old*, and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young*.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 304.

Age ſeldom fails to change the conduct of youth. We grow negligent of time in proportion as we have leſs remaining, and ſuffer the laſt part of life to ſteal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or ſlow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of ſome fortuitous occurrence, or drowſy equilibrations of undetermined counſel. Whether it be that the aged having taſted the pleaſures of man's condition, and found them deluſive, become leſs anxious for their attainment, or that frequent miſcarriages have depreſſed them to deſpair, and frozen them to inactivity; or that death ſhocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themſelves of their decay, or diſcover to their own hearts that the time of trifling is paſt.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 32.

The truth of many maxims of age gives too little pleaſure to be allowed till it is felt, and the miſeries of life would be increaſed beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the ſame opinions we carry from it.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 195.

It is one of the melancholy pleaſures of an old man to recollect the kindneſs of friends, whoſe kindneſs he ſhall experience no more.

Treatiſe on the Longitude, p. 14.

An

An old age unſupported with matter for diſcourſe and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No ſtate can be more deſtitute than that of him, who, when the delights of ſenſe forſake him, has no pleaſures of the mind.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 9, p. 249.

There is ſometimes a dotage encroaching upon wiſdom, that produces contradictions. Such a man is poſitive and confident, becauſe he knows that his mind was once ſtrong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man fails not in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retroſpect, and ignorant in foreſight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repoſitories of knowledge, he utters weighty ſentences, and gives uſeful counſel; but, as the mind gets enfeebled, he loſes the order of his ideas, and entangles himſelf in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into its former train.

Ibid. vol. 10, p. 241.

THE VANITY OF WISHING FOR OLD AGE.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health and ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know
That life protracted—is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain the gifts their bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views and wonders that they pleaſe no more.
Now pall the taſteleſs meats and joyleſs wines,
And luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.

Approach

Approach ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain,
No ſound, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Tho' dancing mountains witneſs Orpheus near.
No lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
Nor ſweeter muſic of a virtuous friend;
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt;
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance—the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life, and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debts and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold and counts it till he dies.
But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime,
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating conſcience cheers,
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend,
Such age there is, and who would wiſh its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated friendſhip claims a tear;

Year

Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

AGE AND YOUTH.

The notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 89.

In youth it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to oſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 198.

Such is the condition of life that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth we have warm hopes, which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence, and great deſigns, which are defeated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them: we are able to plan ſchemes and regulate meaſures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

Ibid.

ARTS.

An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms; but it is not always neceſſary to teach the art.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 99.

Every

Every art is improved by the emulation of competitors. Thoſe who make no advances towards excellence, may ſtand as warnings againſt faults.

Preliminary Diſcourſe to the London Chronicle, p. 156.

ANGER.

Men of a *paſſionate temper* are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue, and are therefore not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke. They have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſter of their conduct or language, as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes. They are therefore pitied rather than cenſured; and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain *the privilege of madmen*, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience and boaſting their clemency.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 62.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompenſe them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate

paſſionate man's life—he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue (if he has virtue) obliges him to diſcharge at the return of his reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation.

Ibid. p. 65.

Nothing is more deſpicable, or more miſerable, than the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with frequent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks, by decay of ſtrength, into peeviſhneſs; that peeviſhneſs, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him; and he is left, as Homer expreſſes it, to *devour his own heart* in ſolitude and contempt.

Ibid. p. 66.

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be maſter of your anger." He conſidered anger as the great diſturber of human life; the chief enemy both of public happineſs and private tranquillity, and thought he could not lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt this outrageous paſſion. Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has conſidered how his outrages were cauſed, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at laſt.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 60 & 62.

There

There is an inconſiſtency in Anger, very common in life; which is, That thoſe who are vexed to impatience, are angry to ſee others leſs diſturbed than themſelves; but, when others begin to rave, they immediately ſee in them what they could not find in themſelves, the deformity and folly of uſeleſs rage.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 372.

AVARICE.

It is no defence of a covetous man, to inſtance his inattention to his own affairs—as if he might not at once be corrupted by avarice and idleneſs.

Life of Sheffield.

Few liſten without a deſire of conviction to thoſe who adviſe them to ſpare their money.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 144.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 126.

Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice; other intellectual diſtempers are different in different conſtitutions of mind. That which ſoothes the pride of one, will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous bring money and nothing is denied.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 232.

THE ANCIENTS.

Such is the general conſpiracy of human nature againſt contemporary merit, that if we had inherited from antiquity enough to afford employment for the laborious, and amuſement for the idle, what

what room would have been left for modern genius or modern induſtry? Almoſt every ſubject would have been pre-occupied, and every ſtyle would have been fixed by a preeedent from which few would have ventured to depart: every writer would have had a rival whoſe ſuperiority was already acknowledged, and to whoſe fame his work would, even before it was ſeen, be marked out for a ſacrifice.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 77.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance. All, perhaps, are more willing to honour paſt than preſent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the ſhades of age as the eye ſurveys the ſun through artificial opacity.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 95.

ADVERSITY.

Adverſity has ever been conſidered as the ſtate in which a man moſt eaſily becomes acquainted with himſelf; and this effect it muſt produce, by withdrawing flatterers, whoſe buſineſs it is to hide our weakneſſes from us; or by giving looſe to malice, and licence to reproach; or, at leaſt, by cutting off thoſe pleaſures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repreſſing that pride which too eaſily perſuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 172.

ADVICE.

ADVICE.

The chief rule to be obſerved in the exerciſe of this dangerous office of giving ADVICE, is to preſerve it pure from all mixture of *intereſt* or *vanity*; to forbear admonition or reproof when our conſciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment by which they are detected. But he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs: if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend; and if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 246.

It was the maxim, I think, of Alphonſus of Arragon, that *dead counſellors are ſafeſt*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information we receive from books is pure from intereſt, fear, and ambition. Dead counſellors are likewiſe moſt inſtructive, becauſe they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiſer than ourſelves, from whoſe abilities we may receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or oppoſition, and who affords us the light of his experience without hurting our eyes by flaſhes of inſolence.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 192.

If

If we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous, or affectionate, are frequently useless. For, what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity; but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 19.

It is not often that a man can have so much knowledge of another as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority either of power or understanding, may intitle them to inspect our lives. It is therefore very probable that he, who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions, or desires, is vitiated.

Ibid.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary, or most judicious; but, for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price: but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

Ibid.

Advice is offenſive, not becauſe it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has eſcaped our notice, but becauſe it ſhews that we are known to others as well as ourſelves; and the officious monitor is perſecuted with hatred, not becauſe his accuſation is falſe, but becauſe he aſſumes the ſuperiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we deſire to conceal.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 295.

AMBITION.

Ambition is generally proportioned to men's capacities: Providence ſeldom ſends any into the world with an inclination to attempt great things, who have not abilities likewiſe to perform them.

Life of Dr. Boerhave, p. 213.

——— Ambition, ſcornful of reſtraint,
Ev'n from the birth, affects ſupreme command,
Swells in the breaſt, and with reſiſtleſs force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind;
As when a deluge o'erſpreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulets and ſilver lakes
Mix undiſtinguiſh'd in the general roar.

Irene, p. 32.

A Picture of Ambition in the Fate of Cardinal Wolſey.

In full-blown dignity ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and Fortune in his hand,
To him the church, the realm, their powers conſign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty ſhine.
Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances pow'r;
Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceaſe to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.

At length his Sov'reign frowns—the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and *watch the ſign to hate*;
Where'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is loſt the pride of awful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glit'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares—with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtic reſt.
Grief adds diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs, reproach the fate of kings.

Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

ADVERSARY.

Candour and tenderneſs are in any relation, and on all occaſions, eminently amiable, but when they are found in an adverſary, and found ſo prevalent as to overpower that zeal which his cauſe excites, and that heat which naturally increaſes in the proſecution of argument, and which may be, in a great meaſure, juſtified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages; and it is impoſſible not to envy thoſe who poſſeſs the friendſhip of him whom it is even ſome degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.

Letter to Dr. Douglas, p. 3.

ADMIRATION.

Admiration muſt be continued by that novelty which firſt produced it; and how much ſoever is given, there muſt always be reaſon to imagine that more remains.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 237.

A man once diſtinguiſhed, ſoon gains admirers.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 244.

ADDRESS.

The ſtricteſt moraliſts allow *forms* of *addreſs* to be uſed, without much regard to their literal acceptation, when either reſpect or tenderneſs requires them; becauſe they are univerſally known to denote, not the degree, but the ſpecies of our ſentiments.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 283.

ASSURANCE.

He whoſe ſtupidity has armed him againſt the ſhafts of ridicule, will always act and ſpeak with greater audacity than they whoſe ſenſibility repreſſes their ardour, and who dare never let their confidence outgrow their abilities.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 252.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Promiſe—large promiſe,—is the ſoul of an advertiſement.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 225.

ABSTINENCE.

To ſet the mind above the appetites is the end of abſtinence; which one of the fathers obſerves to be, not a virtue, but the *ground-work of a virtue*. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour to reſolution, and ſecure the power of reſiſtance when pleaſure or intereſt ſhall lend their charms to guilt.

Ibid. p. 294.

AUCTION.

He that has lived without knowing to what height deſire may be raiſed by vanity, with what

rapture baubles are ſnatched out of the hands of rival collectors: how the eagerneſs of one raiſes eagerneſs in another, and one worthleſs purchaſe makes another neceſſary, may, by paſſing a few hours at an *auction*, learn more than can be ſhewn by many volumes of maxims or eſſays.

Ibid, vol. 2, p. 21.

ATHEIST.

It has been long obſerved that an Atheiſt has no juſt reaſon for endeavouring converſions, and yet none harraſs thoſe minds, which they can influence, with more importunity of ſolicitation to adopt their opinions. In proportion as they doubt the truth of their own doctrines, they are deſirous to gain the atteſtation of another underſtanding, and induſtriouſly labour to win a proſelyte; and eagerly catch at the ſlighteſt pretence to dignify their ſect with a celebrated name.

Life of Sir T. Brown, p. 283.

ABILITY.

It was well obſerved by Pythagoras, that ability and neceſſity dwell near each other.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 154.

ACCIDENT.

In every performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part, very often not the greateſt part, the effect of voluntary election and regular deſign.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 100.

ANTI-

ANTICIPATION.

Whatever advantage we ſnatch beyond a certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money ſpent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment, will be miſſed and regretted.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 35.

APPLAUSE.

It frequently happens that applauſe abates diligence. Whoever finds himſelf to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to ſpare the labour of unneceſſary performances, and ſit down to enjoy at eaſe his ſuperfluities of honour. But long intervals of pleaſure diſſipate attention and weaken conſtancy; nor is it eaſy for him that has ſunk from diligence into ſloth, to rouſe out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, re-kindle his curioſity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of ſtudy.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 34.

ART.

The nobleſt beauties of art are thoſe of which the effect is extended with rational nature, or at leaſt, with the whole circle of poliſhed life: What is leſs than this can only be pretty, the plaything of faſhion, and the amuſement of a day.

Life of Weſt.

APPEARANCES. *(often deceitful)*

In the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of proſperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by ſecret radiations of hope and comfort;

as in the works of nature the bog is ſometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 135.

ARMY.

An army, eſpecially a defenſive army, multiplies itſelf. The contagion of enterprize ſpreads from one heart to another; zeal for a native, or deteſtation for a foreign ſovereign, hope of ſudden greatneſs or riches, friendſhip or emulation between particular men, or what are perhaps more general and powerful, deſire of novelty, and impatience of inactivity, fill a camp with adventurers, add rank to rank, and ſquadron to ſquadron.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 118.

APHORISMS.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not becauſe the true principles of action are not known, but becauſe, for a time, they are not remembered: he may therefore juſtly be numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into ſhort ſentences that may be eaſily impreſſed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 84.

AXIOMS.

Pointed axioms, and acute replies, fly looſe about the world, and are aſſigned ſucceſſively to thoſe whom it may be the faſhion to celebrate.

Life of Waller.

BOOKS.

B.

BOOKS.

Such books as make *little things too important*, may be conſidered as ſhewing the world under a falſe appearance, and ſo far as they obtain credit from the young and inexperienced, as miſleading expectation, and miſguiding practice.

Life of Waller.

He that merely makes a *book from books*, may be uſeful, but can ſcarcely be great.

Life of Butler.

That *book* is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the maſter who keeps the mind in pleaſing captivity; whoſe pages are peruſed with eagerneſs, and in hope of new pleaſure are peruſed again; and whoſe concluſion is perceived with an eye of ſorrow, ſuch as the traveller caſts upon departing day.

Life of Dryden.

"*Books*" ſays Bacon, "*can never teach the uſe of books*". The ſtudent muſt learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his ſpeculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purpoſes of life.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 189.

No man ſhould think ſo highly of himſelf as to imagine he could receive no lights from books, nor ſo meanly, as to believe he can diſcover nothing but what is to be learned from them.

Life of Dr. Boerhave, p. 229.

Books are faithful repoſitories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten, but when they are opened again, will again impart their inſtruction. Memory once interrupted is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it is paſt away, is again bright in its proper ſtation. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be rekindled.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 259.

When a language begins to teem with books, it is tending to refinement, as thoſe who undertake to teach others muſt have undergone ſome labour in improving themſelves; they ſet a proportionate value on their own thoughts, and wiſh to enforce them by efficacious expreſſions. Speech becomes embodied and permanent; different modes and phraſes are compared, and the beſt obtain an eſtabliſhment. By degrees one age improves upon another; exactneſs is firſt obtained and afterwards elegance. But diction merely vocal is always in its childhood: as no man leaves his eloquence behind him, the new generations have all to learn. There may poſſibly be books without a poliſhed language, but there can be no poliſhed language without books.

Ibid. p. 268.

There are books only known to antiquaries and collectors, which are ſought becauſe they are *ſcarce*; but they would not have been *ſcarce* had they been much eſteemed.

Preface to Shakſpeare, p. 126.

BENEFITS.

It is not neceſſary to refuſe benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of

of his crimes: nor has the ſubordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of thoſe under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the inſtrument of wickedneſs.

Life of Addiſon.

BURLESQUE.

Burleſque conſiſts in a diſproportion between the ſtyle and the ſentiments, or between the adventitious ſentiments and the fundamental ſubject. It therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All diſproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleaſure which novelty produces. We admire it a while as a ſtrange thing; but when it is no longer ſtrange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice, which, by frequent repetition, detects itſelf; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book; as the ſpectator turns away from a ſecond exhibition of thoſe tricks, of which the only uſe is, to ſhew that they can be played.

Life of Butler.

BEAUTY.

If the opinion of *Bacon* be thought to deſerve much regard, very few ſighs would be vented for eminent and ſuperlative elegance of form. "For beautiful women (ſays he) are ſeldom of any great accompliſhments, becauſe they, for the moſt part, ſtudy behaviour rather than virtue."

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 230.

We recommend the care of their nobler part to women, and tell them how little addition is made, by all their arts, to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodneſs or knowledge was able to attract that officiouſneſs, or inſpire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears?

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 74.

The bloom and ſoftneſs of the female ſex are not to be expected among the lower claſſes of life, whoſe faces are expoſed to the rudeneſs of the climate, and whoſe features are ſometimes contracted by want, and ſometimes hardened by blaſts. Supreme beauty is ſeldom found in cottages, or workſhops, even where no real hardſhips are ſuffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it ſeems neceſſary that the mind ſhould co-operate by placidneſs of content, or conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 190.

Beauty is ſo little ſubject to the examination of reaſon, that Paſchal ſuppoſes it to end where demonſtration begins, and maintains that, without incongruity and abſurdity, we cannot ſpeak of geometrical beauty.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 219.

Beauty is well known to draw after it the perſecutions of impertinence; to incite the artifices of envy, and to raiſe the flames of unlawful love; yet among ladies whom prudence or modeſty have made moſt eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniences of an amiable form, or would have purchaſed ſafety by the loſs of charms?

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 35.

It

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart, to know that woman's firſt wiſh is to be handſome; and that conſequently the readieſt method of obtaining her kindneſs is to praiſe her beauty.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 159.

As we are more accuſtomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reaſon why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire cuſtoms and faſhions of dreſs, for no other reaſon than that we are uſed to them: ſo that though habit and cuſtom cannot be ſaid to be the cauſe of beauty, it is certainly the cauſe of our liking it.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 167.

In the works of nature, if we compare one ſpecies with another, all are equally beautiful, and preference is given from cuſtom, or ſome aſſociation of ideas; and in creatures of the ſame ſpecies, beauty is the medium, or centre, of all its various forms.

Ibid. p. 172.

Beauty without kindneſs dies unenjoyed, and undelighting.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 1, p. 191.

Neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleaſant*, except by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, and confeſſing inſenſibility of what every one feels.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 76.

It is an obſervation countenanced by Shakeſpeare, and ſome of our beſt writers, that no wo-

man can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

Ibid. vol. 7, p. 18.

THE DANGER OF BEAUTY.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet *Vane* could tell what ills from *Beauty* ſpring,
And *Sedley* curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe;
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs, hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover pines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls:
Tir'd with contempt ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain;
In crowds at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom and the private friend.
The guardians yield by force ſuperior pli'd,
By int'reſt, Prudence; and by flatt'ry, Pride:
Now Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſt,
And hiſſing infamy proclaims the reſt.

Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

BIOGRAPHY.

There has, perhaps, rarely paſſed a life, of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be uſeful. For not only every man has, in the mighty maſs of the world, great numbers in the ſame condition

condition with himſelf, to whom his miſtakes and miſcarriages, eſcapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent uſe; but there is ſuch an uniformity in the ſtate of man, conſidered apart from adventitious and ſeparable decorations and diſguiſes, that there is ſcarce any poſſibility of good or ill but is common to human kind.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 37.

The neceſſity of complying with times, and of ſparing perſons, is the great impediment of biography. Hiſtory may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from perſonal knowledge, which is growing every day leſs, and in a ſhort time is loſt for ever. What is known can ſeldom be immediately told, and when it might be told, is no longer known.

Life of Addiſon.

The writer of his own life has at leaſt the firſt qualification of an hiſtorian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may plauſibly be objected, that his temptations to diſguiſe it, are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet it cannot but be thought, that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the paſſages of his own life, as from him that delivers the tranſactions of another. What is collected by conjecture (and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or ſentiments) is eaſily modified by fancy or deſire; as objects imperfectly diſcerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falſified but with reluctance of underſtanding, and alarm of conſcience;—of underſtanding, the

lover

lover of truth;—of conſcience, the ſentinel of virtue.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 281.

BUSTLERS.

There is a kind of men who may be claſſed under the name of *buſtlers*, whoſe *buſineſs* keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whoſe motion *always eludes their buſineſs*; who are always to do what they never do; who cannot ſtand ſtill becauſe they are wanted in another place, and who are wanted in many places becauſe they can ſtay in none.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 104.

BENEVOLENCE.

That benevolence is always ſtrongeſt which ariſes from participation of the ſame pleaſures, ſince we are naturally moſt willing to revive in our minds the memory of perſons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 267.

Men have been known to riſe to favour and to fortune only by being ſkilful in the ſports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring with his taſte for ſome particular ſpecies of curioſities, by reliſhing the ſame wine, or applauding the ſame cookery.

Ibid. p. 268.

Even thoſe whom wiſdom and virtue have placed above regard to ſuch petty recommendations, muſt nevertheleſs be gained by ſimilitude of manners. The higheſt and nobleſt enjoyment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of ſentiments, muſt always preſuppoſe

ſuppoſe a diſpoſition to the ſame enquiry, and delight in the ſame diſcoveries.

Ibid.

BUSINESS.

Whoever is engaged in a multiplicity of buſineſs, muſt tranſact much by ſubſtitution, and leave ſomething to hazard; and he that attempts to do all, will waſte his life in doing little.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 107.

It very ſeldom happens to a man that his buſineſs is his pleaſure. What is done from neceſſity, is ſo often to be done when againſt the preſent inclination, and ſo often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual diſlike ſteals upon us, and we ſhrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our taſk. This is the reaſon why almoſt every one wiſhes to quit his employment: he does not like another ſtate, but is diſguſted with his own.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 275.

NATURAL BOUNTIES.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the univerſe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greateſt plenty, which the condition in life makes of greateſt uſe; and that nothing is penuriouſly imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal diſtribution, or a more eaſy acquiſition, would encreaſe real and rational felicity.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 206.

CONFI-

C.

CONFIDENCE.

Confidence is the common conſequence of ſucceſs. They whoſe excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude that their powers are univerſal.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 49.

Self-confidence is the firſt requiſite to great undertakings, yet he who forms his opinion of himſelf, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error.

Life of Pope.

It may be no leſs dangerous to claim, on certain occaſions, too little than too much. There is ſomething captivating in ſpirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a reſiſtleſs power; nor can he reaſonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently diſtruſts himſelf.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 3.

There would be few enterprizes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them.

Ibid. p. 9.

Men who have great confidence in their own penetration, are often, by that confidence deceived; they imagine they can pierce through all the involutions of intrigue without the diligence neceſſary to weaker minds, and therefore ſit idle and ſecure. They

They believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 122.

Nothing is more fatal to happineſs or virtue than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and, by aſſuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 292.

Whatever might be a man's confidence in his dependants or followers, on general occaſions, there are ſome of ſuch particular importance, he ought to truſt to none but himſelf, as the ſame credulity that might prevail upon him to truſt another, might induce another to commit the ſame office to a third, and at length, that ſome of them may be deceived.

Life of Drake, p. 198.

Men overpowered with diſtreſs eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him.

Ibid. p. 340.

COMMERCE.

Commerce, however we may pleaſe ourſelves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daughters of fortune, inconſtant and deceitful as her mother. She chooſes her reſidence where ſhe is leaſt expected,

pected, and ſhifts her abode when her continuance is, in appearance, moſt firmly ſettled.

Univerſal Viſiter, p. 112.

Where there is no commerce nor manufacture, he that is born poor can ſcarcely become rich; and if none are able to buy eſtates, he that is born to land, cannot annihilate his family by ſelling it.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 194.

It may deſerve to be enquired, Whether a great nation ought to be totally commercial? Whether, amidſt the uncertainty of human affairs, too much attention to one mode of happineſs may not endanger others? Whether the pride of riches muſt not ſometimes have recourſe to the protection of courage? And whether, if it be neceſſary to preſerve in ſome part of the empire the military ſpirit, it can ſubſiſt more commodiouſly in any place than in remote and unprofitable provinces, where it can commonly do little harm, and whence it may be called forth at any ſudden exigence?

It muſt however be confeſſed, that a man who places honour only in ſucceſsful violence, is a very troubleſome and pernicious animal in time of peace, and that the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people, but by the diminution of all other virtues. He that is accuſtomed to reſolve all right into conqueſt, will have very little tenderneſs or equity. All the friendſhip in ſuch a life can be only a confederacy of invaſion, or alliance of defence. The ſtrong muſt flouriſh by force, and the weak ſubſiſt by ſtratagem.

Ibid. p. 210 & 211.

COM-

COMPLAISANCE.

There are many arts of graciouſneſs and conciliation which are to be practiſed without expence, and by which thoſe may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanneſs, it is ſurely reaſonable to learn; for who would want that love which is ſo eaſily to be gained?

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 16.

The univerſal axiom in which all complaiſance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in civilized nations, is, "That no man ſhould give any preference to himſelf," a rule ſo comprehenſive and certain, that perhaps it is not eaſy for the mind to imagine an incivility without ſuppoſing it to be broken.

Ibid. p. 262.

There are, indeed, in every place, ſome particular modes of the ceremonial part of good breeding, which being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and converſation. Such are the forms of ſalutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjuſtments of place and precedence. Theſe, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be ſufficiently evident that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure, but will not atone, however rigidly obſerved, for the tumour of inſolence, or petulance of contempt.

Ibid. p. 262.

Wiſdom and virtue are by no means ſufficient, without the ſupplemental laws of good breeding, to

to ſecure freedom from degenerating into rudeneſs, or ſelf-eſteem from ſwelling into inſolence. A thouſand incivilities may be committed, and a thouſand offices neglected, without any remorſe of conſcience, or reproach from reaſon.

Ibid. p. 261.

If we would have the kindneſs of others, we muſt endure their follies. He who cannot perſuade himſelf to withdraw from ſociety, muſt be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants. To the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the conſulter, who aſks advice which he never takes; to the boaſter, who bluſters only to be praiſed; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whoſe happineſs is to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himſelf know to be vain; to the œconomiſt, who tells of bargains and ſettlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances; to the uſurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only becauſe he loves to be talking.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 80.

SELF-COMPLACENCY.

He that is pleaſed with himſelf, eaſily imagines he ſhall pleaſe others.

Life of Pope.

CHARITY.

Charity would loſe its name were it influenced by ſo mean a motive as human praiſe.

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for Clothing French Priſoners, p. 158.

To

To do the beſt can ſeldom be the lot of man; it is ſufficient if, when opportunities are preſented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practiſed if beneficence were to wait always for the moſt proper objects, and the nobleſt occaſions;—occaſions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found?

Ibid. p. 159.

That Charity is beſt of which the conſequences are moſt extenſive.

Ibid.

Of Charity it is ſuperfluous to obſerve, that it could have no place if there were no want; for of a virtue which could not be practiſed, the omiſſion could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occaſional, but the efficient, cauſe of charity. We are incited to the relief of miſery, by the conſciouſneſs that we have the ſame nature with the ſufferer; that we are in danger of the ſame diſtreſſes; and may ſometime implore the ſame aſſiſtance.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 209.

CHARITY TO CAPTIVES.

The relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection, to ſoften the acrimony of adverſe nations, and diſpoſe them to peace and amity. In the mean time it alleviates captivity, and takes away ſomething from the miſeries of war. The rage of war, however mitigated, will always fill the world with calamity and horror. Let it not then be unneceſſarily extended: let animoſity and hoſtility ceaſe together, and no man be

be longer deemed an enemy than while his ſword is drawn againſt us.

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for Clothing French Priſoners, p. 159.

CENSURE.

Cenſure is willingly indulged, becauſe it always implies ſome ſuperiority. Men pleaſe themſelves with imagining that they have made a deeper ſearch, or wider ſurvey than others, and detected faults and follies which eſcape vulgar obſervation.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 7.

Thoſe who raiſe envy will eaſily incur cenſure.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 78.

CUSTOM.

Eſtabliſhed cuſtom is not eaſily broken, till ſome great event ſhakes the whole ſyſtem of things, and life ſeems to re-commence upon new principles.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 18.

Cuſtom is commonly too ſtrong for the moſt reſolute reſolver, though furniſhed for the aſſault with all the weapons of philoſophy. "He that endeavours to free himſelf from an ill habit (ſays Bacon) muſt not change too much at a time, leſt he ſhould be diſcouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but ſlow advances."

Idler, vol. 1, p. 152.

To adviſe a man unaccuſtomed to the eyes of the multitude, to mount a tribunal without perturbation; to tell him, whoſe life has paſſed in the ſhades of contemplation, that he muſt not be diſconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the

the compliments of a ſplendid aſſembly, is to adviſe an inhabitant of Brazil or Sumatra not to ſhiver at an Engliſh winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain, to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to ſuppoſe cuſtom inſtantaneouſly controllable by reaſon, and to endeavour to communicate by precept, that which only time and habit can beſtow.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 317.

CHEATS.

Cheats can ſeldom ſtand long againſt laughter.

Life of Butler.

CHARACTERS.

In cities, and yet more in courts, the minute diſcriminations of character, which diſtinguiſh one man from another, are, for the moſt part, effaced. The peculiarities of temper and opinion are gradually worn away by promiſcuous converſe, as angular bodies and uneven ſurfaces loſe their points and aſperities, by frequent attrition againſt one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 192.

The opinions of every man muſt be learned from himſelf. Concerning his practice it is ſafeſt to truſt the evidence of others. Where thoſe teſtimonies concur, no higher degree of certainty can be obtained of his character.

Life of Sir Thomas Browne, p. 286.

To get a name can happen but to few. A name, even in the moſt commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought; it is

the

the free gift of mankind, which muſt be deſerved before it will be granted, and is at laſt unwillingly beſtowed.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 66.

The exhibition of *character* is the firſt requiſite in dramatic fable.

Univerſal Viſiter, p. 118.

CHANCE.

There are few minds ſufficiently firm to be truſted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himſelf to anticipate futurity, and exalt poſſibility to certainty, ſhould avoid every kind of caſual adventure, ſince his grief muſt be always proportionate to his hope.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 118.

The moſt timorous prudence will not always exempt a man from the dominion of chance; a ſubtle and inſidious power, who will ſometimes intrude upon the greateſt privacy, and embarraſs the ſtricteſt caution.

Ibid. p. 132.

Whatever is left in the hands of chance muſt be ſubject to viciſſitude, and when any eſtabliſhment is found to be uſeful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 21.

COMPLAINT.

What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 29.

The uſual fortune of complaint, is to excite contempt more than pity.

Life of Cowley.

To

To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendſhip: and though it muſt be allowed, that he ſuffers moſt like a hero who hides his grief in ſilence, yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains, acts like a man—like a ſocial being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 35.

Though ſeldom any good is gotten by complaint, yet we find few forbear to complain but thoſe who are afraid of being reproached as the authors of their own miſeries.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 137.

CALAMITY.

The ſtate of the mind oppreſſed with a ſudden calamity is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the firſt night came upon them, ſuppoſed that day would never return.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 211.

Differences are never ſo effectually laid aſleep, as by ſome common calamity. An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 150.

He that never was acquainted with adverſity, (ſays Seneca) has ſeen the world but *on one ſide*, and is ignorant of half the ſcenes of nature. As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative; and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb

and harraſs him, if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the ſhades.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 265 & 267.

Notwithſtanding the warnings of philoſophers, and the daily examples of loſſes and misfortunes which life forces upon our obſervation, ſuch is the abſorption of our thoughts in the buſineſs of the preſent day, ſuch the reſignation of our reaſon to empty hopes of future felicity, or ſuch our unwillingneſs to foreſee what we dread, that every calamity comes ſuddenly upon us, and not only preſſes us as a burden, but cruſhes as a blow.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 229.

The diſtance of a calamity from the preſent time ſeems to preclude the mind from contact, or ſympathy. Events long paſt, are barely known; they are not conſidered.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 15.

CARE.

Care will ſometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which ſeldom occur, will ſuffer thoſe to paſs by unregarded which he expects hourly to return; and he that is ſearching for remote things will neglect thoſe that are obvious.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 8.

CHOICE.

The cauſes of good and evil are ſo various and uncertain, ſo often entangled with each other, ſo diverſified by various relations, and ſo much ſubject to accidents which cannot be foreſeen, that he who would fix his condition upon inconteſtible reaſons

reaſons of preference, muſt live and die enquiring and deliberating.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 109.

CLEANLINESS.

There is a kind of anxious cleanlineſs, which is always a characteriſtic of a ſlattern; it is the ſuperfluous ſcrupuloſity of guilt, dreading diſcovery and ſhunning ſuſpicion. It is the violence of an effort againſt habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot ſtop at the middle point.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 58.

CHANGE.

All change is of itſelf an evil, which ought not to be hazarded but for evident advantage.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 37.

All change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to diſtruſt itſelf.

Viſion of Theodore, p. 81.

CONSCIENCE.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n,
Still ſtretch in vain their longing arms afar,
Nor dare to paſs th' inſuperable bound.

Irene, p. 43.

CAPTIVITY.

The man whoſe miſcarriage in a juſt cauſe has put him in the power of his enemy, may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty or preſerve his life, by a promiſe of neutrality; for the ſtipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before. The neutrality of a captive may be always ſecured by his impriſonment or death.

He that is at the disposal of another, may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

Life of Cowley.

COMPETENCY.

A competency ought to secure a man from poverty; or, if he wastes it, make him ashamed of publishing his necessities.

Life of Dryden.

CONTEMPT.

Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.

Life of Blackmore.

CIVILITY.

The civilities of the great are never thrown away.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 107.

CONTENT.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 35.

The necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and of preserving resources of pleasure which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when

when we turn our eyes upon thoſe whom fortune has let looſe to their own conduct; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and ſtated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themſelves buſineſs or diverſion, and, having nothing *within* that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of deſtroying time.

The general remedy of thoſe who are uneaſy without knowing the cauſe, is CHANGE OF PLACE. They are willing to imagine that their pain is the conſequence of ſome local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it as children from their ſhadows, always hoping for ſome more ſatisfactory delight from *every new ſcene*, and always returning home with diſappointment and complaint. Such reſemble the expedition of cowards, who, for want of venturing to look behind them, think the enemy perpetually at their heels.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 31, 32, & 34.

CONSOLATION.

No one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which there are no means propoſed of alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which neceſſarily give pain, whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unſeaſonable compaſſion.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 122.

Nothing is more offenſive to a mind convinced that its diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than thoſe

petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 5, p. 197.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 8.

Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 287.

Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

Ibid. p. 289.

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and excursive minds than the *cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness*, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state between the tediousness of total inactivity and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with ease and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist; the philosopher to a journalist of the weather; and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

Ibid. p. 290.

Favours of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of

of the gratification of CURIOSITY. He that long delays a ſtory, and ſuffers his auditor to torment himſelf with expectation, will ſeldom be able to recompenſe the uneaſineſs, or equal the hope which he ſuffers to be raiſed.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 188.

CRITICISM.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects. The end of Criticiſm is to ſupply its defects. Rules are the inſtruments of mental viſion, which may, indeed, aſſiſt our faculties when properly uſed, but produce confuſion and obſcurity by unſkilful application.

Ibid. p. 91.

In Criticiſm, as in every other art, we fail ſometimes by our weakneſs, but more frequently by our fault. We are ſometimes bewildered by ignorance, and ſometimes by prejudice, but we ſeldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourſelves up to the direction of vanity.

Ibid. p. 92.

Whatever is much read will be much criticiſed.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 257.

An account of the labours and productions of the learned was for a long time among the deficiencies of Engliſh literature; but as the caprice of man is always ſtarting from too little to too much, we have now, among other diſturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of *reviewers* and *remarkers*.

Preliminary Diſcourſe to the London Chronicle, p. 156.

He who is taught by a critic to diſlike that which pleaſed him in his natural ſtate, has the ſame reaſon to complain of his inſtructor, as the madman to rail at his Doctor, who, when he thought himſelf maſter of *Peru*, phyſicked him to poverty.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 16.

No genius was ever blaſted by the breath of critics; the poiſon, which, if confined, would have burſt the heart, fumes away in empty hiſſes, and malice is ſet at eaſe with very little danger to merit.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 40.

The critic will be led but a little way towards the juſt eſtimation of the ſublime beauties in works of genius, who judges merely by rules; for whatever part of an art that can be executed or criticiſed thus, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules.

Ibid. p. 130.

That reading may generally be ſuſpected to be *right*, which requires many words to prove it *wrong*; and the emendation wrong, which cannot without ſo much labour appear to be right.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 66.

Every man acquainted with critical emendations, muſt ſee how much eaſier they are deſtroyed than made, and how willingly every man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furniſh alterations.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 1, p. 20.

When

When there are *two* ways of ſetting a paſſage in an author right, it gives reaſon to ſuſpect that there may be a *third* way better than either.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 381.

The coinage of new words in emendatory criticiſm is a violent remedy, not to be uſed but in the laſt neceſſity.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 40.

In the chaſms of old writings, which cannot be filled up with authority, attempting to reſtore the words is impoſſible; all that can be done without copies, is to note the fault.

Ibid. p. 387.

There is no reaſon for critics to perſecute their predeceſſors with ſuch implacable anger as they ſometimes do. The dead, it is true, can make no reſiſtance; they may be attacked with great ſecurity; but, ſince they can neither feel, nor mend, the ſafety of mauling them ſeems greater than the pleaſure. Nor, perhaps, would it much miſbeſeem them to remember, that amidſt all our triumphs over the *nonſenſical* and the *ſenſeleſs*, that we likewiſe are men, and as Swift obſerved to Burnet, "ſhall ſoon be among the dead ourſelves."

Ibid. vol. 10, p. 293.

To chooſe the *beſt* among *many good*, is one of the moſt hazardous attempts of criticiſm.

Life of Cowley.

What Baudius ſays of Eraſmus ſeems applicable to many *(critics)*: *Magis habuit quod fugeret, quam*

quod ſequeretur. They determine rather what to condemn than what to approve.

Life of Milton.

In truſting to the ſentence of a critic, we are in danger, not only from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, but from that negligence which ſometimes ſteals upon the moſt vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has ſubjected every human underſtanding, but from a thouſand extrinſic and accidental cauſes, from every thing which can excite kindneſs or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 228.

Critics, like all the reſt of mankind, are very frequently miſled by intereſt. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illuſtrate or correct, has been generally remarked. Dryden was known to have written moſt of his critical diſſertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and Addiſon is ſuſpected to have denied the expediency of poetical juſtice, becauſe his own Cato was condemned to periſh in a good cauſe.

Ibid. p. 229.

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwiſe weak or corrupt, have indulged without ſcruple; and perhaps ſome of them are ſo complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot eaſily be diſentangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality, *a compariſon between the writers of his own and another country*; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations,

tions, that they are blinded with this *literary patriotiſm*, yet there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondneſs of affinity, and eſteem them as well for the place of their *birth*, as for their knowledge or their wit.

Ibid.

The works of a writer whoſe genius can embelliſh impropriety, and whoſe authority can make error venerable, are proper objects of critical inquiſition. To expunge faults where there are no excellences, is a taſk equally uſeleſs with that of the chemiſt, who employs the arts of ſeparation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained, to reward his operations.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 198.

Criticiſm, though dignified from the earlieſt ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and ſagacity, and, ſince the revival of polite literature, the favourite ſtudy of European ſcholars, has not yet attained the *certainty* and *ſtability* of ſcience. The rules hitherto received, are ſeldom drawn from any ſettled principle, or ſelf-evident poſtulate, or adapted to the natural and invariable conſtitution of things, but will be found, upon examination, the arbitrary edicts of legiſlators authoriſed only by themſelves, who, out of various means by which the ſame end may be attained, ſelected ſuch as happened to occur to their own reflection, and then by a law, which idleneſs and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, reſtrained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and

adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius, to purſue the path of the Meonian eagle.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 310.

For this reaſon the laws of every ſpecies of writing have been ſettled by the ideas of him who firſt raiſed it to reputation, without enquiry whether his performances were not yet ſuſceptible of improvement.

Ibid. p. 311.

The care of the *theatrical critic* ſhould be, to diſtinguiſh error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent may be reclaimed; vociferation vehement and confuſed may be reſtrained and modulated; the ſtalk of the tyrant may become the gait of a man; the yell of inarticulate diſtreſs may be reduced to human lamentation. All theſe faults ſhould be, for a time, overlooked, and afterwards cenſured with gentleneſs and candour. But if in an actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a ſtupid languor, a torpid apathy, the greateſt kindneſs that can be ſhewn him, is a ſpeedy ſentence of expulſion.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 139.

That a proper reſpect ſhould be paid to the rules of criticiſm, will be very readily allowed; but there is always an appeal from *criticiſm* to *nature*.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 102.

This moral precept may be well applied to criticiſm, *quod dubitas, ne feceris*.

Ibid. p. 145.

CON-

CONVICT.

Impriſonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful, but let the convict compare his condition with that which his actions might reaſonably have incurred. The robber might have died in the act of violence by lawful reſiſtance. The man of fraud might have ſunk into the grave, whilſt he was enjoying the gain of his artifice, and where then had been their hope? By impriſoment, even with the certainty of death before their eyes, they have leiſure for thought; opportunities for inſtruction; and whatever they ſuffer from offended laws, they may yet reconcile themſelves to God, who, if he is ſincerely ſought for, will moſt aſſuredly be found.

Convicts Addreſs, p. 12.——Generally attributed to the late Dr. Dodd, but written for him, whilſt under Sentence of Death, by Dr. Johnſon.

CHILDREN.

It cannot be hoped that out of any progeny, more than *one* ſhall deſerve to be mentioned.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 235.

CREDULITY.

We are inclined to believe thoſe whom we do not know, becauſe they never have deceived us.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 157.

Of all kinds of credulity, the moſt obſtinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men who being numbered they know not how, or why, in any of the parties that divide a ſtate, reſign the uſe of their own eyes and ears, and reſolve to believe

lieve nothing that does not favour thoſe whom they profeſs to follow.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 53.

Credulity on one part is a ſtrong temptation to deceit on the other.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 276.

COMPILATION.

Particles of ſcience are often very widely ſcattered. Writers of extenſive comprehenſion have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal ſubject, which are often more valuable than formal treatiſes, and which yet, are not known becauſe they are not promiſed in the title. He that collects thoſe under proper heads, is very laudably employed; for, though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progreſs of others, and by making that eaſy of attainment which is already written, may give ſome mind more vigorous, or more adventurous than his own, leiſure for new thoughts and original deſigns.

Ibid. p. 185.

COURT.

It has been always obſerved of thoſe that frequent a court, that they ſoon, by a kind of contagion, catch the regal ſpirit of neglecting futurity. The miniſter forms an expedient to ſuſpend or perplex an enquiry into his meaſures for a few months, and applauds and triumphs in his own dexterity. The peer puts off his creditor for the preſent day, and forgets that he is ever to ſee him more.

Marmor Norfolcienſe, p. 20.

CUNNING.

Cunning differs from wiſdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the ſun-ſhine, goes boldly forward by the neareſt way; he ſees that when the path is ſtrait and even, he may proceed in ſecurity, and when it is rough and crooked, he eaſily complies with the turns, and avoids the obſtructions. But the traveller in the duſk, fears more as he ſees leſs; he knows there may be danger, and therefore ſuſpects that he is never ſafe, tries every ſtep before he fixes his foot, and ſhrinks at every noiſe, leſt violence ſhould approach him. Cunning diſcovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of ſtratagems, and ſuperfluity of ſuſpicion. Yet men thus narrow by nature and mean by art, are ſometimes able to riſe by the miſcarriages of bravery and the openneſs of integrity; and by watching failures and ſnatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 223 & 227.

COURAGE.

The courage of the Engliſh vulgar proceeds from that diſſolution of dependence, which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hand, he has no need of any ſervile arts; he may always have wages for his labour, and is no leſs neceſſary for his employer, than his employer is to him; while he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally rouſed to be his own protector, and having nothing to abate his eſteem of himſelf, he conſequently aſpires to the eſteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our ſtreets is a man of honour,

nour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination, it is not to be denied that some inconveniences may, from time to time, proceed. The power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction, between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in peace is bravery in war.

Bravery of English Common Soldiers, p. 329.

Personal courage is the quality of highest esteem among a warlike and uncivilized people; and with the ostentatious display of courage, are closely connected promptitude of offence, and quickness of resentment.

Western Islands, p. 99.

We may as easily make wrong estimates of our own courage as our own humility, by mistaking a sudden effervescence of imagination for settled resolution.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 280.

COMPANION.

There is no man more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; for neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they frequently see the best minds corrupted by them.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 5, p. 612.

There

There are times in which the wiſe and the knowing are willing to receive praiſe, without the labour of deſerving it, in which the moſt elevated mind is willing to deſcend, and the moſt active to be at reſt. All therefore are, at ſome hour or another, fond of *companions* whom they can entertain upon eaſy terms, and who will relieve them from ſolitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are moſt inclined to love when we have nothing to fear; and he that encourages us to pleaſe ourſelves, will not be long without preference in our affection, to thoſe whoſe learning holds us at the diſtance of pupils, or whoſe wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance, and without regard.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 104.

He that amuſes himſelf among well-choſen companions, can ſcarcely fail to receive, from the moſt careleſs and obſtreperous merriment which virtue can allow, ſome uſeful hints; nor can converſe on the moſt familiar topics, without ſome caſual information. The looſe ſparkles of thoughtleſs wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical poſitions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which thoſe friendſhips that give happineſs or conſolation, relief or ſecurity, are generally formed. A wiſe and good man is never ſo amiable, as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generoſity, or philoſophical diſcoveries, may compel veneration and reſpect; but love always implies ſome kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and chearfulneſs which diſencumbers all minds

minds from awe and ſolicitude, invites the modeſt to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence.

Ibid. p. 205.

It is diſcovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleaſed with a companion who does not increaſe, in ſome reſpect, his fondneſs of himſelf.

Ibid. p. 295.

CRIMES.

The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 2, p. 497.

COPIES COMPARED WITH ORIGINALS.

Copies are known from originals even when the painter copies his own picture; ſo if an author ſhould literally tranſlate his he would loſe the manner of an original. But though copies are eaſily known, good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are by the beſt judges often miſtaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally diſtinguiſhable with thoſe of the painter. The peculiar manner of each ariſes from the deſire natural to every performer of facilitating his ſubſequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called *habit*. The painter, whoſe work is partly intellectual, and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand: the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet ſome painters have differed as much from themſelves as from any other; and it is ſaid there is little reſemblance between the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt.

The

The ſame variation may be expected in writers, and if it be true, as it ſeems, that they are leſs ſubject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 123.

COMPLIMENT.

Compliment is, as *Armado* well expreſſes it, the varniſh of a complete man.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 385.

No rank in life precludes the efficacy of a well-timed compliment. When Queen Elizabeth aſked an ambaſſador how he liked her ladies, he replied, "It was hard to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun."

Ibid. p. 484.

COMPARISON.

Very little of the pain or pleaſure which does not begin and end in ourſelves, is otherwiſe than relative. We are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us in any of theſe reſpects; and therefore a man whoſe uneaſineſs ariſes from reflection on any misfortune that throws him below thoſe with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet loweſt. Again, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than thoſe which we have experienced, we ſhrink back to our own ſtate, and, inſtead of repining that ſo much muſt be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this obſervation of the miſeries of others, fortitude is ſtrengthened, and the mind brought to a more extenſive knowledge of her own powers.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 315.

CITY,

CITY.

There is such a difference between the pursuits of men in great cities, that one part of the inhabitants lives to little other purpose than to wonder at the rest. Some have hopes and fears, wishes and aversions, which never enter into the thoughts of others; and enquiry is laboriously exerted, to gain that which those who possess it are ready to throw away.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 20.

COMMUNITY.

There will always be a part, and always a very large part of every community, that have no care but for themselves, and whose care for themselves reaches little farther than impatience of immediate pain, and eagerness for the nearest good.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 9.

CONVENIENCIES.

Conveniencies are never missed, where they were never enjoyed.

Western Islands, p. 237.

CONTROVERSY.

Through the mist of controversy, it can raise no wonder that the truth is not easily discovered. When a quarrel has been long carried on between individuals, it is often very hard to tell by whom it was begun. Every fact is darkened by distance, by interest, and by multitudes. Information is not easily procured from far; those whom the truth will not favour, will not step voluntarily forth

forth to tell it; and where there are many agents, it is eaſy for every ſingle action to be concealed.

Obſervations on the State of Affairs, 1756, p. 20.

CALUMNY.

As there are to be found in the ſervice of envy, men of every diverſity of temper, and degree of underſtanding, calumny is diffuſed by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too groſs or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practiſed; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hoſtility, but every weapon is accounted lawful; and thoſe who cannot make a thruſt at life, are content to keep themſelves in play with petty malevolence, to teize with feeble blows and impotent diſturbance.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 233.

Thoſe who cannot ſtrike with force, can however poiſon their weapon, and weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave. So true is that obſervation, "that many are able to do hurt, but few to do good."

Life of Dr. Boerhave, p. 215.

CAUTION.

There is always a point at which caution, however ſolicitous, muſt limit its preſervatives, becauſe one terror often counteracts another.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 126.

EUROPEAN CONQUESTS.

What mankind has loſt and gained by European conqueſts, it would be long to compare, and

and very difficult to eſtimate. Much knowledge has been acquired, and much cruelty committed: the belief of religion has been very little propagated, and its laws have been outrageouſly and enormouſly violated. The Europeans have ſcarcely viſited any coaſt, but to gratify avarice and extend corruption, to arrogate dominion without right, and practiſe cruelty without incentive. Happy had it then been for the oppreſſed, if the deſigns of the original invader had ſlept in his boſom; and, ſurely, more happy for the oppreſſors! But there is reaſon to hope, that out of much evil good may be ſometimes produced, and that the light of the goſpel will at laſt illuminate the ſands of Africa, and the deſerts of America; though its progreſs cannot but be ſlow, when it is ſo much obſtructed by the lives of Chriſtians.

Introduction to the World Diſplayed, p. 178.

D.

DESIRE.

Some deſire is neceſſary to keep life in motion; and he whoſe real wants are ſupplied, muſt admit thoſe of fancy.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 52.

The deſires of man increaſe with his acquiſitions; every ſtep which he advances brings ſomething within his view, which he did not ſee before, and which, as ſoon as he ſees it, he begins to want. Where neceſſity ends, curioſity begins; and no ſooner are we ſupplied with every thing that

that nature can demand, than we ſit down to contrive artificial appetites.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 165.

DEATH.

Reflect that life and death, affecting ſounds!
Are only varied modes of endleſs being:
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other bleſſing,
Derives its value from its uſe alone:
Not for itſelf,—but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue!
When inconſiſtent with a greater good,
Reaſon commands to caſt the leſs away:
Thus life, with loſs of wealth, is well preſerv'd,
And virtue cheaply ſav'd with loſs of life.

Irene, p. 41.

The death of great men is not always proportioned to their lives. Hannibal, ſays Juvenal, did not periſh by a javelin, or a ſword; the ſlaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring.

Life of Pope.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyranniſing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance, as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 34.

The great diſturbers of our happineſs in this world, are our deſires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all theſe the *conſideration of mortality* is a certain and adequate remedy. "Think (ſays Epictetus) frequently on poverty, baniſhment, and death,

death, and thou wilt never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments."

Ibid. p. 101.

It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 5.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

Ibid. p. 141.

To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish, is generally his folly.

Ibid. p. 178.

To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence (if in any human being innocence can be found); but of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement.

Convicts Address, p. 18.

Death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 2, p. 79.

If all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of the uncertainty of life; if we remember that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our most lively hopes can promise us, may be made less by ten thousand accidents; we shall not much repine at a loss, of which we cannot estimate

eſtimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 103.

What are our views of all worldly things (and the ſame appearances they would always have, if the ſame thoughts were always predominant) when a ſharp or tedious ſickneſs has ſet death before our eyes, and the laſt hour ſeems to be approaching? The extenſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of wealth, the praiſes of admirers, and the attendance of ſupplicants, have all appeared vain and empty things. We then find the abſurdity of ſtretching out our arms inceſſantly to graſp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itſelf is ſhaking, and the ground on which it ſtands is mouldering away.

Ibid. p. 102.

Death, ſays *Seneca*, falls heavy upon him, who is too much known to others, and too little to himſelf.

Ibid. p. 174.

DEPENDENCE.

There is no ſtate more contrary to the dignity of wiſdom, than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the underſtanding lies uſeleſs, and every motion is received from external impulſe. Reaſon is the great diſtinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to ſome degree of aſſociation with celeſtial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its

 operations,

operations, not to have reaſon, and to have it uſeleſs and unemployed, is nearly the ſame.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 12.

Wherever there is wealth, there is dependence and expectation; and wherever there will be dependence, there will be an emulation of ſervility.

Ibid. p. 158.

If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his miſery who has many?

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 161.

The dependant who conſults delicacy in himſelf, very little conſults his own tranquillity.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 262.

DIFFIDENCE.

The pain of miſcarriage is naturally proportionate to the deſire of excellence; and therefore till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent ſtruggles, the art of ſuppreſſing their emotions, Diffidence is found the inſuperable aſſociate of underſtanding.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 186.

Diffidence may check reſolution and obſtruct performance, but compenſates its embarraſſments by more important advantages: it conciliates the proud, and ſoftens the ſevere; averts envy from excellence, and cenſure from miſcarriage.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 317.

A requeſt made with diffidence and timidity is eaſily

eaſily denied, becauſe the petitioner himſelf ſeems to doubt its fitneſs.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 36.

DELICACY.

He that too much refines his delicacy, will always endanger his quiet.

Ibid. p. 221.

Many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be perſuaded to pity; and which, when they are ſeparated from their peculiar and perſonal circumſtances, will never be conſidered as important enough to claim attention or deſerve redreſs.

Ibid. p. 217.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

We do not ſo often diſappoint others as ourſelves, as we do not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourſelves to form hopes which we never communicate, and pleaſe our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to riſe.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 203.

DISEASE.

It may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes. The diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay or inſtruction from the wiſe, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of mortal beings

finds nothing left him but the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 290.

DISTRUST.

It is impoſſible to ſee the long ſcrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of ſeals and atteſtation, without wondering at the depravity of thoſe beings who muſt be reſtrained from violation of promiſe by ſuch formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and ſubterfuge by ſuch punctilious minuteneſs. Among all the ſatires to which folly and wickedneſs have given occaſion, none is equally ſevere with a bond or a ſettlement.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 155.

DELAY.

The folly of allowing ourſelves to delay what we know cannot be finally eſcaped, is one of the general weakneſſes which, in ſpite of the inſtruction of moraliſts, and the remonſtrances of reaſon, prevail to a greater or leſs degree in every mind: even they who moſt ſteadily withſtand it, find it, if not the moſt violent, the moſt pertinacious, of their paſſions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquiſhed, never deſtroyed.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 170.

The certainty that life connot be long, and the probability that it will be much ſhorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active proſecution of whatever he is deſirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can aſcertain ſucceſs; death may intercept the ſwifteſt career,

reer, but he who is cut off in the execution of an honeſt undertaking, has at leaſt the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he miſſed the victory.

Ibid. p. 134.

Timorous thoughts, and cautious diſquiſitions, are the dull attendance of delay.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 116.

DECEPTION.

Deceit and falſehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promiſe or produce, are, in the ſum of life, obſtacles to happineſs. Thoſe who profit by the cheat diſtruſt the deceiver, and the act by which kindneſs was ſought puts an end to confidence.

Ibid. vol. 10, p. 530.

SELF-DECEPTION.

There is an art of ſophiſtry by which men have deluded their own conſciences, by perſuading themſelves, that what would be criminal in others, is virtuous in them; as if the obligations which are laid upon us by a higher power, can be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourſelves.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 487.

DEVOTION.

Some men's minds are ſo divided between heaven and earth, that they pray for the proſperity of guilt, while they deprecate its puniſhment.

Ibid. vol. 5, p. 579.

Poetical devotion cannot often pleaſe. The doctrines of religion may, indeed, be defended in

a Didactic poem; and he who has the power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of nature; the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn; the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky; and praise the Maker for his works in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God.

Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than the things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel the imagination: but religion must be shewn as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already: from poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalt-

ed;

ed; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.

The employments of pious meditation are faith, thankſgiving, repentance, and ſupplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be inveſted by fancy with decorations. Thankſgiving, the moſt joyful of all holy effuſions, yet addreſſed to a Being without paſſions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expreſſed. Repentance, trembling in the preſence of the judge, is not at leiſure for cadence and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuſe itſelf through many topics of perſuaſion; but ſupplication to God can only cry for mercy.

Of ſentiments purely religious, it will be found that the moſt ſimple expreſſion is the moſt ſublime. Poetry loſes its luſtre and its power, becauſe it is applied to the decorations of ſomething more excellent than itſelf. All that verſe can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear; and for theſe purpoſes it may be very uſeful: but it ſupplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Chriſtian theology are too ſimple for eloquence, too ſacred for fiction, and too majeſtic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the ſideral hemiſphere.

Life of Waller.

DUTY.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whoſe laws our actions are governed, and who will ſuffer none to be finally puniſhed for obedience. But, when in proſpect of ſome good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules preſcribed to us, we withdraw

from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 203.

DUTIES.

Much of the prosperity of a trading nation depends upon duties properly apportioned; so that what is necessary may continue cheap, and what is of use only to luxury, may in some measure atone to the public for the mischief done to individuals. Duties may often be so regulated, as to become useful, even to those that pay them; and they may be likewise so unequally imposed, as to discourage honesty, depress industry, and give temptation to fraud and unlawful practices.

Preface to Dictionary of Commerce, p. 289.

DILIGENCE.

Diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprizes.

Life of Drake, p. 160.

Diligence is never wholly lost.

Life of Collins.

DUPLICITY.

It is generally the fate of a *double dealer*, to *lose* his power, and *keep* his enemies.

Life of Swift.

DISGUISE.

Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.

Life of Somerville.

DUL-

DULNESS.

Dulneſs or deformity are not culpable in themſelves, but may be very juſtly reproached when they pretend to the honour of *wit* or the influence of *beauty*.

Life of Pope.

DELUSION.

If deluſion be once admitted, it has no certain limitation.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 113.

DIFFICULTY.

Nothing is difficult, when gain and honour unite their influence.

Falkland Iſlands, p. 4.

E.

ENVY.

He that knows himſelf deſpiſed, will always be envious; and ſtill more envious and malevolent if he is condemned to live in the preſence of thoſe who deſpiſe him.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 86.

To ſee the higheſt minds levelled with the meaneſt, may produce ſome ſolace to the conſciouſneſs of weakneſs, and ſome mortification to the pride of wiſdom; but let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers, but when they are firſt levelled in their deſires.

Life of Dryden.

It is not only to many more pleaſing to recollect thoſe faults which place others below them, than thoſe virtues by which they are themſelves comparatively depreſſed, but it is likewiſe more eaſy to neglect than to recompenſe; and though there are few who will practiſe a laborious virtue, there never will be wanting multitudes that will indulge an eaſy vice.

Life of Savage.

The great law of mutual benevolence is, perhaps, oftener violated by envy than by intereſt. Intereſt can diffuſe itſelf but to a narrow compaſs. Intereſt requires ſome qualities not univerſally beſtowed. Intereſt is ſeldom purſued but at ſome hazard; but to ſpread ſuſpicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate ſcandal, requires neither talents, nor labour, nor courage.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 125 & 126.

EXAMPLE.

Every man, in whatever ſtation, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators; and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practiſe virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and ſupport it; for it is poſſible, for want of attention, we may teach others faults from which ourſelves our free, or, by a cowardly deſertion of a cauſe, which we ourſelves approve, may pervert thoſe who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their courſe, are eaſily miſled by the aberrations of that example which they chooſe for their directions.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 95.

Every

Every art is beſt taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of thoſe who have moſt excelled.

Diſſertation upon the Epitaphs of Pope, p. 302.

EMULATION.

Where there is emulation, there will be vanity; and where there is vanity, there will be folly.

Life of Shenſtone.

Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raiſing himſelf, and enjoy the pleaſure of his own ſuperiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the ſame felicity. The philoſopher may very juſtly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readineſs of his hands; but let the one remember, that without mechanical performances, refined ſpeculation is an empty dream; and the other, that without theoretical reaſoning, dexterity is little more than a brute inſtinct.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 52.

Whatever is done ſkilfully, appears to be done with eaſe; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vaniſhes from obſervation. We are therefore more powerfully excited to *emulation* by thoſe who have attained the higheſt degree of excellence, and whom we can therefore with leaſt reaſon hope to equal.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 101.

EDUCATION.

The knowledge of external nature, and of the ſciences which that knowledge requires or in-

cludes, is not the great, or the frequent buſineſs of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or converſation, whether we wiſh to be uſeful or pleaſing, the firſt requiſite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The next is an acquaintance with the hiſtory of mankind, and with thoſe examples, which may be ſaid to embody truth, and prove by events the reaſonableneſs of opinions. Prudence and juſtice are virtues and excellences of all times and all places. We are perpetually moraliſts, but we are geometricians by chance. Our intercourſe with intellectual nature is neceſſary; our ſpeculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leiſure.

Life of Milton.

Pyſical knowledge is of ſuch rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to eſtimate his ſkill in hydroſtatics or aſtronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Thoſe authors therefore, are to be read at ſchool, that ſupply moſt axioms of prudence, moſt principles of moral truth, and moſt materials for converſation; and theſe purpoſes are beſt ſerved by poets, orators, and hiſtorians.

Ibid.

It ought always to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 24.

The general rule of conſulting the genius for particular offices in life is of little uſe, unleſs we are

are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be diſcovered only by experiment, life will be loſt before the reſolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may perhaps be very eaſily diſcerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in the attempt be a proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, men appear not leſs frequently deceived with regard to themſelves, than to others; and therefore no one has much reaſon to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he ſhould have had either more honour or happineſs by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

Ibid. p. 120.

Many wonders are told of the Art of Educaton, and the very early ages at which boys are converſant in the Greek and Latin tongues, under ſome preceptors. But thoſe who tell, or receive, thoſe ſtories, ſhould conſider, that nobody can be taught faſter than he can learn. The ſpeed of the beſt horſeman muſt be limited by the power of his horſe. Every man that has undertaken to inſtruct others, can tell what ſlow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recal vagrant inattention, to ſtimulate ſluggiſh indifference, and to rectify abſurd miſapprehenſion.

Life of Milton.

It was the labour of Socrates, to turn philoſophy from the ſtudy of nature to ſpeculations upon life; but there have been, and are, other preceptors, who are turning off attention from *life* to *nature*. They ſeem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motion of the ſtars; but Socrates was rather of opinion, that

that what we had to learn, was how to *do good*, and *avoid evil*.

Ibid.

The bulk of mankind muſt, without the aſſiſtance of education and inſtruction, be informed only with the underſtanding of a child.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 270.

Neither a capital city, nor a town of commerce, are adapted for the purpoſes of a college: the firſt expoſes the ſtudents too much to levity and diſſoluteneſs, the other to groſs luxury. In one the deſire of knowledge eaſily gives way to the love of pleaſure, and in the other there is danger in yielding to the love of money.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 11.

EMPLOYMENT.

Employment is the great inſtrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aſide from one object, but by paſſing to another. The gloomy and the reſentful are always found among thoſe who have *nothing to do*, or who *do nothing*. We muſt be buſy about good, or evil, and he to whom the *preſent* offers nothing, will often be looking backward on the *paſt*.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 113.

It is the fate of thoſe who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the proſpect of good; to be expoſed to cenſure, without hope of praiſe; to be diſgraced by miſcarriage, or puniſhed for neglect,

lect, where ſucceſs would have been without applauſe, and diligence without reward.

Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary, p. 55.

EVIL.

No evil is inſupportable, but that which is accompanied with conſciouſneſs of wrong.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 296.

Eſtimable and uſeful qualities joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The Tatler, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, "that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that a young man, who falls in their way, is betrayed as much by his judgement as his paſſions."

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 4, p. 7.

It is the nature of man to imagine no evil ſo great, as that which is near him.

Ibid. vol. 5, p. 86.

EMPIRE.

Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendour.

Irene, p. 16.

EXCELLENCE.

Thoſe who attain any excellence, commonly ſpend life in one purſuit; for excellence is not often gained upon eaſier terms.

Life of Pope.

There

There is a vigilance of obſervation, and accuracy of diſtinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; and from this almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 123.

They whoſe excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude that their powers are univerſal.

Ibid. p. 131.

ENQUIRY.

In the zeal of enquiry we do not always reflect on the ſilent encroachments of time, or remember that no man is in more danger of doing little, than he who flatters himſelf with abilities to do all.

Treatiſe on the Longitude, p. 14.

EQUANIMITY.

Evil is uncertain, in the ſame degree, as good; and for the reaſon we ought not to hope too ſecurely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The ſtate of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the reſult of the next viciſſitude. Whatever is afloat in the ſtream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blaſt, which ſhall happen to croſs the general courſe of the current. The ſudden accidents by which the powerful are depreſſed, may fall upon thoſe whoſe malice we fear, and the greatneſs by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the falſe flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow ſtrong, before our encounter; or we may advance againſt each other without ever meeting.

ing. There are indeed natural evils, which we can flatter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the oppoſition of rival intereſts, we may always alleviate the terror, by conſidering that our perſecutors are weak, ignorant, and mortal, like ourſelves.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 178.

ERROR.

"Errors," ſays Dryden, flow upon the ſurface"; but there are ſome who will fetch them from the bottom.

Notes upon Shakſpeare, vol. 4, p. 393.

It is incumbent on every man who conſults his own dignity, to retract his error as ſoon as he diſcovers it, without fearing any cenſure ſo much as that of his own mind. As juſtice requires that all injuries ſhould be repaired, it is the duty of him who has ſeduced others by bad practices, or falſe notions, to endeavour that ſuch as have adopted his errors ſhould know his retraction, and that thoſe who have learned vice by his example, ſhould, by his example, be taught amendment.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 192.

The men who can be charged with feweſt failings, either with reſpect to abilities, or virtue, are generally moſt ready to allow them. *Cæſar* wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul; and Hippocrates, whoſe name is, perhaps, in rational eſtimation, greater than Cæſar's, warned poſterity againſt a miſtake into which he

he had fallen. "*So much (says* CELSUS) *does the open and artless confession of an error become a man conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character.*"

Ibid. p. 191.

That which is strange, is delightful; and a pleasing error is not willingly detected.

Western Islands, p. 63.

EPITAPH.

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows it is an inscription on a tomb; an epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is, indeed, commonly panegyrical, because we are seldom distinguished with a stone, but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain, or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Pope, p. 303.

The name of the deceased should never be omitted in an epitaph, whose end is to convey some account of the dead, and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted, in either are scattered, at the mercy of fortune, to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone, but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them; and who is forced, like an unskilful painter,

painter, to make his purpoſe known by adventitious help?

Ibid. p. 307.

The difficulty of writing epitaphs, is to give a particular and appropriate praiſe.

Ibid. p. 314.

ESTEEM.

To raiſe eſteem we muſt benefit others; to procure love, we muſt pleaſe them.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 5.

ELECTION.

Perhaps no election, by a plurality of ſuffrages, was ever made among human beings, to which it might not be objected, that voices were not procured by illicit influence.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 125.

EXPECTATION.

Expectation, when once her wings are expanded, eaſily reaches heights which performance never will attain; and when ſhe has mounted the ſummit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the purſuit.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 32.

EFFECTS.

(Not always proportioned to their Cauſes.)

It ſeems to be almoſt the univerſal error of hiſtorians, to ſuppoſe it politically, as it is phyſically, true, that every effect has a proportionate cauſe.

In

In the inanimate action of matter upon matter, the motion produced can be but equal to the force of the moving power; but the operations of life, whether public, or private, admit no such laws. The caprices of voluntary agents, laugh at calculation. It is not always there is a strong reason for a great event; obstinacy and flexibility, malignity and kindness, give place alternately to each other; and the reason of those vicissitudes, however important may be the consequences, often escapes the mind in which the change is made.

Falkland Islands, p. 33.

ELEGANCE.

Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expence of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be reverenced.

Life of Pope.

Honesty is not greater where elegance is less.

Western Islands.

ENGLAND.

In all ages foreigners have affected to call England their country; even when, like the Saxons of old, they came to conquer it.

Marmor Norfolciense, p. 10.

ESTIMATION.

Little things are not valued, but when they are done by those who can do greater.

Life of Philips.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

Elegy is the effuſion of a contemplative mind, ſometimes plaintive, and always ſerious, and therefore ſuperior to the glitter of ſlight ornaments.

Life of Shenſtone.

ESSAY-WRITING.

He that queſtions his abilities to arrange the diſſimilar parts of an extenſive plan, or fears to be loſt in a complicated ſyſtem, may yet hope to adjuſt a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repoſitories of his memory, he finds his collection too ſmall for a volume, he may yet have enough to furniſh an eſſay.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 6.

EXERCISE.

Such is the conſtitution of man, that *labour* may be ſtyled *its own reward:* nor will any external incitements be requiſite, if it be conſidered how much happineſs is gained, and how much miſery eſcaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 177.

Exerciſe cannot ſecure us from that diſſolution to which we are decreed; but, while the ſoul and body continue united, it can make the aſſociation pleaſing, and give probable hopes that they ſhall be diſjoined by an eaſy ſeparation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diſeaſes are from heaven, and chronicle, from ourſelves: the dart

dart of death, indeed, falls from heaven; but we poiſon it by our own miſconduct.

Ibid. p. 178.

EATING.

It is not very eaſy to fix the principle upon which mankind have agreed to eat ſome animals, and reject others; and as the principle is not evident, it is not uniform. That which is ſelected as delicate in one country, is, by its neighbours, abhorred as loathſome. The Neapolitans lately refuſed to eat potatoes, in a famine: an Engliſhman is not eaſily perſuaded to dine on ſnails with an Italian, on Frogs with a Frenchman, or on horſe-fleſh with a Tartar. The vulgar inhabitants of Sky, one of the Weſtern iſlands of Scotland, have not only eels, but pork and bacon, in abhorrence.

Weſtern Iſlands. p. 136.

F.

FAME.

He that is loudly praiſed, will be clamorouſly cenſured. He that riſes haſtily into fame, will be in danger of ſinking ſuddenly into oblivion.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 25.

The memory of miſchief is no deſirable fame.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 257.

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of

of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that with our names, our virtues ſhall be propagated, and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our example, and incitemennt from our renown.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 298.

Fame cannot ſpread wide, or endure long, that is not rooted in nature, and manured by art. That which hopes to reſiſt the blaſts of malignity, and ſtand firm againſt the attacks of time, muſt contain in itſelf ſome original principle of growth.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 292.

He that purſues fame with juſt claims, truſts his happineſs to the winds; but he that endeavours after it by falſe merit, has to fear, not only the *violence of the ſtorm*, but the *leaks of his veſſel.*

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 126.

Every period of time has produced thoſe bubbles of artificial fame, which are kept up a while by the breath of faſhion, and then break at once, and are annihilated.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 3.

FATHER.

A Father above the common rate of men, has commonly a ſon below it. Heroum filii noxæ.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 1, p. 14.

FRIENDSHIP.

Few love their Friends ſo well as not to deſire ſuperiority by unexpenſive benefaction.

Falſe Alarm, p. 47.

Friendſhip

Friendſhip in letter-writing has no tendency to ſecure veracity; for by whom can a man ſo much wiſh to be thought better than he is, as by him whoſe kindneſs he deſires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is leſs conſtraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation amongſt the different diſpoſitions of mankind. But a letter is addreſſed to a ſingle mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known, and muſt therefore pleaſe, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppoſe them.

Life of Pope.

Friendſhip is not always the ſequel of obligation.

Life of Thompſon.

Unequal friendſhips are eaſily diſſolved.—This is often the fault of the ſuperior; yet if we look without prejudice on the world, we ſhall often find that men, whoſe conſciouſneſs of their own merit, ſets them above the compliances of ſervility, are apt enough, in their aſſociation with ſuperiors, to watch their own dignity with troubleſome and punctilious jealouſy, and in the fervour of independence, to exact that attention which they refuſe to pay.

Life of Grey.

So many qualities are neceſſary to the poſſibility of friendſhip, and ſo many accidents muſt concur to its riſe and its continuance, that the greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, and ſupply its place as they can with intereſt and dependence.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 59.

That

That friendſhip may be at once fond and laſting, there muſt not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the ſame kind; not only the ſame end muſt be propoſed, but the ſame means muſt be approved by both.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 61.

Among the uncertainties of the human ſtate, we are doomed to number the inſtability of friendſhip.

Life of Addiſon.

It were happy if, in forming friendſhips, virtue could concur with pleaſure; but the greateſt part of human gratifications approach ſo nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid diſingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that ſuffers himſelf to be driven or allured from virtue, miſtakes his own intereſt, ſince he gains ſuccour by means for which his friend, if ever he becomes wiſe, muſt ſcorn him; and for which, at laſt, he muſt ſcorn himſelf.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 5.

Many have talked in very exalted language o the perpetuity of friendſhip: of invincible conſtancy and unalienable kindneſs; and ſome examples have been ſeen of men who have continued faithful to their earlieſt choice, and whoſe affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But theſe inſtances are memorable, becauſe they are rare. The friendſhip which is to be practiſed or expected by common mortals, muſt take its riſe from mutual pleaſure, and muſt end when the power ceaſes of delighting each other.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 126.

The moſt fatal diſeaſe of friendſhip is gradual decay, or diſlike hourly increaſed by cauſes too ſlender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Thoſe who are angry may be reconciled. Thoſe who have been injured may receive a recompenſe; but when the deſire of pleaſing, and willingneſs to be pleaſed, is ſilently diminiſhed, the renovation of friendſhip is hopeleſs; as when the vital powers ſink into languor, there is no longer any uſe of the phyſician.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 130.

Men only become friends by community of pleaſures. He who cannot be ſoftened into gaiety cannot eaſily be melted into kindneſs. Upon this principle Falſtaff deſpairs of gaining the love of Prince John of Lancaſter, for "he could not make him laugh."

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 5, p. 560.

The kindneſſes which are firſt experienced, are ſeldom forgotten.

Life of Walſh.

When Mr. Addiſon was made Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he made a law to himſelf, never to remit his regular fees *in civility to his friends*. "For," ſaid he, "I may have an hundred friends; and, if my fee be two guineas, I ſhall, by relinquiſhing my right, loſe *two hundred guineas*, and no friend gain more than *two*; there is, therefore, no proportion between the good imparted and the evil ſuffered.

Life of Addiſon.

Men ſometimes ſuffer by injudicious kindneſs and

and become ridiculous without their own faults, by the abſurd admiration of their friends.

Life of Phillips.

There are few who, in the wantonneſs of thoughtleſs mirth, or heat of tranſient reſentment, do not ſometimes ſpeak of their friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though, in their cooler moments, they want neither ſenſe of their kindneſs nor reverence for their virtues. This weakneſs is very common, and often proceeds rather from negligence than ingratitude.

Life of Savage.

He cannot be properly choſen for a friend, whoſe kindneſs is exhaled by its own warmth or frozen by the firſt blaſt of ſlander; he cannot be a uſeful counſeller, who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence, whoſe principal maxim is to ſuſpect; nor can the candour and frankneſs of that man be much eſteemed, who ſpreads his arms to human kind, and makes every man, without diſtinction, a denizen of his boſom.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 61.

One of the Golden Precepts of *Pythagoras* direct us, "That a friend ſhould not be hated for little faults."

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 220.

Friendſhip, like love, is deſtroyed by long abſence, though it may be increaſed by ſhort intermiſſions. What we have miſſed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been loſt till it is forgotten, will be

found at laſt with little gladneſs, and with ſtill leſs if a ſubſtitute has ſupplied the place.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 127.

Among the many enemies of friendſhip may be reckoned *ſuſpicion* and *diſguſt*. The former is always hardening the cautious, and the latter repelling the delicate.

Ibid. p. 130.

Among the pleaſing incidents of life may be numbered the unexpected renewals of old acquaintances.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 24.

All feel the benefits of private friendſhip, but few can diſcern the advantages of a well-conſtituted government; hence the greater part of mankind will be naturally prejudiced againſt *Brutus*.

Review of the Memoirs of the Court of Auguſtus, p. 5.

FLATTERY.

In every inſtance of vanity it will be found that the blame ought to be ſhared among more than it generally reaches. All who exalt trifles by immoderate praiſe, or inſtigate needleſs emulat on by invidious incitements, are to be conſidered as perverters of reaſon, and corrupters of the world; and ſince every man is obliged to promote happineſs and virtue, he ſhould be careful not to miſlead unwary minds, by appearing to ſet too high a value upon things, by which no real excellence is conferred.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 84.

To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praiſes are not believed by thoſe who pronounce

nounce them; for they prove at leaſt our power, and ſhew that our favour is valued, ſince it is purchaſed by the meanneſs of falſehood.

Ibid. p. 120.

In order that all men may be taught to ſpeak truth, it is neceſſary that all likewiſe ſhould learn to hear it; for no ſpecies of falſehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by intereſt, and the friend by tenderneſs. Thoſe who are neither ſervile, or timorous, are yet deſirous to beſtow pleaſure; and while unjuſt demands of praiſe continue to be made, there will always be ſome whom hope, fear, or kindneſs, will diſpoſe to pay them.

Ibid. p. 247.

He that is much flattered, ſoon learns to flatter himſelf. We are commonly taught our duty by fear or ſhame; and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praiſes?

Life of Swift.

Juſt praiſe is only a debt, but flattery is a preſent.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 294.

Neither our virtues or vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little inſolence. Pride cannot riſe to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandiſhment, or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch who would ſhrink and crouch before one who ſhould dart his eyes upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he ſees himſelf approached with a downcaſt look, and

hears the ſoft addreſſes of awe and ſervility. To thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtineſs that leaves nothing to hoped by firmneſs and integrity.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 3.

The flatterer is not often detected; for an honeſt mind is not apt to ſuſpect, and no one exerts the power of diſcernment with much vigour when ſelf-love favours the deceit.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 120.

It is neceſſary to the ſucceſs of flattery, that it be accommodated to particular circumſtances or characters, and enter the heart on that ſide where the paſſions ſtand ready to receive it.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 1.

FOLLY.

No man will be found in whoſe mind airy notions do not ſometimes tyranniſe, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of ſober probability.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 259.

The folly which is adapted to perſons and times, has its propriety, and therefore produces no cenſure; but the folly of wiſe men, when it happens, taints their wit, and deſtroys the reputation of their judgment.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 4, p. 225.

As with folly no man is willing to confeſs himſelf very intimately acquainted, therefore its pains and pleaſures are kept ſecret.

Review of the Origin of Evil, p. 10.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE.

Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected, and that renown, which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence or greatness, is sometimes derived from unexpected accidents.

Falkland Islands, p. 2.

When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 6, p. 128.

Examples need not be sought at any great distance, to prove that *superiority of fortune* has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride seldom fails to exert itself in contempt and insult. This is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours only enjoyed by the merit of others.

Life of Savage.

FOREIGNER.

To be a foreigner was always in England a reason of dislike.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 1, p. 265.

FEAR.

All fear is in itself painful: and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 180.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is

not to overbear reaſon, but to aſſiſt it; nor ſhould it be ſuffered to tyranniſe in the imagination, to raiſe phantoms of horror, or beſet life with ſupernumerary diſtreſſes.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 125.

FORGIVENESS.

Whoever conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others, will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident. We may think the blow violent, only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are, on every ſide, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 137.

A conſtant and unfailing obedience is above the reach of terreſtrial diligence; and therefore the progreſs of life could only have been the natural deſcent of negligent deſpair from crime to crime, had not the univerſal perſuaſion of *forgiveneſs*, to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation, recalled thoſe to the paths of virtue whom their paſſions had ſolicited aſide, and animated to new attempts and firmer perſeverance thoſe whom difficulty had diſcouraged, or negligence ſurpriſed.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 26.

FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the ſiſter of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almoſt always produce a paſſive compliance with the wickedneſs of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practiſe thoſe crimes which they ceaſe to cenſure.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 21.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it, very few would be poor.

Ibid.

Though in every age there are ſome who, by bold adventures or by favourable accidents, riſe ſuddenly into riches, the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expence muſt be reſolutely reduced.

Ibid. p. 23.

The mercantile wiſdom of "a penny ſaved is two-pence got," may be accommodated to all conditions, by obſerving, that not only they who purſue any lucrative employment will ſave time when they forbear expence, and that time may be employed to the increaſe of profit; but that they, who are above ſuch minute conſiderations, will find by every victory over appetite or paſſion, new ſtrength added to the mind, will gain the power of refuſing thoſe ſolicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly aſſaulted, and, in time, ſet

ſet themſelves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

Ibid. p. 24.

It may, perhaps, be enquired, by thoſe who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the juſt meaſure of frugality? To ſuch no general anſwer can be given, ſince the liberty of ſpending, or neceſſity of parſimony, may be varied without end by different circumſtances. Theſe three rules, however, may be laid down as not to be departed from:

"A man's voluntary expences ſhould not exceed his income."

"Let no man anticipate uncertain profits."

"Let no man ſquander againſt his inclination."

Ibid.

It appears evident that *frugality* is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that, in their moſt jovial expence, there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience: they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavor at once to *ſpend idly*, and to *ſave meanly*: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflections on the coſt.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 135.

FAVOUR.

FAVOUR.

Favours of every kind are doubled when they are ſpeedily conferred.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 188.

FANCY.

The fanciful ſports of great minds, are never without ſome advantage to knowledge.

Life of Sir Thomas Browne, p. 267.

FAULTS.

Many ſeeming faults are to be imputed rather to the nature of the undertaking, than the negligence of the performer.

Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary, p. 71.

FABLE.

A fable, to be well adapted to the ſtage, ſhould be ſufficiently removed from the preſent age to admit properly the fictions neceſſary to complete the plan; for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always moſt offended with the violation of thoſe truths of which we are moſt certain; and we, of courſe, conceive thoſe facts moſt certain, which approach neareſt to our own time.

Life of Savage.

To ſelect a ſingular event, and ſwell it to a giant's bulk by *fabulous appendages*, has little difficulty; for he that forſakes the probable, may always find the marvellous; and it has little uſe. We are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find ſomething to be imitated or declined.

Life of Gray.

FASHION.

There are few enterprises so hopeless as contests with the *fashion*, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and strong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonist, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean conversation, and narrow fortune; who envies the elevations which he cannot reach; who would gladly embitter the happiness which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice than to revenge his own mortification, by hindering those whom their birth and taste have set above him, from the enjoyment of their superiority, and bringing them down to a level with himself.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 88.

FALSEHOOD.

Though many artifices may be used to maintain falsehood by fraud, they generally lose their force by counteracting one another.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 4.

FORTITUDE.

Nil mortalibus arduum est. There is nothing which human courage will not undertake, and little that human patience will not endure.

Falkland Islands, p. 17.

FACTION.

In the general censure thrown upon *faction*, it perhaps never happens that every single man should be included. In all lead, says the chemist, there is silver, and in all copper there is gold. But mingled masses are justly denominated by the greater

greater quantity; and when the precious particles are not worth extraction, a *faction*, and a *pig*, muſt be melted down together, to the forms and offices that chance allots them.

Falſe Alarm, p. 52.

G.

GENIUS.

True genius is a mind of large general powers accidently determined to ſome particular direction.

Life of Cowley.

Genius is powerful when inveſted with the glitter of affluence. Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleaſed when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity, and practiſing their duty.

Life of Savage.

Whoever is apt to hope good from others, is diligent to pleaſe them; but he that believes his powers ſtrong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to pleaſe himſelf.

Life of Gay.

Men have ſometimes appeared of ſuch tranſcendant abilities, that their ſlighteſt and moſt curſory performances, excel all that labour and ſtudy can enable meaner intellects to compoſe. As there are regions of which the ſpontaneous products cannot be equalled in other ſoils, by care and culture. But it is no leſs dangerous for any man to place

place himſelf in this rank of underſtanding, and fancy that he is born to be illuſtrious without labour, than to omit the care of huſbandry, and expect from his ground the bloſſoms of Arabia.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 50.

Miſapplied genius moſt commonly proves ridiculous.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 231.

There are men who ſeem to think nothing ſo much characteriſtic of genius, as to do common things in an uncommon way; like Hudribras, *to tell the clock by Algebra*, or like the lady in Dr. Young's Satire, "to drink tea by ſtratagem."

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 202.

Great powers cannot be exerted but when great exigencies make them neceſſary. Great exigencies can happen but ſeldom, and therefore thoſe qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the moſt part, like ſubterranean treaſures, over which the foot paſſes as on common ground, till neceſſity breaks open the golden cavern.

Ibid. p. 287.

It ſeems to have been in all ages, the pride of wit to ſhew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To ſpeak not inadequately of things really, and naturally, great, is a taſk not only difficult but diſagreeable, becauſe the writer is degraded in his own eyes by ſtanding in compariſon with his ſubject, to which he can hope to add nothing from his imagination. But it is a perpetual triumph of fancy to expand a ſcanty theme, to raiſe glittering ideas from obſcure properties, and

to

to produce to the world an object of wonder, to which nature had contributed little. To this ambition, perhaps, we owe the Frogs of Homer, the Gnat and the Bees of Virgil, the Butterfly of Spencer, the Shadow of Woverus, and the Quincunx of Brown.

Life of Sir Thomas Browne, p. 266.

Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle. We ſtill read the *Dove* of Anacreon, and *Sparrow* of Catullus; and a writer naturally pleaſes himſelf with a performance which owes nothing to the ſubject.

Life of Waller.

By the general conſent of critics, the firſt praiſe of GENIUS is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an aſſemblage of all the powers which are ſingly ſufficient for other compoſitions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleaſure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reaſon. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the moſt important truths by the moſt pleaſing precept, and therefore relates ſome great event in the moſt affecting manner. Hiſtory muſt ſupply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he muſt improve and exalt by a nobler art, animate by dramatic energy, and diverſify by retroſpection and anticipation; morality muſt teach him the exact bounds, and different ſhades, of vice and virtue; from policy and the practice of life he has to learn the diſcriminations of character, and the tendency of the paſſions, either ſingle or combined, and phyſiology muſt ſupply him with illuſtrations and images. To put theſe materials to poetical uſe, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction; nor is he yet a poet till he has attained

attained the whole extenſion of his language, diſtinguiſhed all the delicacies of phraſe, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjuſt the different ſounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Life of Milton.

It is certain that no eſtimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations, than thoſe by which a man computes the force of his genius.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 288.

It is not ſafe to judge of the works of genius merely by the event.

Ibid, p. 303.

The genius of the Engliſh nation is ſaid to appear rather in *improvement* than *invention*.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 218.

Thoſe who are willing to attribute every thing to genius, or natural ſagacity, independent of a previous education, are encouraged to this opinion by lazineſs or pride, being willing to forego the labour of accurate reading and tedious enquiry, and to ſatisfy themſelves and others with illuſtrious examples.

Life of Dr. Sydenham.

There are many forcible expreſſions which would never have been found, but by venturing to the utmoſt verge of propriety, and flights which would never have been reached, but by thoſe who have had very little fear of the ſhame of falling.

Life of Sir T. Brown, p. 283.

As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without

without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; ſo, in the productions of genius, nothing can be ſtyled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the ſame kind.

Preface to Shakſpeare, p. 126.

Many works of genius and learning have been performed in ſtates of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them, is inclined to think that he ſees enterpriſe and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them.

Ibid. p. 125.

GOVERNMENT.

Governments formed by chance, and gradually improved by ſuch expedients as the ſucceſſive diſcovery of their defects happened to ſuggeſt, are never to be tried by a regular theory. They are fabrics of diſſimilar materials, raiſed by different architects upon different plans. We muſt be content with them as they are; ſhould we attempt to mend their diſproportions, we might eaſily demoliſh, and with difficulty rebuild them.

Falſe Alarm, p. 24.

In all political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 208.

No ſcheme of policy has, in any country, yet brought the rich on equal terms into courts of judicature. Perhaps experience, improving on experience, may in time effect it.

Ibid. p. 215.

To

To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider, that where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a wilderness.

Ibid. p. 224.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence, with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, or those whom they see surrounded by splendour, and fortified by power.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 301.

No government could subsist for a day, if single errors could justify defection.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 62.

Government is necessary to man; and when obedience is not compelled, there is no government.

Ibid. p. 77.

To prevent evil is the great end of government, the end for which vigilance and severity are properly employed.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 12.

Forms of government are seldom the result of much deliberation; they are framed by chance in popular

popular aſſemblies, or in conquered countries by deſpotic authority.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 60.

In ſovereignty there are no gradations. There may be limited royalty; there may be limited conſulſhip; but there can be *no limited government*. There muſt in every ſociety be ſome power or other from whence there is no appeal, which admits no reſtrictions, which pervades the whole maſs of the community, regulates and adjuſts all ſubordination, enacts laws or repeals them, erects or annuls judicatures, extends or contracts privileges, exempts itſelf from queſtion or control, and bounded only by phyſical neceſſity.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 24.

Few errors and few faults of government can juſtify an appeal to the rabble, who ought not to judge of what they cannot underſtand, and whoſe opinions are not propagated by reaſon, but caught by contagion.

Patriot, p. 7.

As government advances towards perfection, *provincial judicature* is, perhaps, in every empire, gradually aboliſhed.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 100.

In all changes of government, there will be many that ſuffer real or imaginary grievances; and therefore many will be diſſatisfied.

Political State of Great-Britain in 1756, p. 44.

GUILT.

Guilt is generally afraid of light; it conſiders darkneſs as a natural ſhelter, and makes night the confidante

confidante of thoſe actions, which cannot be truſted to the tell-tale day.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 377.

It may be obſerved, perhaps, without exception, that none are ſo induſtrious to detect wickedneſs, or ſo ready to impute it, as they whoſe crimes are apparent and confeſſed. They envy an unblemiſhed reputation, and what they envy they are buſy to deſtroy: they are unwilling to ſuppoſe themſelves meaner and more corrupt than others, and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations thoſe with whom they cannot riſe to an equality.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 126.

Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and, when their underſtandings are ſtubborn and uncomplying, raiſe their paſſions againſt them, and hope to overpower their own knowledge.

Ibid.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

No man, whoſe appetites are his maſters, can perform the duties of his nature with ſtrictneſs and regularity. He that would be ſuperior to external influences, muſt firſt become ſuperior to his own paſſions.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 293.

UNIVERSAL GOOD.

All ſkill ought to be exerted for univerſal good. Every man has owed much to others, and ought to pay the kindneſs that he has received.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 41.

GREATNESS.

GREATNESS.

He that becomes acquainted and is inveſted with authority and influence, will in a ſhort time be convinced, that, in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 58.

That awe which great actions or abilities impreſs, will be inevitably diminiſhed by *acquaintance*, though nothing either mean or criminal ſhould be found; becauſe we do not eaſily conſider him as great whom our own eyes ſhew us to be little; nor labour to keep preſent to our thoughts the latent excellences of him who ſhares with us all our weakneſſes and many of our follies; who, like us, is delighted with ſlight amuſements, buſied with trifling employments, and diſturbed by little vexations.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 285 & 287.

GRATITUDE.

There are minds ſo impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a ſpecies of revenge; and they return benefits, not becauſe recompenſe is a pleaſure, but becauſe obligation is a pain.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 192.

The charge againſt ingratitude is very general. Almoſt every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon inſenſibility, and how much happineſs he has beſtowed without return; but, perhaps, if theſe patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boaſt of having befriended, it would often appear that they conſulted only their own pleaſure or vanity, and repaid themſelves

ſelves their petty donatives by gratifications of inſolence, and indulgence of contempt.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 259.

H.

HAPPINESS.

We are long before we are convinced that happineſs is never to be found; and each believes it poſſeſſed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himſelf.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 108.

Whether perfect happineſs can be procured by perfect goodneſs, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at leaſt, may be maintained, that we do not always find viſible happineſs in proportion to viſible virtue.

Ibid. p. 163.

All natural, and almoſt all political evils, are incident alike to the bad or good. They are confounded in the miſery of a famine, and not much diſtinguiſhed in the fury of a faction. They ſink together in a tempeſt, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is *quietneſs of conſcience*, a ſteady proſpect of a happier ſtate, which will enable us to endure every calamity with patience.

Ibid.

He that has no one to love or to confide in, has little to hope. He wants the radical principle of happineſs.

Ibid. p. 210.

It

It is, perhaps, a juſt obſervation, that with regard to outward circumſtances, happineſs and miſery are equally diffuſed through all ſtates of human life. In civilized countries, where regular policies have ſecured the neceſſaries of life, ambition, avarice, and luxury, find the mind at leiſure for their reception, and ſoon engage it in new purſuits; purſuits that are to be carried only by inceſſant labour, and whether vain or ſucceſsful, produce anxiety and contention. Among ſavage nations imaginary wants find, indeed, no place; but their ſtrength is exhauſted by neceſſary toils, and their paſſions agitated, not by conteſts about ſuperiority, affluence, or precedence, but by perpetual care for the preſent day, and by fear of periſhing for want of common food.

Life of Drake, p. 211.

Whatever be the cauſe of happineſs, may be made likewiſe the cauſe of miſery. The medicine which, rightly applied, has power to cure, has, when raſhneſs or ignorance preſcribes it, the ſame power to deſtroy.

Diſſertation on Authors, p. 21.

The happineſs of the generality of people is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 155.

It has been obſerved in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune, have contributed very little to the promotion of happineſs; and that thoſe whom the ſplendour of their rank or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the ſummits of human life, have not often given any juſt occaſion to envy in thoſe who look up to them

from

from a lower ſtation. Whether it be, that apparent ſuperiority incites great deſigns, and great deſigns are naturally liable to fatal miſcarriages, or that the general lot of mankind is miſery, and the misfortunes of thoſe whoſe eminence drew upon them an univerſal attention, have been more faitfully recorded, becauſe they were more generally obſerved, and have, in reality, been only more conſpicuous than thoſe of others, more frequent or more ſevere.

Life of Savage.

It ſeldom happens that all circumſtances concur to happineſs or fame.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 106.

Happineſs is not found in ſelf-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 232.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The great end of prudence is to give chearfulneſs to thoſe hours which ſplendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilirate. Thoſe ſoft intervals of unbended amuſement, in which a man ſhrinks to his natural dimenſions, and throws aſide the ornaments or diſguiſes which he feels, in privacy, to be uſeful incumbrances, and to loſe all effect when they become familiar. *To be happy at home* is the ultimate reſult of all ambition; the end to which every enterpriſe and labour tends, and of which every deſire prompts the proſecution. It is indeed at home that every man muſt be known, by thoſe who would make a juſt eſtimate either of his virtue or felicity; for ſmiles and embroidery are alike occaſional, and the mind is often

often dreſſed for ſhow in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 82.

The higheſt panegyric that domeſtic virtue can receive, is the praiſe of ſervants; for however vanity or inſolence may look down with contempt on the ſuffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very ſeldom happens that they commend or blame without juſtice.

Ibid. p. 84.

HABITS.

No man forgets his original trade; the rights of nations and of kings ſink into queſtions of grammar, if grammarians diſcuſs them.

Life of Milton.

The diſproportions of abſurdity grow leſs and leſs viſible, as we are reconciled by degrees to the deformity of a miſtreſs; and falſehood, by long uſe, is aſſimilated to the mind, as poiſon to the body.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 245.

It is not eaſy, when we converſe much with one whoſe general character excites our veneration, to eſcape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice, and when they would have excited laughter or diſguſt, had they not been protected by their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally conſorted with knowledge or with virtue.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 26.

It is the peculiar artifice of *habit*, not to ſuffer her power to be felt at firſt. Thoſe whom ſhe *leads*, ſhe has the addreſs of only appearing to *attend*.

Viſion of Theodore, p. 85.

HOPE.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes; *poſſunt quia poſſe videntur*.

Life of Milton.

The underſtanding of a man, naturally ſanguine, may be eaſily vitiated by the *luxurious indulgence of hope*, however neceſſary to the production of every thing great or excellent, as ſome plants are deſtroyed by too open an expoſure to that ſun, which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 10.

Hope is neceſſary in every condition. The miſeries of poverty, of ſickneſs, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be inſupportable; nor does it appear that the happieſt lot of terreſtrial exiſtence, can ſet us above the want of this general bleſſing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and fortune are accumulated upon it, would not ſtill be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of ſome new poſſeſſion, of ſome enjoyment yet behind, by which the wiſh ſhall be at laſt ſatisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmoſt extent. Yet hope is very fallacious, and promiſes what it ſeldom gives; but its promiſes are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it ſeldom fruſtrates us without aſſuring us of recompenſing the delay by a great bounty.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 75.

Where

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 26.

Hope is the chief bleſſing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 36.

Without hope there can be no caution.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 81.

It is ſeldom that we find either men or places ſuch as we expect them. He that has pictured a proſpect upon his fancy, will receive little pleaſure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the converſation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is neceſſary to *hope*, though hope ſhould always be deluded; for hope itſelf is happineſs, and its fruſtrations, however frequent, are yet leſs dreadful than its extinction.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 34.

Whatever enlarges hope, will likewiſe exalt courage.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 383.

HUMANITY.

He does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 179.

HEALTH.

Such is the power of health, that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeleſs as the power of vegetation without the ſun.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 291.

Health is ſo neceſſary to all the duties of life, as well as the pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that, for a ſhort gratification, brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed in the tumults of diverſion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſpendthrift of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which Providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

Ibid. p. 289.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous, by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations; as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind.

Ibid.

HISTORY.

He that records tranſactions in which himſelf was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars which eſcape ſpectators, but has his natural powers exalted by that ardour which always riſes at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 69.

He that writes the hiſtory of his own times, if he adheres ſtrictly to truth, will write that which his own times will not eaſily endure. He muſt be

be content to repoſite his book till all private paſſions ſhall ceaſe, and love and hatred give way to curioſity.

Ibid. p. 72.

Thoſe familiar hiſtories which draw the portraits of living manners, may perhaps be made of greater uſe than the ſolemnities of profeſſed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is ſo great as to take poſſeſſion of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almoſt without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken, that when the choice is unreſtrained, the *beſt examples* only ſhould be exhibited, and that which is likely to operate ſo ſtrongly, ſhould not be miſchievous or uncertain in its effects.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 21.

It is not a ſufficient vindication of a character in hiſtory, that it is drawn as it appears; for many characters ought never to be drawn: nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to obſervation and experience; for that obſervation which is called *knowledge of the world*, will be found much more frequently to make men *cunning* than *good*.

Ibid. p. 22.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

Good-humour may be defined, a habit of being pleaſed; a conſtant and perennial ſoftneſs of manner, eaſineſs of approach, and ſuavity of diſpoſition; like that which every one perceives in himſelf, when the firſt tranſports of new felicity have

ſubſided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a ſlow ſucceſſion of ſoft impulſes.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 102.

Good-humour is a ſtate between gaiety and unconcern; the act of a mind at leiſure to regard the gratifications of another.

Ibid.

Surely nothing can be more unreaſonable than to loſe the will to pleaſe, when we are conſcious of the power, or ſhew more cruelty than to chooſe any kind of influence before that of kindneſs and good-humour. He that regards the welfare of others, ſhould make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that conſiders the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external aſſiſtance, muſt rather wiſh to be ſurrounded by thoſe that love him, than by thoſe that admire his excellences or ſolicit his favours; for admiration ceaſes with novelty, and intereſt gains its end and retires. A man whoſe great qualities want the ornament of ſuperficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treaſure is exhauſted.

Ibid. p. 105.

Nothing can more ſhew the value of *good-humour*, than that it recommends thoſe who are deſtitute of all other excellences, and procures regard to the trifling, friendſhip to the worthleſs, and affection to the dull.

Ibid.

Prince Henry, though well acquainted with the vices and follies of *Falſtaff*, and though his conviction compelled him to do juſtice to ſuperior qualities,

qualities, yet no ſooner ſees him lying on the ground, but he exclaims, "he could have better ſpared a better man." His tenderneſs broke out at the remembrance of the cheerful companion and the loud buffoon, with whom he had paſſed his time in all the luxury of idleneſs, who had gladded him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy, and deſpiſe.

Ibid.

GOOD-HUMOUR,

(Compared with Gaiety.)

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak ſpirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety ſeldom fails to give ſome pain; the hearers either ſtrain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy or deſpair. Good-humour boaſts no faculties, which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleaſes principally by not offending.

Ibid. p. 102.

HYPOCRISY.

The hypocrite ſhews the excellency of virtue by the neceſſity he thinks himſelf under of *ſeeming to be virtuous.*

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 125

HONOUR.

Among the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes in the South Seas, being a nation that does not ſet them above continual cares for the immediate neceſſaries of life, he that can temper iron beſt, is among them moſt eſteemed: and, perhaps, it would be happy for every nation, if *honours* and

applauſes were as juſtly diſtributed, and he were moſt diſtinguiſhed whoſe abilities were moſt uſeful to ſociety. How many chimerical titles to precedence, how many falſe pretences to reſpect, would this rule bring to the ground!

Life of Drake, p. 175.

J.

JEALOUSY.

That natural jealouſy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a diſpoſition to believe that the mind grows old with the body, and that he whom we are now forced to confeſs ſuperior, is haſtening daily to a level with ourſelves. Intellectual decay, doubtleſs, is not uncommon, but it is not univerſal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, and Waller at eighty-two is thought to have loſt none of his poetical powers.

Life of Waller.

Jealouſy is a paſſion compounded of *love* and *ſuſpicion*.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 4, p. 317.

JESTING.

Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a *jeſter*, they ſubject themſelves to his power, and the wiſe man will have his folly anatomiſed by a fool.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 306.

Jocoſe

Jocoſe follies and ſlight offences are only allowed by mankind, in him that overpowers them by great qualities.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 19.

JOY.

As *briars* have *ſweetneſs with their prickles*, ſo are troubles often recompenſed with joy.

Ibid. p. 121.

JUDGMENT.

Thoſe who have no power to judge of paſt times, but by their own, ſhould always doubt their concluſions.

Life of Milton.

As laws operate in civil agency, not to the excitement of virtue, but the repreſſion of wickedneſs, ſo judgment, in the operations of intellect, can hinder faults, but not produce excellence.

Life of Prior.

Nothing is more unjuſt than to judge of a man by too ſhort an acquaintance, and too ſlight inſpection; for it often happens, that in the looſe and thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, there is a ſecret radical worth, which may ſhoot out by proper cultivation. That the ſpark of heaven, though dimmed and obſtructed, is yet not extinguiſhed, but may, by the breath of counſel and exhortation, be kindled into a flame. To imagine that every one who is not completely good, is irrevocably abandoned, is to ſuppoſe that all are capable of the ſame degree of excellence; it is indeed, to exact from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And ſince the pureſt virtue is conſiſtent with ſome vice, and the virtue of the greateſt

number, with almoſt an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too haſtily conclude that all goodneſs is loſt, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for moſt minds are the ſlaves of external circumſtances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of cuſtom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard againſt them.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 94.

Thoſe that have done nothing in life, are not qualified to judge of thoſe that have done little.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 49.

It is impoſſible for thoſe that have only known affluence and proſperity, to judge rightly of themſelves and others. The rich and powerful live in a perpetual maſquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only diſcover in what eſtimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 124.

Judgment is forced upon us by *experience*. He that reads many books, muſt compare one opinion, or one ſtyle, with another; and, when he compares, muſt neceſſarily diſtinguiſh, reject, and prefer.

Life of Pope.

JUSTICE.

One of the principal parts of national felicity, ariſes from a wiſe and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice. Every man repoſes upon the tribunals of his country, the ſtability of profeſſion and the ſerenity of life. He therefore who unjuſtly expoſes the

the courts of judicature to ſuſpicion, either of partiality or error, not only does an injury to thoſe who diſpenſe the laws, but diminiſhes the public confidence in the laws themſelves, and ſhakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

Convicts Addreſs, p. 20.

Of juſtice, one of the heathen ſages have ſhewn, with great acuteneſs, that it was impreſſed upon mankind only by the inconveniencies which *injuſtice* had produced. "In the firſt ages, ſays he, men acted without any rule but the impulſe of deſire; they practiſed injuſtice upon others, and ſuffered it from others in return; but, in time, it was diſcovered that the pain of ſuffering wrong, was greater than the pleaſure of doing it, and mankind, by a general compact, ſubmitted to the reſtraint of laws, and reſigned the pleaſure to eſcape the pain."

Idler, vol. 2, p. 208.

What the law does in every nation between individuals, juſtice ought to do between nations.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 9, p. 58.

INDUSTRY.

Few things are impoſſible to induſtry and ſkill.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 88.

Many things difficult to deſign, prove eaſy to performance.

Ibid. p. 93.

He that ſhall walk with vigour three hours a day, will paſs, in ſeven years, a ſpace equal to the circumference of the globe.

Ibid.

Whatever buſies the mind without corrupting it, has, at leaſt, this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs; and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 97.

It is below the dignity of a reaſonable being, to owe that ſtrength to neceſſity which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive to induſtry than the deſire of performing his duty.

Ibid. vol. 3. p. 144.

If it be difficult to perſuade the idle to be buſy, it is not eaſy to convince the buſy that it is ſometimes better to be idle.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 195.

INDISCRETION.

We ſometimes ſucceed by *indiſcretion*, when we fail by *deep laid ſchemes*.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 10, p. 389.

IMITATION.

No man was ever great by imitation.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 66.

It is juſtly conſidered as the greateſt excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it requires judgment to diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of nature which are moſt proper for imitatation.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 21.

As not every inſtance of ſimilitude can be conſidered as a proof of imitation, ſo not every imitation ought to be ſtigmatiſed as a plagiariſm: the adoption of a noble ſentiment, or the inſertion

tion of a borrowed ornament, may ſometimes diſplay ſo much judgment, as will almoſt compenſate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of ſervility, purſue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footſteps.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 231.

The reputation which ariſes from the detail, or tranſpoſition of borrowed ſentiments, may ſpread for a while like ivy on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident, or contempt, and ſuffered to rot, unheeded, on the ground.

Ibid. p. 292.

When the original is well choſen, and judiciouſly copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to diſcover new poſſibilities of excellence, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves by means never tried before.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 25.

The Macedonian conqueror, when he was once invited to hear a man that ſung like a nightingale, replied, with contempt, "That he had heard the nightingale herſelf:" and the ſame treatment muſt every man expect, whoſe praiſe is, that he imitates another.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 182.

Almoſt all the abſurdity of conduct ariſes from the imitation of thoſe whom we cannot reſemble.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 176.

We are eaſily flattered by an imitator, when we do not fear ever to be rivalled.

Ibid. p. 249.

Imitations

Imitations produce pain or pleaſure, not becauſe they are miſtaken for realities, but becauſe they bring realities to the mind. When the imagination is recreated by a landſcape, the trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us ſhade; but we conſider how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch woods waving over us.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 114.

INDOLENCE.

It is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not ſtretch out his hand to take it.

Life of King.

Indolence is one of thoſe vices from which thoſe whom it once infects are ſeldom reformed.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 298.

Every other ſpecies of luxury operates upon ſome appetite that is quickly ſatiated, and repuires ſome concurrence of art, or accident, which every place will not ſupply; but the *deſire of eaſe* acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged, is the more increaſed.

Ibid.

He that is himſelf weary, will ſoon weary the public. Let him, therefore, lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity, or attention. Let him not endeavour to ſtruggle with cenſure, or obſtinately infeſt the ſtage, till a general hiſs commands him to depart.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 258.

IDLENESS.

As pride is ſometimes hid under humility, idleneſs is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He

He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to croud his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 172.

Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation, either on himself, or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 181.

There are said to be pleasures in madness, known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the idler can only conceive.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 15.

Of all the enemies of idleness, want is the most formidable. Fame is soon found to be a sound, and love a dream. Avarice and ambition may be justly suspected of being privy confedrates with idleness; for when they have, for a while, protected their votaries, they often deliver them up, to end their lives under her dominion. Want always struggles against idleness; but want herself is often overcome, and every hour, shews the careful observer those who had rather live in ease than in plenty.

Ibid. p. 51.

No man is so much open to conviction as the *idler*; but there is none on whom it operates so little.

Ibid. p. 175.

The

The drunkard, for a time, laughs over his wine; the ambitious man triumphs in the miscarriage of his rival; but the *captives of indolence* have neither *superiority* nor *merriment*.

Vision of Theodore, p. 94.

It is not only in the slumber of sloth, but in the dissipation of ill-directed industry, that the shortness of life is generally forgotten. As some men lose their hours in laziness, because they suppose that there is time for the reparation of neglect, others busy themselves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens, that sluggishness and activity are equally surprised by the last summons, and perish not more differently from each other, than the fowl that received the shot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the bush.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 99.

Idleness can never secure tranquillity; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard, and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful, by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 172.

Those who attempt nothing themselves, think every thing easily performed, and consider the unsuccessful always as criminal.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 5.

The

The diligence of an idler is ſometimes rapid and impetuous; as ponderous bodies, forced into velocity, move with violence proportionate to their weight.

Ibid.

There are ſome that profeſs idleneſs in its full dignity; who call themſelves the *idle*, as Buſiris, in the play, calls himſelf *the proud*; who boaſt that they do nothing, and thank their ſtars that they have nothing to do; who ſleep every night till they can ſleep no longer, and riſe only that exerciſe may enable them to ſleep again; who prolong the reign of darkneſs by double curtains, and never ſee the ſun, but to tell him *how they hate his beams*; whoſe whole labour is to vary the poſtures of indulgence; and whoſe day differs from their night, but as a couch, or chair, differs from a bed.

Ibid. p. 171.

Idleneſs predominates in many lives where it is not ſuſpected; for, being a vice which terminates in itſelf, it may be enjoyed without injury to others, and is therefore not watched like fraud, which endangers property, or like pride, which naturally ſeeks its gratifications in another's inferiority. Idleneſs is a ſilent and peaceful quality, that neither raiſes envy by oſtentation, nor hatred by oppoſition; and therefore nobody is buſy to cenſure or detect it.

Ibid. p. 172.

INTEGRITY.

Integrity without knowledge is weak, and generally uſeleſs; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 249.

IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE.

The man who feels himſelf ignorant, ſhould, at leaſt, be modeſt.

Preliminary Diſcourſe to the London Chronicle, p. 156.

Ignorance cannot always be inferred from inaccuracy, knowledge is not always preſent.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 101.

Groſs ignorance, every man has found equally dangerous with perverted knowledge. Men left wholly to their appetites and their inſtincts, with little ſenſe of moral or religious obligation, and with very faint diſtinctions of right and wrong, can never be ſafely employed, or confidently truſted. They can be honeſt only by obſtinacy, and diligent only by compulſion or caprice. Some inſtruction, therefore, is neceſſary; and much, perhaps, may be dangerous.

Review of the Origin of Evil, p. 11.

Ignorance is moſt eaſily kept in ſubjection by enlightening the mind with truth, fraud and uſurpation would be made leſs practicable, and leſs ſecure.

Introduction to the World diſplayed, p. 180.

IGNORANCE,

(Compared with Knowledge.)

The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge often tyrannical. It is hard to ſatisfy thoſe who know not what to demand, or thoſe who demand by deſign, what they think impoſſible to be done.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 68.

IGNORANCE,

IGNORANCE,

(Compared with Confidence.)

In things difficult there is danger from ignorance; in things eaſy, from confidence.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 9.

IMPRUDENCE.

Thoſe who, in conſequence of ſuperior capacities and attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Life of Savage.

IMPRISONMENT.

Few are mended by impriſonment; and he whoſe crimes have made confinement neceſſary, ſeldom makes any other uſe of his enlargement, than to do with greater cunning, what he did before with leſs.

Falſe Alarm, p. 8.

The end of all civil regulations is to ſecure private happineſs from private malignity, to keep individuals from the power of one another. But this end is apparently neglected by *impriſonment for debt*, when a man, irritated with loſs, is allowed to be a judge of his own cauſe, and to aſſign the puniſhment of his own pain; when the diſtinction between guilt and unhappineſs, between caſualty and deſign, is entruſted to eyes blind with intereſt, to underſtandings depraved by reſentment.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 122.

In a priſon the awe of the public eye is loſt, and the power of the law is ſpent. There are few fears,

fears, there are no bluſhes. The lewd inflame the lewd; the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himſelf as he can againſt his own ſenſibility, and endeavours to practiſe on others, the arts which are practiſed on himſelf, and gains the kindneſs of his aſſociates by ſimilitude of manners.

Ibid. p. 216.

It is not ſo dreadful in a high ſpirit to be impriſoned, as it is deſirable in a ſtate of diſgrace to be ſheltered from the ſcorn of the gazers.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 343.

The confinement of any debtor in the ſloth and darkneſs of a priſon, is a loſs to the nation, and no gain to the creditor, for, of the multitude who are pining in thoſe cells of miſery, a very ſmall part is ſuſpected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The reſt are impriſoned by the wantonneſs of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of diſappointed expectation.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 121.

Since poverty is puniſhed among us as a crime, it ought at leaſt to be treated with the ſame lenity as other crimes: the offender ought not to languiſh at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed ſome appeal to the juſtice of his country. There can be no reaſon why any debtor ſhould be impriſoned, but that he may be compelled to payment; and a term ſhould therefore be fixed, in which the creditor ſhould exhibit his accuſation of concealed property. If ſuch property can be diſcovered, let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the priſoner be diſmiſſed.

Ibid. p. 123.

Thoſe

Thoſe who made the laws of impriſonment for debt, have apparently ſuppoſed, that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always ſhares the act, and often more than ſhares the guilt, of improper truſt. It ſeldom happens that any man impriſons another but for debts which he ſuffered to be contracted in hope of advantage to himſelf, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard; and there is no reaſon why one ſhould puniſh the other for a contract in which both concurred.

Ibid. p. 124.

We ſee nation trade with nation, where no payment can be compelled: mutual convenience produces mutual confidence; and the merchants continue to ſatisfy the demands of each other, though they have nothing to dread but the loſs of trade.

Ibid. p. 125.

It is in vain, then, to continue an inſtitution, which experience ſhews to be ineffectual. We have now impriſoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers leſſen. We have now learned that raſhneſs and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more eaſily reſtrained from giving it.

Ibid.

He whoſe debtor has periſhed in priſon, though he may acquit himſelf of deliberate murder, muſt, at leaſt, have his mind clouded with diſcontent when he conſiders how much another has ſuffered from him; when he thinks of the wife bewailing her

her husband, or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned.

Ibid. p. 217.

IMPOSITION.

There are those who having got the *cant of the day*, with *a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation*, who very often impose themselves as men of understanding, upon wise men.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 10, p. 401.

IMAGINATION.

It is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders.

Memoirs of the K. of Prussia, p. 118.

A man who once resolves upon ideal discoveries, seldom searches long in vain.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 266.

It is a disposition to feel the force of words, and to combine the ideas annexed to them with quickness, that shews one man's imagination to be better than another's, and distinguishes a fine taste from dulness and stupidity.

Review of the Sublime and Beautiful, p. 57.

Imagination is useless without knowledge. Nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined.

Life of Butler.

It is ridiculous to oppose judgment to imagination; for it does not appear, that men have necessarily less of one, as they have more of the other.

Life of Roscommon.

There

There are ſome men of ſuch rapid imagination, that, like the Peruvian torrent, when it brings down gold, mingles it with ſand.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 53.

INTELLIGENCE.

Without intelligence man is not ſocial, he is only gregarious; and little intelligence will there be, where all are conſtrained to daily labour, and every mind muſt wait upon the hand.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 317.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Of remote tranſactions, the firſt accounts are always confuſed, and commonly exaggerated; and in domeſtic affairs, if the power to conceal is leſs, the intereſt to miſrepreſent is often greater; and what is ſufficiently vexatious, truth ſeems to fly from curioſity; and as many enquiries produce many narratives, whatever engages the public attention, is immediately diſguiſed by the embelliſhments of fiction.

Preliminary Diſcourſe to the London Chronicle, p. 154.

IRRESOLUTION.

He that knows not whither to go, is in no haſte to move.

Life of Swift.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Every man is of importance to himſelf, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and ſuppoſing the world already acquainted with all his pleaſures and his pains, is, perhaps, the firſt to publiſh injuries or misfortunes which had never been known unleſs related by himſelf, and at which thoſe

thoſe that hear him will only laugh; for no man ſympathiſes with the ſorrows of vanity.

Life of Pope.

The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can eaſily go on without him, and, in a ſhort time, will ceaſe to miſs him.

Ibid.

No cauſe more frequently produces baſhfulneſs than too high an opinion of our *own importance*. He that imagines an aſſembly filled with his merit, panting with expectation, and huſhed with attention, eaſily terrifies himſelf with the dread of diſappointing them, and ſtrains his imagination in purſuit of ſomething that may vindicate the veracity of fame, and ſhew that his reputation was not gained by chance.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 319.

INSULT.

There are innumerable modes of inſult, and tokens of contempt, for which it is not eaſy to find a name, which vaniſh to nothing in an attempt to deſcribe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day paſs after day in ſorrow and in terror.

Ibid. p. 262.

Whatever be the motive of inſult, it is always beſt to overlook it; for folly ſcarcely can deſerve reſentment, and malice is puniſhed by neglect.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 221.

INCREDULITY.

To refuſe credit, confers, for a moment, an appearance of ſuperiority, which every little mind is tempted

tempted to aſſume, when it may be gained ſo cheaply, as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 195.

The moſt pertinacious and vehement demonſtrator may be wearied, in time, by continual negation and incredulity, which an old poet, in his addreſs to Raleigh, calls "the wit of fools," obtunds the arguments which it cannot anſwer, as woolſacks deaden arrows, though they cannot repel them.

Ibid. p. 196.

INDULGENCE.

The man who commits common faults, ſhould not be precluded from common indulgence.

Preliminary Diſcourſe to the London Chronicle, p. 155.

INCLINATION.

It may reaſonably be aſſerted, that he who finds himſelf ſtrongly attracted to any particular ſtudy, though it may happen to be out of his propoſed ſcheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application to it, ſince it is likely that he will, with much more eaſe and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination ſtimulates him to purſue, than that at which a preſcribed law compels him to toil.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 85.

RURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run

where it will be heard, and to ſtagnate where it will be ſeen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleaſed, and to thicken the plantation where there is ſomething to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, we will not enquire. Perhaps a ſurly and ſullen ſpeculator may think ſuch performances rather the ſport, than the buſineſs of human reaſon. But it muſt be at leaſt confeſſed, that to embelliſh the form of nature is an innocent amuſement, and ſome praiſe muſt be allowed, by the moſt ſupercilious obſerver, to him who does beſt, what ſuch multitudes are contending to do well.

Life of Shenſtone.

INNOCENCE.

There are ſome reaſoners who frequently confound *innocence* with the *mere incapacity of guilt*; but he that never ſaw, or heard, or thought of ſtrong liquors, cannot be propoſed as a pattern of ſobriety.

Life of Drake, p. 224.

INCONSTANCY.

Inconſtancy is in every caſe a mark of weakneſs.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 37.

INTEREST.

Moſt men are animated with greater ardour by *intereſt* than by *fidelity*.

Life of Drake, p. 186.

INTEREST AND PRIDE.

Intereſt and *pride* harden the heart; and it is vain to diſpute againſt *avarice* and power.

Introduction to the World Diſplayed, p. 177.

KNOWLEDGE.

K.

KNOWLEDGE.

Man is not weak; knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 90.

As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 34.

Other things may be ſeized by might or purchaſed with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 37.

No degree of knowledge, attainable by man, is able to ſet him above the want of hourly aſſiſtance, or to extinguiſh the deſire of fond endearments and tender officiouſneſs; and therefore no one ſhould think it unneceſſary to learn thoſe arts by which friendſhip may be gained. Kindneſs is preſerved by a conſtant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleaſures; but ſuch benefits only can be beſtowed as others are capable to receive, and ſuch pleaſures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy. By this deſcent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be loſt; for the condeſcenſions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to uſe the ſimile of Longinus, "like the ſun in its evening declination; he remits his ſplendor, but retains his magnitude; and pleaſes more though he dazzles leſs."

Ibid. vol. 5, p. 190.

Kings, without ſometimes paſſing their time without pomp, and without acquaintance with the various forms of life, and with the genuine paſſions, intereſts, deſires, and diſtreſſes, of mankind, ſee the world in a miſt, and bound their views to a narrow compaſs. It was, perhaps, to the private condition in which Cromwell firſt entered the world, that he owed the ſuperiority of underſtanding, he had over moſt of our kings. In that ſtate, he learned the art of ſecret tranſaction, and the knowledge by which he was able to oppoſe zeal to zeal, and make one enthuſiaſt deſtroy another.

Ibid. p. 100.

It is a poſition long received amongſt politicians, that the loſs of a king's power is ſoon followed by the loſs of life.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 440.

The riches of a king ought not be ſeen in his own coffers, but in the opulence of his ſubjects.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 97.

To enlarge dominions, has been the boaſt of many princes; to diffuſe happineſs and ſecurity through wide regions has been granted to few.

Ibid. p. 111.

Monarchs are always ſurrounded with refined ſpirits, ſo penetrating, that they frequently diſcover in their maſters great qualities, inviſible to vulgar eyes, and which, did not they publiſh them to mankind, would be unobſerved for ever.

Marmor Norfolcienſe, p. 17.

L.

LIFE.

Life is not to be counted by the ignorance of infancy or the imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we ſoon ceaſe from the power of acting.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 26.

Human life is every where a ſtate in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed.

Ibid. p. 78.

Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot ultimately be defeated.

Preface to Dict. fol. p. 10.

The great art of life is to play for much and ſtake little.

Diſſertation on Authors, p. 29.

It has always been lamented, that of the little time allotted to man, much muſt be ſpent upon ſuperfluities. Every proſpect has its obſtructions, which we muſt break to enlarge our view. Every ſtep of our progreſs finds impediments, which, however eager to go forward, we muſt ſtop to remove.

Preliminary Diſcourſe to the London Chronicle, p. 153.

An even and unvaried tenor of life always hides from our apprehenſion the approach of its end. Succeſſion is not perceived but by variation. He that lives to-day as he lived yeſterday, and expects that as the preſent day, ſuch will be to-morrow,

eaſily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itſelf. The uncertainty of our ſituation is impreſſed commonly by diſſimilitude of condition, and it is only by finding life changeable, that we are reminded of its ſhortneſs.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 282.

He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wiſh to advance rather by the impulſe of the wind, than the ſtrokes of the oar; and many founder in their paſſage while they lie waiting for the gale.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 7.

A minute analyſis of life at once deſtroys that ſplendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatſoever grandeur can diſplay or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind ſhrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the ſhambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkneſs of the mine.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 2, p. 73.

In the different degrees of life, there will be often found much *meanneſs* among the great, and much *greatneſs* among the mean.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 181.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often proud of the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean; particularly of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 21.

When

When we ſee, by ſo many examples, how few are the neceſſaries of life, we ſhould learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity.

Ibid. vol. 8, p. 345.

The main of life is compoſed of ſmall incidents and petty occurrences, of wiſhes for objects not remote, and grief for diſappointments of no fatal conſequence; of inſect vexations, which ſting us and fly away; and impertinences which buz a while about us, and are heard no more. Thus a few pains and a few pleaſures, are all the materials of human life; and of theſe the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reaſon and choice.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 82.

Such is the ſtate of every age, every ſex, and every condition in life, that all have their cares either from *nature* or from *folly*; whoever, therefore, that finds himſelf inclined to envy another, ſhould remember that he knows not the real condition which he deſires to obtain, but is certain, that by indulging a vicious paſſion, he muſt leſſen that happineſs which he thinks already too ſparingly beſtowed.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 140.

No man paſt the middle point of life, can ſit down to feaſt upon the pleaſures of youth, without finding the banquet embittered by the cup of ſorrow.

A few years make ſuch havoc in human generations, that we ſoon ſee ourſelves deprived of thoſe with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleaſures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterpriſe re-

counts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the close of the relation, to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success. He that passes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wits, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence. The trader, whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, repines in solitary plenty at the absence of companions, with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 234.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time; and its progress towards happiness, though naturally slow, is yet retarded by unnecessary labour.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 217.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniencies, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. In short, the true state of every nation is the state of common life.

Western Islands. p. 44.

If

If to have all that riches can purchaſe is to be rich, if to do all that can be done in a long time is to live long, he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or ſhorten the buſineſs of life.

Life of Barretier, p. 141.

LEARNING.

It is not by comparing *line* with *line* that the merit of great works is to be eſtimated; but by their general effects and ultimate reſult.

Life of Dryden.

When learning was firſt riſing on the world, in the fifteenth century, ages ſo long accuſtomed to darkneſs, were too much dazzled with its light to ſee any thing diſtinctly. The firſt race of ſcholars, hence, for the moſt part, were learning to ſpeak rather than to think, and were therefore more ſtudious of elegance than truth. The contemporaries of Boethius thought it ſufficient to know what the ancients had delivered; the examination of tenets and facts was reſerved for another generation.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 28.

In nations where there is hardly the uſe of letters, what is once out of ſight, is loſt for ever. They think but little, and of their few thoughts none are waſted on the part in which they are neither intereſted by fear nor hope. Their only regiſters are ſtated obſervances and practical repreſentations; for this reaſon an age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants and proceſſions, and commemorations, gradually ſhrink away as

better methods come into uſe, of recording events and preſerving rights.

Ibid. p. 145.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompenſe of labour; and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of its reward.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 155.

Literature is a kind of intellectual light, which, like the light of the ſun, may ſometimes enable us to ſee what we do not like; but who would wiſh to eſcape unpleaſing objects, by condemning himſelf to perpetual darkneſs?

Diſſertation on Authors, p. 22.

It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place. It is not confined to ſeaſon or to climate; to cities or the country; but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleaſure can be obtained.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 234.

In reſpect to the loſs and gain of literature, if letters were conſidered only as a means of pleaſure, it might well be doubted in what degree of eſtimation they ſhould be held; but when they are referred to neceſſity, the controverſy is at an end. It ſoon appears, that though they may ſometimes incommode us, yet human life would ſcarcely riſe, without them, above the common exiſtence of animal nature. We might, indeed, breathe and eat,

eat, in univerſal ignorance, but muſt want all that gives pleaſure or ſecurity, all the embelliſhments and delights, and moſt of the conveniencies and comforts of our preſent condition.

Diſſertation on Authors, p. 21.

LOVE.

It is not hard to love thoſe from whom nothing can be feared.

Life of Addiſon.

In love it has been held a maxim, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect, and unperceived approaches; he who too ſoon profeſſes himſelf a lover, raiſes obſtacles to his own wiſhes; and thoſe whom diſappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their paſſion, till they believe their miſtreſs wiſhes for the diſcovery.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 3.

Love being always ſubject to the operations of time, ſuffers change and diminution.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 10, p. 366.

SELF-LOVE.

Partiality to ourſelves is ſeen in a variety of inſtances. The liberty of the preſs is a bleſſing, when we are inclined to write againſt others; and a calamity, when we find ourſelves overborne by the multitude of our aſſailants; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by thoſe who ſuffer through its influence, and too little by thoſe in whoſe favour it is exerted. A ſtanding army is generally accounted neceſſary, by thoſe who command, and dangerous and oppreſſive by thoſe who ſupport it.

Life of Savage.

To

To charge thoſe favourable repreſentations which every man gives of himſelf, with the guilt of hypocritical falſehood, would ſhew more ſeverity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himſelf. Almoſt every man's thoughts, whilſt they are general, are right; and moſt hearts are pure, whilſt temptation is away. It is eaſy to awaken generous ſentiments in privacy; to deſpiſe death where there is no danger; to glow with benevolence where there is nothing to be given. Whilſt ſuch ideas are formed, they are felt, and ſelf-love does not ſuſpect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

Life of Pope.

LANGUAGE.

When the matter is low and ſcanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean, becauſe nothing is familiar, affords great convenience.

Life of Addiſon.

Language is only the inſtrument of ſcience, and words are but the ſigns of ideas.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 2.

However academies have been inſtituted to guard the avenues of their languages; to retain fugitives and repulſe intruders; their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain. Sounds are too volatile and ſubtle for legal reſtraints; to enchain ſyllables and laſh the wind are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to meaſure its deſires by its ſtrength. Among a people poliſhed by art, and claſſed by ſubordination, thoſe who have much leiſure to think, will always be enlarging the ſtock of ideas; and every increaſe of knowledge, whether real, or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations

combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from neceſſity, it will range after convenience; when it is left at large in the fields of ſpeculation, it will ſhift opinions. As any cuſtom is diſuſed, the words that expreſſed it muſt periſh with it; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate ſpeech in the ſame proportion as it alters practice.

Ibid. p. 9.

It is incident to words, as to their authors, to degenerate from their anceſtors, and to change their manners when they change their country.

Ibid. p. 3.

No nation can trace their language beyond the ſecond period; and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 62.

Commerce, however neceſſary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language. They that have frequent intercourſe with ſtrangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themſelves, muſt in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which ſerves the traffickers on the Mediterranean and Indian coaſts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouſe, or the port, but will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at laſt incorporated with the current ſpeech.

Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary, p. 81.

Every language has its anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themſelves once unneceſſary, muſt be tolerated among the imperfections of human things, and which require only to be regiſtered,

tered, that they may not be increaſed, and aſcertained, that they may not be confounded.

Ibid. p. 56.

Language is the dreſs of thought; and as the nobleſt mien, or moſt graceful action, would be degraded and obſcured by a garb appropriated to the groſs employments of ruſtics or mechanics, ſo the moſt heroic ſentiments will loſe their efficacy, and the moſt ſplendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words uſed commonly upon low and trivial occaſions, debaſed by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

Life of Cowley.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impoſſible that the ſame modes of expreſſion ſhould always be elegant in both.

Life of Dryden.

Language proceeds, like every thing elſe, thro' improvement to degeneracy.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 60.

Every man is more ſpeedily inſtructed by his own language than by any other.

Ibid. p. 218.

Orthography is vitiated among ſuch as learn firſt to ſpeak, and then to write, by imperfect notions of the relations between letters and vocal utterance.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 382.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

There is not, perhaps, one of the liberal arts which may not be completely learned in the Engliſh language.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 219.

In

In our language *two negatives* did not originally *affirm*, but *ſtrengthen the negation*.—This mode of ſpeech was in time changed, but as the change was made in oppoſition to long cuſtoms, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confuſion.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 4, p. 346.

To our language may be, with great juſtneſs, applied the obſervation of Quintilian, "that ſpeech was not formed by an analogy ſent from heaven." It did not deſcend to us in a ſtate of uniformity and perfection, but was produced by neceſſity, and enlarged by accident, and is therefore compoſed of diſſimilar parts, thrown together by negligence, by affectation, by learning, or by ignorance.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 41.

Such was the power of our language in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that a ſpeech might be formed adequate to all the purpoſes of life. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker*, and the tranſlation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phraſes of policy, war, and navigation, from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenſer* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Sdakeſpeare*, few ideas would be loſt to mankind for want of *Engliſh words* in which they might be expreſſed.

Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary, p. 74.

The affluence and comprehenſion of our language is very illuſtriouſly diſplayed in our poetical *tranſlations of ancient writers*; a work which the French ſeem to relinquiſh in deſpair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity.

Life of Dryden.

From

From the time of *Gower* and *Chaucer*, the Engliſh writers have ſtudied elegance, and advanced their language, by ſucceſſive improvements, to as much harmony as it can eaſily receive, and as much copiouſneſs as human knowledge has hitherto required, till every man now endeavours to excel others in accuracy, or outſhine them in ſplendour of ſtyle; and the danger is, leſt *care* ſhould too ſoon paſs to *affectation*.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 63.

LAWS.

It is, perhaps, impoſſible to review the laws of any country, without diſcovering many defects, and many ſuperfluities. Laws often continue when their reaſons have ceaſed. Laws made for the firſt ſtate of the ſociety, continue unabliſhed when the general form of life is changed. Parts of the judicial procedure, which were at firſt only accidental, become, in time, eſſential; and formalities are accumulated on each other, till the art of litigation requires more ſtudy than the diſcovery of right.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 112.

To embarraſs juſtice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, ſeems to be the oppoſite rocks on which all civil inſtitutions have been wrecked, and between which, legiſlative wiſdom has never yet found an open paſſage.

Ibid.

It is obſerved, that a corrupt ſociety has many laws.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 186.

Laws

Laws are often occaſional, often capricious, made always by a few, and ſometimes by a ſingle voice.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 60.

The firſt laws have no laws to enforce them—The firſt authority is conſtituted by itſelf.

Falſe Alarm, p. 12.

Laws that exact obedience, and yield no protection, contravene the firſt principles of the compact of authority.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 209.

A man accuſtomed to ſatisfy himſelf with the obvious and natural meaning of a ſentence, does not eaſily ſhake off his habit; but a true-bred lawyer never contents himſelf with one ſenſe, when there is another to be found.

Marmor Norfolcienſe, p. 48.

PENAL LAWS.

Death is, as one of the antients obſerves, "of dreadful things the moſt dreadful." An evil beyond which nothing can be threatened by ſublunary power, or feared from human enmity or vengeance. This terror therefore ſhould be reſerved as the *laſt reſort of authority*, as the ſtrongeſt and moſt operative of prohibitory ſanctions, and placed before the treaſure of life to guard from invaſion what cannot be reſtored. To equal robbery with murder, is to reduce murder to robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of iniquity, and incite the commiſſion of a greater crime, to prevent the detection of a leſs. If only murder was puniſhed with death, very few robbers would ſtain their hands in blood; but when, by the

the laſt act of cruelty, no new danger is incurred, and greater ſecurity may be obtained, upon what principle ſhall we forbid them forbear.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 51.

If thoſe whom the wiſdom of our laws has condemned to die, had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might by proper diſcipline and uſeful labour, have been diſentangled from their habits; they might have eſcaped all the temptations to ſubſequent crimes, and paſſed their days in reparation and penitence.

Ibid p. 53.

LIBERTY.

A zeal, which is often thought and called liberty, ſometimes diſguiſes from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it poſſeſſes, an envious deſire of plundering wealth or degrading greatneſs; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, or imperious eagerneſs to ſubvert and confound, with very little care what ſhall be eſtabliſhed.

Life of Akenſide.

It has been obſerved that they who moſt loudly clamour for *liberty*, do not moſt liberally grant it.

Life of Milton.

LOYALTY.

As a man inebriated only by vapours, ſoon recovers in the open air, a nation diſcontented to madneſs, without any adequate cauſe, will return to its wits and allegiance, when a little pauſe has cooled it to reflection.

Falſe Alarm, p. 53.

LETTER-

LETTER-WRITING.

Letters on public buſineſs ſhould be written with a mind more intent on *things* than *words*, and above the affectation of unſeaſonable elegance. The buſineſs of a ſtateſman can be little forwarded by flowers of rhetoric.

Life of Cowley.

As letters are written on all ſubjects, in all ſtates of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to ſettled rules, or deſcribed by any ſingle characteriſtic; and we may ſafely diſentangle our minds from critical embarraſſments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form; and that nothing is to be refuſed admiſſion, which would be proper in any other method of treating the ſame ſubject.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 278.

LONDON.

London is a place too wide for the operation of petty competition, and private malignity; where merit might ſoon become conſpicuous, and find friends as ſoon as it becomes reputable to befriend it.

Life of Thompſon.

M.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleaſures.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 158.

The infelicities of marriage are not to be urged againſt its inſtitutution, as the miſeries of life prove equally, that life cannot be the gift of heaven.

Ibid. p. 169.

Marriage is not commonly unhappy, but as life is unhappy, and moſt of thoſe who complain of connubial miſeries, have as much ſatisfaction as their natures would have admitted, or their conduct procured in any other condition.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 272.

When we ſee the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without any inquiry but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtleſs uniting themſelves for life to thoſe whom they have only ſeen by the light of tapers; when parents make articles for children without enquiring after their conſent; when ſome marry for heirs to diſappoint their brothers; and others throw themſelves into the arms of thoſe whom they do not love, becauſe they have found themſelves rejected were they were more ſolicitous to pleaſe; when ſome marry becauſe their ſervants cheat them; ſome becauſe they ſquander their own money; ſome becauſe their houſes are peſtered with company; ſome becauſe they will live like other people; and ſome becauſe they are ſick of themſelves; we are not ſo much inclined

clined to wonder that marriage is ſometimes unhaypy, as that it appears ſo little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude, that ſociety has ſomething in itſelf eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleaſures ſo great, that even the ill-choice of a companion can hardly over-balance them. Thoſe, therefore, of the above deſcription, that ſhould rail againſt matrimony, ſhould be informed, that they are neither to wonder, or repine, that a contract begun on ſuch principles, has ended in diſappointment.

Ibid. p. 274 & 276.

Men generally paſs the firſt weeks of matrimony, like thoſe who conſider themſelves as taking the laſt draught of pleaſure, and reſolve not to quit the bowl without a ſurfeit.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 41.

Marriage ſhould be conſidered as the moſt ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip; a ſtate from which artifice and concealment are to be baniſhed for ever; and in which every act of diſſimulation is a breach of faith.

Ibid. p. 43.

A poet may praiſe many whom he would be afraid to marry, and, perhaps, marry one whom he would have been aſhamed to praiſe. Many qualities contribute to domeſtic happineſs, upon which poetry has no colours to beſtow, and many airs and ſallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them, never can approve. There are charms made only for diſtant admiration—no ſpectacle is nobler than a blaze.

Life of Waller.

It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable; ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, enter it again.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 273.

The happineſs of ſome marriages are celebrated by their neighbours, becauſe the married couple happen to grow rich by parſimony, to keep quiet by inſenſibility, and agree to eat and ſleep together.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 42.

A certain diſſimilitude of habitudes and ſentiments, as leaves each ſome peculiar advantages, and affords that *concordia diſcors*, that ſuitable diſagreement, is always neceſſary to happy marriages. Such reaſonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the ſame concluſion. Such thoughts, like rivulets iſſuing from diſtant ſprings, are each impregnated in its courſe with various mixtures, and tinged by infuſions unknown to the other, yet at laſt eaſily unite into one ſtream, and purify themſelves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

Ibid. p. 43.

To die with huſbands, or to live without them, are the two extremes which the *prudence* and *moderation* of *European ladies* have in all ages equally declined.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 198.

Moſt people marry upon mingled motives, between *convenience* and *inclination*.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 262.

EARLY

EARLY MARRIAGES.

From early marriages proceeds the rivalry of parents and children. The ſon is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forſake it; and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade; and neither can forbear to wiſh for the abſence of the other.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 173.

LATE MARRIAGES.

Thoſe who marry late in life will find it dangerous to ſuſpend their fate upon each other, at a time when opinions are fixed and habits are eſtabliſhed; when friendſhips have been contracted on both ſides; when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own proſpects. They will probably eſcape the encroachment of their children; but, in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpleſs, to a guardian's mercy; or, if that ſhould not happen, they muſt, at leaſt, go out of the world, before they ſee thoſe whom they love beſt, either wiſe or great. From their children, if they have leſs to fear, they have alſo leſs to hope; and they loſe, without equivalent, the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant, and minds ſuſceptible of new impreſſions, which might wear away their diſſimilitudes by long cohabitation, as ſoft bodies, by continual attrition, conform their ſurfaces to each other.

Ibid. p. 175 & 177.

COMPARISON BETWEEN EARLY AND LATE MARRIAGES.

It will be generally found, that thoſe who marry late are beſt pleaſed with their children; and thoſe who marry early, with their partners.

Ibid. p. 178.

MALICE.

We ſhould not deſpiſe the malice of the weakeſt. We ſhould remember, that venom ſupplies the want of ſtrength; and that the lion may periſh by the puncture of an aſp.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 163.

The natural diſcontent of inferiority will ſeldom fail to operate, in ſome degree of malice, againſt him who profeſſes to ſuperintend the conduct of others, eſpecially if he ſeats himſelf uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exerciſes authority by his own commiſſion.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 97.

MAN.

Man's ſtudy of himſelf, and the knowledge of his own ſtation in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which ſurround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united, for the reception and communication of happineſs, ſhould begin with the firſt glimpſe of reaſon, and only end with life itſelf. Other acquiſitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illuſtrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increaſe our happineſs through endleſs duration.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 75.

There

There is an inequality happens to every *man*, in every mode of exertion, manual or mental. The mechanic cannot handle his hammer and his file, at all times, with equal dexterity; there are hours, he knows not why, *when his hand is out*.

Life of Milton.

There are *men* whoſe powers operate at leiſure and in retirement, and whoſe intellectual vigour deſerts them in converſation; whom merriment confuſes, and objection diſconcerts; whoſe baſhfulneſs reſtrains their exertion, and ſuffers them not to ſpeak till the time of ſpeaking is paſt; or whoſe attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter, at hazard, what has not been conſidered, and cannot be recalled.

Life of Dryden.

There are ſome men who, in a great meaſure, ſupply the place of reading by gleaning from accidental intelligence, and various converſation; by a quick apprehenſion, a judicious ſelection, and a happy memory; by a keen appetite for knowledge and a powerful digeſtion; by a vigilance that permits nothing to paſs without notice, and a habit of reflection that ſuffers nothing uſeful to be loſt.

Ibid.

It is not ſufficiently conſidered, that men more frequently require to be *reminded* than *informed*.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 12.

It was ſaid by *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not inſtructed: and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardour

and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 222.

Man is ſeldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity. He is better content to want diligence than power, and ſooner confeſſes the depravity of his will, than the imbecility of his nature.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 204.

Every man is obliged, by the Supreme Maſter of the univerſe, to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity ſuch abilities as are beſtowed upon him. But he has no reaſon to repine, though his abilities are ſmall, and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happineſs of one fellow-creature, he that has aſcertained a ſingle moral propoſition or added one uſeful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance; and, with reſpect to mortals like himſelf, may demand, like Auguſtus, to be diſmiſſed, at his departure, with applauſe.

Ibid. p. 205.

Man is made unwillingly acquainted with his own weakneſs; and meditation ſhews him only how little he can ſuſtain and how little he can perform.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 88.

Such ſeems to be the diſpoſition of man, that whatever makes a diſtinction produces rivalry.

Ibid. p. 96.

There

There are men who are always buſy, though no effects of their activity ever appear; and always eager, though they have nothing to gain.

Memoirs of the K. of Pruſſia, p. 95.

Every man's firſt cares are neceſſarily domeſtic.

Ibid. p. 102.

MANNERS.

The manners of a people are not to be found in the ſchools of learning, or the palaces of greatneſs, where the national character is obſcured, or obliterated by travel or inſtruction, by philoſophy or vanity; nor is public happineſs to be eſtimated by the aſſemblies of the gay or the banquets of the rich. The great maſs of nations is neither rich nor gay. They whoſe aggregate conſtitutes the people, are found in the ſtreets and the villages; in the ſhops and farms; and from them, collectively conſidered, muſt the meaſure of general proſperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniencies are multiplied, a nation, at leaſt a commercial nation, muſt be denominated wealthy.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 45.

Such manners as depend upon ſtanding relations and general paſſions, are co-extended with the race of man; but thoſe modifications of life, and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverſeneſs, or, at beſt, of ſome accidental influence or tranſient perſuaſion, muſt periſh with their parents.

Life of Butler.

MADNESS.

It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint and ſtrain it to the purpoſe predominant in their minds; hence Shakeſpeare makes Lear pick up a *ſtock*, who from this immediately thinks to ſurpriſe his enemies by a troop of horſe ſhod with *ſtocks*, or felt.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 9, p. 527.

MEANNESS.

An infallible characteriſtic of meanneſs is cruelty.

Falſe Alarm, p. 49.

MERCHANT.

No mercantile man or mercantile nation has any friendſhip but for money; and alliance between them will laſt no longer than their common ſafety or common profit is endangered; no longer than they have an enemy who threatens to take from each more than either can ſteal from the other.

Political State of Great-Britain p. 50.

A merchant's deſire is not of glory, but of gain; not of public wealth, but of private emolument; he is therefore rarely to be conſulted about war and peace, or any deſigns of wide extent and diſtant conſequence.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 9.

MEMORY.

It may be obſerved that we are apt to promiſe to ourſelves a more laſting memory than the changing ſtate of human things admits; late events obliterate the former; the civil wars have left in this

this nation ſcarcely any tradition of more ancient hiſtory.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 124.

We ſuffer equal pain from the pertinacious adheſion of unwelcome images as from the evaneſcence of thoſe which are pleaſing and uſeful; and it may be doubted, whether we ſhould be more benefited by the art of memory or the art of forgetfulneſs.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 110.

Forgetfulneſs is neceſſary to remembrance.

Ibid.

To forget or to remember at pleaſure are equally beyond the power of man. Yet, as memory may be aſſiſted by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by ſtated times of recollection, ſo the power of forgetting is capable of improvement. Reaſon will, by a reſolute conteſt, prevail over imagination; and the power may be obtained of transferring the attention as judgment ſhall direct.

Ibid. p. 112.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be ſatisfied who meaſures them by what he can conceive or by what he can deſire. He, therefore, that, after the peruſal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to conſider the diſappointment as peculiar to himſelf, or to reſign all hopes of improvement, becauſe he does not retain what even the author has, perhaps, forgotten.

Ibid. p. 120.

The true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is

not able, at pleaſure, to evacuate his mind, and who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure; neither turbid with care, nor agitated with pleaſure. If the repoſitories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the paſt or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain.

Ibid. p. 123.

Memory is the purveyor of reaſon, the power which places thoſe images before the mind, upon which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſed, as the rules of future action or grounds of ſubſequent concluſions.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 248.

The two offices of memory are *collection* and *diſtribution*. By one, images are accumulated, and by the other, produced for uſe. Collection is always the employment of our firſt years, and diſtribution commonly that of our advanced age.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 246.

MIND.

An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 2, p. 270.

Of the powers of the mind, it is difficult to form an eſtimate. Many have excelled Milton in their firſt eſſays, who never roſe to works like "*Paradiſe Loſt.*"

Life of Milton.

Thoſe

Thoſe who look upon the *mind* to depend on the ſeaſons, and ſuppoſe the intellect to be ſubject to periodical ebbs and flows, may juſtly be derided as intoxicated by the fumes of a vain imagination. *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris.* The author that thinks himſelf *weather-bound*, will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhauſted. But while this notion has poſſeſſion of the head, it produces the inability which it ſuppoſes.

Ibid.

Another opinion (equally ridiculous) wanders about the world, and ſometimes finds reception among wiſe men; an opinion that reſtrains the operation of the *mind to particular regions*, and ſuppoſes that a luckleſs mortal may be born in a degree of latitude too high or too low for wiſdom or for wit.

Ibid.

The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 8.

There ſeem to be ſome minds ſuited to *great* and others to *little* employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe, the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence; the other, by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude. The one collects many ideas, but confuſed and indiſtinct; the other is buſied in minute accuracy, but without compaſs and without dignity.

Ibid. p. 260.

There are ſome minds ſo fertile and comprehenſive, that they can always feed reflection with new

ſupplies, and ſuffer nothing from the preclusion of adventitious amuſements; as ſome cities have, within their own walls, encloſed ground enough to feed their inhabitants in a ſiege.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 179.

Such is the delight of mental ſuperiority, that none on whom nature or ſtudy have conferred it, would purchaſe the gifts of fortune by its loſs.

Ibid. p. 267.

Nothing produces more ſingularity of manners, and inconſtancy of life, than the conflict of oppoſite vices in the ſame mind. He that uniformly purſues any purpoſe, whether good or bad, has a ſettled principle of action; and, as he may always find aſſociates who are travelling the ſame way, is countenanced by example, and ſheltered in the multitude; but a man actuated at once by different deſires, muſt move in a direction peculiar to himſelf, and ſuffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to beſtow on thoſe who deviate from the reſt of the world, even without inquiring whether they are worſe or better.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 248.

To find the neareſt way from truth to truth, or from purpoſe to effect; not to uſe more inſtruments where fewer will be ſufficient; not to move by wheels and levers, what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpleſs ignorance, nor over-burdened with unwieldy knowledge.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 202.

PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

If we conſider the exerciſes of the human mind, it will be found, that in each part of life ſome particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treaſures of knowledge are firſt opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined, ſeems of equal value, the power of the ſoul is principally exerted in a vivacious and deſultory curioſity. She applies, by turns, to every object, enjoys it for a ſhort time, and flies with aqual ardour to another. She delights to catch up looſe and unconnected ideas, but ſtarts away from ſyſtems and complications which would obſtruct the rapidity of her tranſitions, and detain her long in the ſame purſuit.

When a number of diſtinct images are collected by theſe erratic and haſty ſurveys, the fancy is buſied in arranging them, and combines them into pleaſing pictures with more reſemblance to the realities of life, as experience advances, and new obſervations rectify the former. While the judgement is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourſelves with living nature, we are ſooner diſguſted with copies in which there appears no reſemblance. We firſt diſcard abſurdity and impoſſibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at laſt become cold and inſenſible to the charms of falſehood, however ſpecious; and, from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itſelf.

Now commences the ruin of judgment or reaſon. We begin to find little pleaſure but in comparing arguments, ſtating propoſitions, diſentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing conſequences. The painted vales of imagination are deſerted, and our intellectual activity is exerciſed in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious ſteps up the narrow tracks of demonſtration. Whatever may lull vigilance or miſlead attention, is contemptuouſly rejected, and every diſguiſe in which error may be concealed, is carefully obſerved, till, by degrees, a certain number of inconteſtible or unſuſpected propoſitions are eſtabliſhed, and at laſt concatenated into arguments or compacted into ſyſtems.

At length, wearineſs ſucceeds to labour, and the mind lies at eaſe in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any deſire of new conqueſts or excurſions. This is the age of recollection and narrative. The opinions are ſettled, and the avenues of apprehenſion ſhut againſt any new intelligence; the days that are to follow muſt paſs in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and aſſertions of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward ſo odious as oppoſition, ſo inſolent as doubt, or ſo dangerous as novelty.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 271, 272, & 273.

MINUTENESS.

The parts of the greateſt things are litttle: what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity, becomes ridiculous.

Life of Cowley.

MISERY.

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

Life of Savage.

The misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

Life of Pope.

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no less certain, that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral good; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 211.

MIRTH.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression; the jest which is expected is already destroyed.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 32.

Any passion, too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the

the ſame degree be afraid to loſe; and fear and pleaſure cannot dwell together.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 244.

Real mirth muſt be always natural; and nature is uniform—Men have been wiſe in different modes, but they have always laughed the ſame way.

Life of Cowley.

The perverſeneſs of mankind makes it often miſchievous in men of eminence to give way to *merriment*. The idle and the illiterate will often ſhelter themſelves under what they ſay in thoſe moments.

Life of Blackmore.

MONEY.

To mend the world by baniſhing money is an old contrivance of thoſe who did not conſider that the quarrels and miſchiefs which ariſe from money, as the ſign, or ticket, of riches, muſt, if money were to ceaſe, ariſe immediately from riches themſelves; and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own ſhare of the goods of life.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 388.

MOTIVES.

Nothing is more vain than at a diſtant time to examine the motives of diſcrimination and partiality; for the enquirer, having conſidered intereſt and policy, is obliged, at laſt, to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct; ſuch as caprice, accident, and private affections.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 248.

METHOD.

METHOD.

As the end of method is perſpicuity, that ſeries is ſufficiently regular that avoids obſcurity; and where there is no obſcurity, it will not be difficult to diſcover method.

Life of Pope.

MAXIMS.

There are *maxims* treaſured up in the mind rather for ſhow than uſe, and operate very little upon a man's conduct, however elegantly he might ſometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate them.

Life of Savage.

OLD MAIDS.

Old maids ſeldom give thoſe that frequent their converſation any exalted notions of the bleſſings of liberty; for, whether it be that they are angry to ſee with what inconſiderate eagerneſs other heedleſs females ruſh into ſlavery, or with what abſurd vanity the married ladies boaſt the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to aſſert the natural dignity of their ſex; whether they are conſcious that, like barren countries, they are free only becauſe they were never thought to deſerve the trouble of a conqueſt, or imagine that their ſincerity is not always unſuſpected, when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain that they generally appear to have ſome great and inceſſant cauſe of uneaſineſs, and that many of them have been at laſt perſuaded, by *powerful rhetoricians*, to try the life which they had ſo long condemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they leaſt became them.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 236.

MODERATION.

Moderation is commonly firm; and firmneſs is commonly ſucceſsful.

Falkland Iſlands, p. 32.

It was one of the maxims of the Spartans, not to preſs upon a flying army; and therefore their enemies were always ready to quit the field, becauſe they knew the danger was only in oppoſing.

Letter to Douglas, p. 3.

N.

NATURE.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 8.

The power of nature is only the power of uſing to any certain purpoſe the materials which diligence procures or opportunity ſupplies.

Ibid. p. 39.

ENGLISH NABOBS, &c.

Thoſe who make an illegal uſe of power in foreign countries to enrich themſelves and dependants, live with hearts full of that malignity which fear of detection always generates in them, who are to defend unjuſt acquiſitions againſt lawful authority; and, when they come home with riches thus acquired, they bring minds hardened in evil, too proud for reproof, and too ſtupid for reflection.

They

They offend the high by their insolence, and corrupt the low by their examples.

Falkland Islands, p. 11.

NEGLIGENCE.

No man can safely do that by others, which might be done by himself. He that indulges negligence, will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve, will at last be deceived.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 14.

NOVELTY.

To oblige the most fertile genius to say only what is *new*, would be to contract his volumes to a few pages.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 187.

Every novelty appears more wonderful as it is more remote from any thing with which experience or testimony have hitherto acquainted us; and if it passes further beyond the notions that we have been accustomed to form, it becomes at last incredible.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 195.

NUMBERS.

To count is a modern practice; the ancient method was to guess; and when numbers are guessed, they are always magnified.

Western Islands, p. 227.

NARRATION.

Nothing can be more disgusting than a narrative spangled with conceits; and conceits are all that some narratives supply.

Life of Cowley.

Every

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose on real facts, and certain experience. This is, perhaps, one reason among many, why age delights in narratives.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 232.

NOTES.

Notes to a literary work are often necessary; but they are necessary evils. Parts are not to be examined, till the whole has been surveyed: there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design, and its true proportions; a close approach shews the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

Preface to Shakspeare, p. 148.

NATIONS.

Nations have changed their characters; slavery is now no where more patiently endured than in countries once inhabited by the zealots of liberty.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 160.

Such is the diligence with which, in nations completely civilized, one part of mankind labours for another, that wants are supplied faster than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life stagnate, for want of some desire to keep it in motion. This species of distress furnishes a new set of occupations; and multitudes are busied, from

from day to day, in finding the rich and the fortunate something to do.

Ibid. p. 166.

It is, perhaps, the character of the Engliſh nation to deſpiſe trifles.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 216.

All nations whoſe power has been exerted on the ocean, have fixed colonies in remote parts of the world; and while thoſe colonies ſubſiſted, navigation, if it did not increaſe, was always preſerved from total decay.

Political State of Great-Britain in 1756, p. 48.

It is ridiculous to imagine that the friendſhip of nations, whether civil or barbarous, can be gained or kept, but by *kind treatment*; and, ſurely, they who intrude *uncalled* upon the country of a diſtant people, ought to conſider the natives as worthy of common kindneſs.

Ibid. p. 56.

It is obſervable, that moſt nations amongſt whom the uſe of clothes is unknown, paint their bodies. Such was the practice of the firſt inhabitants of our own country; and from this cuſtom did our earlieſt enemies, the Picts, owe their denomination. This practice contributes in ſome degree to defend them from the injuries of winter, and, in thoſe climates where little evaporates by the pores, may be uſed with no great inconvenience; but in hot countries, where perſpiration is in a great degree neceſſary, the natives only uſe unction to preſerve them from the other extreme of weather. So well do either reaſon or experience ſupply the place of ſcience in ſavage countries.

Life of Drake, p. 202.

It

It is obſerved, that among the natives of England is to be found a greater variety of humour than in any other country.

Origin and Importance of Fugitive Pieces, p. 3.

O.

OPINION.

The opinion prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controverſy, are confuted and rejected in another, and riſe again to reception in remoter times. Thus, the human mind is kept in motion without progreſs. Thus, ſometimes, truth and error, and ſometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invaſion.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 54.

Much of the pain and pleaſure of mankind ariſes from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others. We all enjoy praiſe which we do not hear, and reſent contempt which we do not ſee.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 280.

To think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be eaſily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted and diſmiſſed without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reaſon for changing his mind about queſtions of greater importance?

Life of Savage.

When an opinion, to which there is no temptation of intereſt, ſpreads wide and continues long,

it

it may be reaſonably preſumed to have been infuſed by nature or dictated by reaſon.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 290.

OPPORTUNITY.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are ſuffered which might have once been ſupplied, and much time is loſt in regretting the time which had been loſt before.

The Patriot, p. 1.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wiſhes, and regret, in the laſt hour, his uſeleſs intentions and barren zeal.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 22.

OATHS.

Raſh oaths, whether kept or broken, frequently produce guilt.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 2, p. 402.

OBLIGATION.

To be obliged, is to be in ſome reſpect inferior to another, and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raiſes one whom they have always been accuſtomed to think below them, but ſatisfy themſelves with faint praiſe and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 37.

OBSER-

OBSERVATION.

An obſerver, deeply impreſſed by any remarkable ſpectacle, does not ſuppoſe that the traces will ſoon vaniſh from his mind, and having commonly no great convenience for writing, defers the deſcription to a time of more leiſure and better accommodation. But he who has made the experiment, or who is not accuſtomed to require rigorous accuracy from himſelf, will ſcarcely believe how much a few hours take from certainty of knowledge and diſtinctneſs of imagery; how the ſucceſſion of objects will be broken, how ſeparate parts will be confuſed, and how many particular features and diſcriminations will be compreſſed into one groſs and general idea.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 343.

P.

PARENTS.

In general, thoſe parents have moſt reverence, who moſt deſerve it; for he that lives well cannot be deſpiſed.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 155.

PATRIOT.

A Patriot is he, whoſe public conduct is regulated by one ſingle motive, viz. *the love of his country*; who, as an agent, in parliament, has for himſelf neither hope nor fear; neither kindneſs nor reſentment; but refers every thing to the common intereſt.

Patriot, p. 3.

The

The frowns of a prince and the loſs of a penſion have been found of wonderful efficacy to abſtract men's thoughts from the preſent time, and fill them with zeal for the liberty and welfare of ages to come.

Marmor Norfolcienſe, p. 21.

PASSION.

The adventitious peculiarities of perſonal habits are only ſuperficial dies, bright and pleaſing for a while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former luſtre. But the diſcrimination of true paſſion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 18.

Paſſion, in its firſt violence, controls intereſt, as the eddy, for a while, runs againſt the ſtream.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 3.

Real paſſion runs not after remote alluſions and obſcure opinions. Where there is leiſure for *fiction*, there is little grief.

Life of Milton.

Of any paſſion *innate* and *irreſiſtible*, the exiſtence may reaſonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means conſtant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleaſure, is at another a lover of money.

Life of Pope.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders

ders the warrior from circumſpection; too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader; and too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 320.

PROGRESS OF THE PASSIONS.

The paſſions uſurp the ſeparate command of the ſucceſſive periods of life. To the happineſs of our firſt years, nothing more ſeems neceſſary than freedom from reſtraint. Every man may remember, that if he was left to himſelf, and indulged in the diſpoſal of his own time, he was once content without the ſuperaddition of any actual pleaſure.

The new world is in itſelf a banquet, and till we have exhauſted the freſhneſs of life, we have always about us ſufficient gratification. The ſunſhine quickens us to play, and the ſhade invites us to ſleep.

But we ſoon become unſatisfied with negative felicity, and are ſolicited by our ſenſes and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taſte of him who has ſatisfied his hunger muſt be excited by artificial ſtimulations. The ſimplicity of natural amuſements is now paſſed, and art and contrivance muſt improve our pleaſures; but, in time, art, like nature, is exhauſted, and the ſenſes can no longer ſupply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleaſure to intereſt, in which pleaſure is perhaps included, though diffuſed to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame: wealth, to which, however variouſly denominated, every man at ſome time

time or other aſpires; power, which all wiſh to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wiſe or ignorant, was yet able to deſpiſe. Now prudence and foreſight exert their influence. No hour is devoted wholly to any preſent enjoyment, no act or purpoſe terminates in itſelf, but every motion is referred to ſome diſtant end; the accompliſhment of one deſign begins another, and the ultimate wiſh is always puſhed off to its former diſtance.

At length fame is obſerved to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous. The man whoſe vigour and alacrity begin to forſake him, by degrees contracts his deſigns, remits his former multiplicity of purſuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than his power. Avarice is generally the laſt paſſion of thoſe lives, of which the firſt part has been ſquandered in pleaſure, and the ſecond in ambition. He that ſinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder buſineſs of ſaving it.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 273 & 274.

PAIN.

Pain is leſs ſubject than pleaſure to caprices of expreſſion.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 282.

Our ſenſe is ſo much ſtronger of what we ſuffer, than of what we enjoy, that the ideas of pain predominate in almoſt every mind. What is recollection, but a revival of vexation; or hiſtory, but a record of wars, treaſons, and calamities? Death, which is conſidered as the greateſt evil, happens

to all; the greateſt good, be it what it will, is the lot but of a part.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 250.

PATRONAGE.

A man conſpicuous in a high ſtation, who multiplies hopes, that he may multiply dependents, may be conſidered as a beaſt of prey.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 79.

To ſolicit patronage is, at leaſt in the event, to ſet virtue to ſale. None can be pleaſed without praiſe, and few can be praiſed without falſehood; few can be aſſiduous without ſervility, and none can be ſervile without corruption.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 298.

PLEASURE.

Whatever profeſſes to benefit by pleaſing, muſt pleaſe at once. What is perceived by ſlow degrees, may gratify us with the conſciouſneſs of improvement, but will never ſtrike us with the ſenſe of pleaſure.

Life of Cowley.

Pleaſure is very ſeldom found where it is ſought; our brighteſt blazes of gladneſs are commonly kindled by unexpected ſparks. The flowers which ſcatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from ſeeds ſcattered by chance.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 31.

The great ſource of pleaſure is variety. Uniformity muſt tire at laſt, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when ex-

pectation

pectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

Life of Butler.

The merit of pleasing must be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferments are often bestowed on the auxillaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity.

Life of Dryden.

Men may be convinced, but they cannot be *pleased* against their will. But though taste is obstinate, it is very variable, and time often prevails, when arguments have failed.

Life of Congreve.

Pleasure is only received, when we believe that we give it in return.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 90.

Pleasure is seldom such as it appears to others, nor often such as we represent it to ourselves.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 99.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 146.

Pleasure in itself harmless, may become mischievous, by endearing us to a state which we know to be transient and probatory. Self-denial is no virtue in itself; nor is it of any other use, than as it disengages us from the allurements of sense. In the state of future perfection, to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and security without restraint.

Prince of Abyssinia.

PLEASURES OF LOCAL EMOTION.

To abſtract the mind from all local emotion would be impoſſible, if it were endeavoured; and would be fooliſh if it were poſſible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our ſenſes, whatever makes the paſt, the diſtant, or the future predominate over the preſent, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be ſuch frigid philoſoyhy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wiſdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whoſe patriotiſm would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whoſe piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 346.

POETS AND POETRY.

In almoſt all countries, the moſt ancient poets are conſidered as the beſt. Whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquiſition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once, or that the firſt poetry of every nation, ſurpriſed them as a novelty, and retained the credit by conſent, which it received by accident at firſt; or whether, as the province of poetry is to deſcribe nature and paſſion, which are always the ſame, the firſt writers took poſſeſſion of the moſt ſtriking objects for deſcription, and the moſt probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to thoſe that followed them but tranſcriptions of the ſame events, and new combinations of the ſame images. Whatever be the reaſon, it is commonly obſerved, that the early writers are in poſſeſſion of *nature*, and their followers of *art*.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 64 & 65.

Compoſitions

Compoſitions, merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for ſome thing uſeful. They are flowers fragrant and fair, but of ſhort duration; or they are bloſſoms only to be valued as they foretel fruits.

Life of Waller.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art, ſhould be ſunk in general expreſſions; becauſe poetry is to ſpeak an univerſal language. This rule is ſtill ſtronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge.

Life of Dryden.

A mythological fable ſeldom pleaſes. The ſtory we are accuſtomed to reject as falſe, and the manners are ſo diſtant from our own, that we know them not by ſympathy, but by ſtudy.

Life of Smith.

No poem ſhould be long, of which the purpoſe is only to ſtrike the fancy, without enlightening the underſtanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative.—A blaze firſt pleaſes, and then tires the ſight.

Life of Fenton.

After all the refinements of ſubtilty, and the dogmatiſm of learning, all claim to poetical honours muſt be finally decided by the common ſenſe of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices.

Life of Gray.

Though poets profeſs fiction, the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth, and he that has flattery ready for all whom the viciſſitudes of

the world happen to exalt, muſt be ſcorned as a proſtituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has loſt the dignity of virtue.

Life of Waller.

It does not always happen that the ſucceſs of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The ſame obſervation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by cauſes wholly out of the performer's power, by the hints of which he perceives not the origin, by ſudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himſelf, and which ſometimes riſe when he expects them leaſt.

Diſſertation on the Epitaphs of Pope, p. 320.

Poets are ſcarce thought *freemen* of their company, without paying ſome *duties*, or obliging themſelves to be true to love.

Life of Cowley.

The man that ſits down to ſuppoſe himſelf charged with treaſon or peculation, and heats his mind by an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he never was within the poſſibility of committing, differs only by the *infrequency of his folly* from the poet who praiſes beauty which he never ſaw, complains of jealouſy which he never felt, ſuppoſes himſelf ſometimes invited, and ſometimes forſaken, fatigues his fancy, and ranſacks his memory for images which may exhibit the gaiety of hope, or the gloomineſs of deſpair; and dreſſes his imaginary Chloris, or Phillis, ſometimes in flowers fading as her beauty, and ſometimes in gems laſting as her virtues.

Ibid.

One

One of the greateſt ſources of poetical delight is deſcription, or the powers of preſenting pictures to the mind.

Ibid.

Waller's opinion concerning the duty of a poet was—" That he ſhould blot from his works any line that did not contain ſome motive to virtue."

Life of Waller.

It is in vain for thoſe who borrow too many of their ſentiments and illuſtrations from the old mythology, to plead the example of the ancient poets. The deities which they produced ſo frequently were conſidered as realities, ſo far as to be received by the imagination, whatever ſober reaſon might then determine. But of theſe images time has tarniſhed the ſplendor. A fiction not only detected but deſpiſed, can never afford a ſolid baſis to any poſition, though ſometimes it may furniſh a tranſient alluſion, or ſlight illuſtration. No modern monarch can be much exalted by hearing, that as Hercules has had his *club*, he has his *navy*.

Ibid.

Thoſe who admire the beauties of a great poet, ſometimes force their own judgment into a falſe approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themſelves to think that admirable which is only ſingular. All that ſhort compoſitions can commonly attain is neatneſs and elegance.

Life of Milton.

Boſſu is of opinion, that the poet's firſt work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illuſtrate and eſtabliſh.

Ibid.

Pleaſure and terror are indeed the genuine ſources of poetry; but poetical pleaſure muſt be ſuch as human imagination can at leaſt conceive, and poetical terror ſuch as human ſtrength and fortitude may combat.

Ibid.

In every work one part muſt be for the ſake of others; a palace muſt have its paſſages; a *poem* muſt have tranſitions. It is no more to be required that wit ſhould be always blazing, than that the ſun ſhould ſtand at noon. In a great work there is a viciſſitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a ſucceſſion of day and night.

Ibid.

The *occaſional poet* is circumſcribed by the narrowneſs of his ſubject. Whatever can happen to a man has happened ſo often, that little remains for fancy and invention. Not only matter, but time is wanting. The poem muſt not be delayed till the occaſion is forgotten. Occaſional compoſitions may however ſecure to a writer the praiſe both of learning and facility; for they cannot be the effect of long ſtudy, and muſt be furniſhed immediately from the treaſures of the mind.

Life of Dryden.

Knowledge of the ſubject is to a poet what materials are to the architect.

Ibid.

Local poetry is a ſpecies of compoſition, of which the fundamental ſubject is ſome particular landſcape to be poetically deſcribed, with the addition of ſuch embelliſhments as may be ſupplied by hiſtorical retroſpection, or incidental meditation.

tion. Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill* appears to claim the originality of this kind of poetry among us.

Life of Denham.

A poem fridgidly didactic without rhyme is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.

Life of Roscommon.

Those performances which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty.

Life of Pope.

As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of some writers may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure.

Life of Collins.

For the same reason that *pastoral poetry* was the first employment of the human imagination, it is generally the first literary amusement of our minds.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 218.

The occasions on which *pastoral* poetry can be properly produced, are few, and general. The state of a man confined to the employments and pleasures of the country, is so little diversified, and exposed to so few of those accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and surprises, in more complicated transactions, that he can be shewn but seldom in such circumstances as attract curiosity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himself; nor any disasters to lament, but a cruel mistress, or a bad harvest.

Ibid. p. 220.

If we ſearch the writings of Virgil, for the true definition of a *paſtoral*, it will be found "A poem in which any action or paſſion is repreſented by its effects upon a country life."

Ibid. p. 224.

Every other power by which the underſtanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exerciſed in proſe. But the poet has this peculiar ſuperiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other compoſition can require, he adds the faculty of joining muſic with reaſon, and of acting at once upon the ſenſes and the paſſions.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 184.

Eaſy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expreſſed, without violence to the language. Any epithet which can be ejected without diminution of the ſenſe, any curious iteration of the ſame word, and all unuſual, though not ungrammatical, ſtructure of ſpeech, deſtroy the grace of eaſy poetry.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 136.

It is the prerogative of *eaſy poetry*, to be underſtood as long as the language laſts; but modes of ſpeech, which owe their prevalence only to modiſh folly, or to the eminence of thoſe that uſe them, die away with their inventors; and their meaning, in a few years, is no longer known.

Ibid. p. 139.

Eaſy poetry, though it excludes pomp, will admit greatneſs.

Ibid.

The

The poets, from the time of Dryden, have gradually advanced in *embelliſhment*, and conſequently departed from ſimplicity and eaſe.

Ibid. p. 140.

POVERTY.

Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in ſplendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the reſt. They ſupport themſelves by temporary expedients, and every day is loſt in contriving for to-morrow.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 151.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without phyſic, and ſecure without a guard. To obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artiſts, and the attendance of flatterers and ſpies.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 229.

There are natural reaſons why poverty does not eaſily conciliate. He that has been confined from his infancy to the converſation of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, muſt neceſſarily want thoſe accompliſhments which are the uſual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indiſputable right to reverence and kindneſs, they will not be diſtinguiſhed by common eyes, unleſs they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are caſt aſide, like unpoliſhed gems, of which none but the artiſt knows the intrinſic value, till their aſperities are ſmoothed, and their incruſtrations rubbed away.

Ibid. p. 35.

Nature makes us poor only when we want neceſſaries, but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 208.

In a long continuance of poverty, it cannot well be expected that any character ſhould be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want, by which the freedom of agency is almoſt deſtroyed; and long aſſociations with fortuitous companions, will, at laſt, relax the ſtrictdeſs of truth, and abate the fervor of ſincerity.—Of ſuch a man, it is ſurely ſome degree of praiſe to ſay, that he preſerved the ſource of action unpolluted; that his principles were never ſhaken; that his diſtinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity, or deſign, but proceeded from ſome unexpected preſſure, or caſual temptation. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much diſpoſed to abſtracted meditation, or remote enquiries.

Life of Collins.

The poor are inſenſible of many little vexations which ſometimes imbitter the poſſeſſions and pollute the enjoyments of the rich. They are not pained by caſual incivility, or mortified by the mutilation of a compliment; but this happineſs is like that of a malefactor, who ceaſes to feel the cords that bind him when the pincers are tearing his fleſh.

Review of the Origin of Evil, p. 10.

Some men are poor by their own faults; ſome by the fault of others.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 252.

Many

Many men are made the poorer by opulence.

Life of Sir T. Brown, p. 254.

POVERTY AND IDLENESS.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmoſt care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleneſs from himſelf.

Idler, vol. i, p. 93.

POLITICS.

Political truth is equally in danger from the praiſes of courtiers, and the exclamation of patriots.

Life of Waller.

It is convenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that diſaffection known which cannot ſafely be puniſhed.

Ibid.

He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous, than he that changes it by his intereſt. He loves himſelf rather than truth.

Life of Milton.

Faction ſeldom leaves a man honeſt, however it might find him.

Ibid.

A wiſe miniſter ſhould conclude, that the flight of every honeſt man is a loſs to the community. That thoſe who are unhappy without guilt, ought to be relieved; and the life which is overburthened by accidental calamities, ſet at eaſe by the care of the public; and that thoſe who by their miſconduct have forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather

rather be made uſeful to the ſociety which they have injured, than be driven from it.

Life of Savage.

There is reaſon to expect, that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at laſt be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do, what they would not ſuffer.

Falkland Iſland, p. 10.

The power of a political treatiſe depends much on the diſpoſition of the people. When a nation is combuſtible, a ſpark will ſet it on fire.

Life of Swift.

When a political deſign has ended in miſcarriage, or ſucceſs; when every eye and every ear is witneſs to general diſcontent, or general ſatisfaction, it is then a proper time to diſentangle confuſion, and illuſtrate obſcurity; to ſhew by what cauſes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to lay down with diſtinct particularity what rumour always huddles in general exclamations, or perplexes by undigeſted narratives: to ſhew whence happineſs or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected, and honeſtly to lay before the people, what enquiry can gather of the paſt, and conjecture can eſtimate of the fnture.

Obſervations on the State of Affairs, 1756, p. 17.

It is not to be expected that phyſical and political truth ſhould meet with equal acceptance, or gain ground upon the world with equal facility. The notions of the naturaliſt find mankind in a ſtate of neutrality, or, at worſt, have nothing to encounter but prejudice and vanity; prejudice without

without malignity, and vanity without intereſt. But the politician's improvements are oppoſed by every paſſion that can exclude conviction, or ſuppreſs it; by ambition, by avarice, by hope, and by terror, by public faction, and private animoſity.

False Alarm, p. 4.

PRAISE.

Praiſe is ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almoſt all our actions.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 178.

They who are ſeldom gorged to the full with praiſe, may be ſafely fed with groſs compliments; for the appetite muſt be ſatisfied before it is diſguſted.

Ibid. p. 180.

That praiſe is worth nothing of which the price is known.

Life of Waller.

Praiſe, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its ſcarcity: it becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raiſe expectation, or animate enterprize. It is, therefore, not only neceſſary that wickedneſs, even when it is not ſafe to cenſure it, be denied applauſe, but that goodneſs be commended only in proportion to its degree; and, that the garlands due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not ſuffered to fade upon the brow of him, who can boaſt only petty ſervices and eaſy virtues.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 181.

The real ſatisfaction which praiſe can afford, is when what is repeated aloud, agrees with the whiſpers

pers of conſcience, by ſhewing us that we have not endeavoured to deſerve well in vain.

Ibid. p. 183.

Every man willingly gives value to the praiſe which he receives, and conſiders the ſentence paſſed in his favour, as the ſentence of diſcernment. We admire in a friend that underſtanding which ſelected us for confidence. We admire more in a patron that judgment, which inſtead of ſcattering bounty indiſcriminately, directed it to us; and thoſe performances which gratitude forbids us to blame, affection will eaſily diſpoſe us to exalt.

Life of Halifax.

To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praiſed*, is truly rare.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 9, p. 176.

Men are ſeldom ſatisfied with praiſe, introduced or followed by any mention of defect.

Life of Pope.

Some are laviſh of praiſe, becauſe they hope to be repaid.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 230.

To ſcatter praiſe or blame without regard to juſtice, is to deſtroy the diſtinction of good and evil. Many have no other teſt of actions than general opinion; and all are ſo influenced by a ſenſe of reputation, that they are often reſtrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have loſt their power.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 181.

PRIDE.

Small things make mean men proud.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 280.

Pride is a vice, which pride itſelf inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himſelf.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 280.

PRIDE AND ENVY.

Pride is ſeldom delicate, it will pleaſe itſelf with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happineſs, but when it may be compared with the miſery of others.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 60.

COMPARISON BETWEEN A DRAMATIC POET AND A STATESMAN.

Diſtreſt alike the ſtateſman with the wit,
When one a *Borough* courts—and one the *Pit*;
The buſy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wiſhes, juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both, to combat or to fly,
Muſt hear all taunts, and hear without reply:
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in the cage.
Th' offended burgeſs hoards his angry tale
For that bleſt year when all that vote may rail;
Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiſs.
This day the powdered curls and golden coat,
Says ſwelling *Criſpin*, begged a cobler's vote.
This night our wit, the pert apprentice cries,
Lies at my feet; I hiſs him and he dies:
The great, 'tis true, can damn th' electing tribe,
The bard can only ſupplicate——not bribe.

Prologue to the Good-natured Man.

PRAYER.

PRAYER:

(Its proper Objects.)

——————— Petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear—nor deem Religion vain;
Still raiſe for *good* the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the meaſure and the choice;
Safe in his power whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious prayer;
Implore his aid, in his deciſion reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy ſervours for a *healthful mind*,
Obedient paſſions, and a *will reſign'd*;
For *Love* which ſcarce collective man can fill,
For *Patience* ſovereign o'er tranſmuted ill,
For *Faith*, that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts Death kind Nature's ſignal for retreat.
Theſe goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
Theſe goods he grants who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe, celeſtial wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

PROSPERITY.

Proſperity, as is truly aſſerted by Seneca, very much obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves. No man can form a juſt eſtimate of his own powers, by inactive ſpeculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has ſurmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can, at beſt, be conſidered but as gold not yet brought to the teſt, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be aſſigned. Equally neceſſary is ſome variety of fortune

tune to a nearer inſpection of the manners, principles, and affections, of mankind.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 268.

Moderation in proſperity is a virtue very difficult to all mortals.

Memoirs of the K. of Pruſſia, p. 137.

PEEVISHNESS.

Peeviſhneſs, though ſometimes it ariſes from old age, or the conſequence of ſome miſery, it is frequently one of the attendants on the proſperous, and is employed by inſolence, in exacting homage; or by tyranny, in harraſſing ſubjection. It is the offſpring of idleneſs or pride; of idleneſs, anxious for trifles, or pride, unwilling to endure the leaſt obſtruction of her wiſhes. Such is the conſequence of peeviſhneſs, it can be borne only when it is deſpiſed.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 114.

It is not eaſy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peeviſh man. In every other ſtate of inferiority, the certainty of pleaſing is perpetually increaſed by a fuller knowledge of our duty, and kindneſs and confidence are ſtrengthened by every new act of truſt and proof of fidelity. But peeviſhneſs ſacrifices to a momentary offence, the obſequiouſneſs or uſefulneſs of half a life, and, as more is performed, encreaſes her exactions.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 39.

Peeviſhneſs is generally the vice of narrow minds, and except when it is the effect of anguiſh and

and diſeaſe, by which the reſolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lighteſt addition to its miſeries, proceeds from an unreaſonable perſuaſion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy againſt it is, to conſider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of ſuffering perturbation and uneaſineſs, from cauſes unworthy of our notice.

Ibid. p. 41.

He that reſigns his peace to little caſualties, and ſuffers the courſe of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himſelf to the direction of the wind, and loſes all that conſtancy and equanimity, which conſtitute the chief praiſe of a wiſe man.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 41.

PEOPLE.

No people can be great who have ceaſed to be virtuous.

Political State of Great-Britain, p. 56.

The proſperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds uſefully employed. To the community, ſedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleneſs an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever ſociety waſtes more than it requires, muſt gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceaſes to labour, takes away ſomething from the public ſtock.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 121.

Great regard ſhould be paid to the voice of the people in caſes where knowledge has been forced upon

upon them by *experience*, without long deductions, or deep reſearches.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 150.

PEDANTRY.

It is as poſſible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troubleſome by ill-timed civility.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 76.

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which many ſeem to conſider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs, or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite amongſt men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate, when it is ſacrificed to a frolic or a jeſt.

Ibid. p. 223.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence is of more frequent uſe than any other intellectual quality; it is exerted on ſlight occaſions, and called into act by the curſory buſineſs of common life.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 25.

Prudence operates on life in the ſame manner as rules on compoſition; it produces vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loſs than procures advantage, and often eſcapes miſcarriages, but ſeldom reaches either power or honour.

Ibid.

PRU-

PRUDENCE AND JUSTICE.

Ariſtotle is praiſed for naming fortitude, firſt of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can ſteadily be practiſed; but he might with equal propriety, have placed *prudence* and *juſtice* before it; ſince without prudence fortitude is mad, without juſtice it is miſchievous.

Life of Pope.

PREJUDICE.

To be prejudiced is always to be weak, yet there are prejudices ſo near to being laudable, that they have often been praiſed, and are always pardoned.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 3.

PEACE.

Peace is eaſily made, when it is neceſſary to both parties.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 121.

PRACTICE.

In every art, *practice* is much; in arts manual, practice is almoſt the whole; precept can at moſt but warn againſt error, it can never beſtow excellence.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 240.

Uniformity of practice ſeldom continues long without good reaſon.

Weſtern Iſlands. p. 361.

PIETY.

Piety is elevation of mind towards the Supreme Being, and extention of the thought to another life.

The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is inviſible. None would have recourſe to an inviſible power, but that all other ſubjects had eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are diſcontented with the preſent. If the ſenſes were feaſted with perpetual pleaſure, they would always keep the mind in ſubjection. Reaſon has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us againſt evil.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 209.

PERFECTION.

To purſue perfection in any ſcience, where perfection is unattainable, is like the firſt inhabitants of Arcadia to chaſe the ſun, which, when they had reached the hill where he ſeemed to reſt, was ſtill beheld at the ſame diſtance from them.

Life of Waller.

It ſeldom happens that all the neceſſary cauſes concur to any great effect. Will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obſtructions.

Life of Dryden.

An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond, the gems muſt be held together by ſome leſs valuable matter.

Ibid.

PERFIDY.

Combinations of wickedneſs would overwhelm the world, by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not thoſe who have long practiſed perfidy, grow faithleſs to each other.

Life of Waller.

PER-

PERSEVERANCE.

No terreſtrial greatneſs is more than aggregate of little things, and to inculcate, after the Arabian proverb, " Drops added to drops, conſtitute the ocean.'

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 49.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praiſe or wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of perſevarance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united with canals; it is therefore of the utmoſt importance that thoſe who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon and their ſpirit, *the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes*, acquire the art of ſapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance by obſtinate attacks.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 261 & 262.

PRODIGALITY.

He ſeldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that truſt her promiſes, make little ſcruple of revelling to-day, on the profits of to-morrow.

Life of Dryden.

PATIENCE.

If what we ſuffer has been brought on us by ourſelves, it is obſerved by an antient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, ſince no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deſerved. If we are

are conſcious that we have not contributed to our own ſufferings, if puniſhment falls upon innocence, or diſappointment happens to induſtry and prudence, patience, whether more neceſſary or not, is much eaſier, ſince our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterneſs of remorſe to add to the aſperity of misfortune.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 195.

In thoſe evils which are allotted us by Providence, ſuch as deformity, privation of any of the ſenſes, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no preſent effect, but to deprive us of the conſolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us thoſe, by whoſe converſation, or advice, we might be amuſed or helped; and that with regard to futurity, it is yet leſs to be juſtified, ſince without leſſening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon them that bear it well.

Ibid.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, becauſe it waſtes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cauſe.

Ibid.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions, ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declenſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived by which the blow might be broken. Of theſe, the moſt general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing of which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion to

 ourſelves.

ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoyment of any terreſtrial advantage, as oppoſite to a conſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which cannot be diſputed; but, in any other ſenſe, is it not like advice not to walk, leſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee, leſt our eyes ſhould light on deformity?

It ſeems reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence, as well as to reſign them with ſubmiſſion, and to hope for the continuance of good which we poſſeſs without inſolence or voluptuouſneſs, as for the reſtitution of that which we loſe without deſpondency or murmurs.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 197.

The chief ſecurity againſt the fruitleſs anguiſh of impatience, muſt ariſe from frequent reflection on the wiſdom and goodneſs of the God of Nature, in whoſe hands are riches and poverty, honour and diſgrace, pleaſure and pain, and life and death. A ſettled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the poſſibility of turning miſeries into happineſs, by receiving them rightly, will incline us *to bleſs the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away.*

Ibid. p. 198.

The uncivilized, in all countries, have patience proportionate to their unſkilfulneſs, and are content to attain their end by very tedious methods.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 161.

PITY.

Pity is to many of the unhappy, a ſource of comfort in hopeleſs diſtreſſes, as it contributes to recom-

recommend them to themſelves, by proving that they have not loſt the regard of others; and heaven ſeems to indicate the duty even of barren compaſſion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 35.

PHILOSOPHY.

One of the chief advantages derived by the preſent generation from the improvement and diffuſion of philoſophy, is deliverance from unneceſſary terrors, and exemption from falſe alarms. The unuſual appearances, whether regular or accidental, which once ſpread conſternation over ages of ignorance, are now the recreations of inquiſitive ſecurity. The ſun is no more lamented when it is eclipſed, than when it ſets, and meteors play their corruſcations without prognoſtic or prediction.

Falſe Alarm, p. 1.

The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind, abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

Ibid. p. 265.

PHYSICIAN.

A phyſician in a great city, ſeems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the moſt part, totally caſual. They that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him, know not his deficience. By an accurate

obſerver, who had looked on the tranſactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of phyſicians.

Life of Akenſide.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Nothing is ſo proper as the frequent publications of ſhort papers, (like the Tatlers, Spectators, &c.) which we read, not as a ſtudy, but amuſement. If the ſubject be ſlight, the treatiſe is likewiſe ſhort. The buſy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

Life of Addiſon.

He that condemns himſelf to compoſe on a *ſtated day*, will often bring to his taſk an attention diſſipated, a memory embarraſſed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind diſtracted with anxieties, a body languiſhing with diſeaſe. He will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuſe his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the preſſing hour of publication cannot ſuffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 262.

LITERARY PUBLICATIONS.

If nothing may be publiſhed but what civil *authority* ſhall have previouſly approved, power muſt always be the *ſtandard of truth*; if every dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects, there can be no ſettlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuſe diſcontent, there can be no peace; and if every ſceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy againſt theſe evils is to puniſh the authors; for it

it is yet allowed, that every ſociety may puniſh, though not prevent, the publication of opinions which that ſociety ſhall think pernicious. But this puniſhment, though it may cruſh the author, promotes the book; and it ſeems not more reaſonable to leave the right of printing unreſtrained, becauſe writers may be afterwards cenſured, than it would be to ſleep with doors unbolted, becauſe by our laws we can hang a thief.

Life of Milton.

OCCASIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

There is, perhaps, no nation in which it is ſo neceſſary as in our own, to aſſemble, from time to time, the ſmall tracts, and fugitive pieces which are ocaſionally publiſhed; for, beſide the general ſubjects of enquiry which are cultivated by us in common with every other learned nation, our conſtitution in church and ſtate, naturally gives birth to a multitude of performances, which would either not have been written, or could not have been made public, in any other place.

Origin and importance of Fugitive Pieces, p. 1

PLAYER.

A public performer is ſo much in the power of ſpectators, that all unneceſſary ſeverity is reſtrained by that general law of humanity which forbids us to be cruel where there is nothing to be feared.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 138.

In every new performer, ſomething muſt be pardoned. No man can, by any force of reſolution, ſecure to himſelf the full poſſeſſion of his powers, under the eye of a large aſſembly. Varia-

tion of geſture, and flexion of voice, are to be obtained only by experience.

Ibid.

PAINTING.

An hiſtorical painter muſt have an action not ſucceſſive, but inſtantaneous; for the time of a picture is a ſingle moment.

Ibid. p. 252.

Though genius is chiefly exerted in hiſtorical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often loſt in the obſcurity of his ſubject; yet it is in painting as in life, what is greateſt is not always beſt. I ſhould grieve to ſee *Reynolds* transfer to heroes and to goddeſſes, to empty ſplendour and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffuſing friendſhip, in reviving tenderneſs, in quickening the affections of the abſent, and continuing the preſence of the dead.

Ibid. p. 251.

PROVIDENCE.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the univerſe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greateſt plenty which the condition of life makes of the greateſt uſe; and that nothing is penuriouſly imparted, or placed far from the reach of men, of which a more liberal diſtribution, or more eaſy acquiſition, would increaſe real and rational felicity.

Ibid. p. 207.

PUBLIC.

Whatever is found to gratify the public, will be multiplied by the emulation of venders beyond neceſſity

ceſſity or uſe. This plenty, indeed, produces cheapneſs; but cheapneſs always ends in negligence and depravation.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 36.

Every man is taught to conſider his own happineſs as combined with the public proſperity, and to think himſelf great and powerful in proportion to the greatneſs and power of his country.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 19.

POLITENESS.

Politeneſs is one of thoſe advantages which we never eſtimate rightly, but by the inconvenience of its loſs. Its influence upon the manners is conſtant and uniform, ſo that, like an equal motion, it eſcapes perception. The circumſtances of every action are ſo adjuſted to each other, that we do not ſee where any error could have been committed, and rather acquieſce in its propriety, than admire its exactneſs.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 261.

The true effect of genuine politeneſs ſeems to be rather *eaſe*, than *pleaſure*. The power of delighting muſt be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very ſmall number to raviſh and to charm, every man may hope, by rules and caution, not to give pain, and may, therefore, by the help of good breeding, enjoy the kindneſs of mankind, though he ſhould have no claim to higher diſtinctions.

Ibid.

When the pale of ceremony is once broken, rudeneſs and inſult ſoon enter the breach.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 23.

PRECIPITANCY.

He that too early aſpires to honours muſt reſolve to encounter, not only the oppoſition of intereſt, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures and uncertain projects; and he that haſtens too ſpeedily to reputation, often raiſes his character by artifices and fallacies, decks himſelf in colours which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may ſhake off or competition pluck away.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 33.

PLAGIARISM.

When the excellence of a new compoſition can no longer be conteſted, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applauſe, there is yet this one expedient to be tried—the *charge of plagiariſm*. By this, the author may be degraded, though his work be reverenced; and the excellence which we cannot obſcure, may be ſet at ſuch a diſtance as not to overpower our fainter luſtre.

Ibid. p. 224.

The author who imitates his predeceſſors, only by furniſhing himſelf with thoughts and elegancies out of the ſame general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a *plagiary*, than the architect can be cenſured as a mean copier of Angelo, or Wren, becauſe he digs his marble from the ſame quarry, ſquares his ſtones by

by the ſame art, and unites them in columns o the ſame orders.

Ibid. p. 225.

POWER.

Power and ſuperiority are ſo flattering and delightful, that, fraught with temptation, and expoſed to danger, as they are, ſcarcely any virtue is ſo cautious, or any prudence ſo timorous, as to decline them. Even thoſe that have moſt reverence for the laws of right, are pleaſed with ſhewing, that not *fear*, but *choice*, regulates their behaviour; and would be thought to comply, rather than obey. We love to overlook the boundaries which we do not wiſh to paſs; and, as the Roman ſatyriſt remarks, "he that has no deſign to take the life of another, is yet glad to have it in his hands."

Ibid. p. 48.

PROMISE.

Every ſcholar knows the opinion of Horace concerning thoſe that open their undertakings with magnificent promiſes; but every man ſhould know the dictates of common ſenſe and common honeſty, names of greater antiquity than that of Horace, who directs, *that no man ſhould promiſe what he cannot perform.*

Review of the Memoirs of the Court of Auguſtus, p. 2.

R.

RAILLERY.

He who is in the exerciſe of raillery ſhould prepare himſelf to receive it in turn. When Lewis

the XIV. was asked why, with so much wit, he never attempted raillery, he answered, that he who practised raillery, ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a King.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 5, p. 364.

RESOLUTION.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice, and prudence, folly.

Irene, p. 52.

Resolution and success reciprocally produce each other.

Life of Drake, p. 174.

Marshal Turenne, among the acknowledgements which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one, with honour, who taught him *not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately, and vigorously, to repair it.* Patience and submission should be carefully distinguished from cowardice and indolence; we are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour, and exercises of diligence.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 195.

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty, but it is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy, while he believes himself in the right, and

and exerted with bitterneſs, if even to his own conviction, he is detected in the wrong.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 17.

To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize is above the ſtrength that undertakes it. To reſt below his own aim, is incident to every one whoſe fancy is active, and whoſe views are comprehenſive; nor is any man ſatisfied with himſelf, becauſe he has done much, but becauſe he can conceive little.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 5.

There is nothing which we eſtimate ſo fallacioufly as the force of our own reſolutions, nor any fallacy which we ſo unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has reſolved a thouſand and a thouſand times, deſerted his own purpoſe, yet ſuffers no abatement of his confidence, but ſtill believes himſelf his own maſter, and able, by innate vigour of ſoul, to preſs forward to his end, through all the obſtructions that inconveniencies or delights can put in his way.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 150.

Nothing will ever be attempted if all poſſible objections muſt be firſt overcome.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 40.

Moſt men may review all the lives that have paſſed within their obſervation, without remembering one efficacious reſolution, or being able to tell a ſingle inſtance of a courſe of practice ſuddenly changed, in conſequence of a change of opinion, or an eſtabliſhment of determination. Many, indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty, what they were at thirty; but they commonly va-

ried imperceptibly from themſelves, followed the train of external cauſes, and rather ſuffered reformation than made it.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 151.

RELIGION.

To be of no church, is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are diſtant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unleſs it be invigorated and reimpreſſed by external ordinances, by ſtated calls to worſhip, and the ſalutary influence of example.

Life of Milton.

That converſion of religion will always be ſuſpected, that apparently concurs with intereſt. He that never findsh is error, till it hinders his progreſs towards wealth and honour, will not be thought to love truth only for herſelf. Yet it may happen, information may come at a commodious time, and as truth and intereſt are not by any fatal neceſſity at variance, that one may, by accident, introduce the other.

Life of Dryden.

Philoſophy may infuſe ſtubbornneſs, but Religion only can give patience.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 234.

Malevolence to the clergy, is ſeldom at a great diſtance from irreverence to Religion.

Life of Dryden.

The great taſk of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind

mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at another againſt the threats of calamity.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 38.

A man who has once ſettled his religious opinions, does not love to have the tranquillity of his conviction diſturbed.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 280.

Men may differ from each other in many religious opinions, yet all may retain the eſſentials of chriſtianity; men may ſometimes eagerly diſpute, and yet not differ much from one another. The rigorous perſecutors of error ſhould therefore enlighten their zeal with knowledge, and temper their orthodoxy with charity; that charity, without which, orthodoxy is vain; that charity "that thinketh no evil," but "hopeth all things, and endureth all things."

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 248.

RICHES.

Poverty is an evil always in our view; an evil complicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs and vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. Some degree of riches therefore is required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of neceſſity. When this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that the evil which is regarded

garded with ſo much horror, may be yet at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has at once felt, or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt, till they are parted by ſome barrier, which may take away all poſſibility of a ſecond attack.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 231.

Whoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch, as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it; for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 232.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked, which makes riches leſs deſirable. Too much wealth is generally the occaſion of poverty. He whom the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened, eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render inſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſtreſſed; and will be, at laſt, torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over our fortunes in decay.

Ibid. p. 233.

Wealth is nothing in itſelf; it is not uſeful but when it departs from us: its value is found only in that which it can purchaſe, which if we ſuppoſe it put to its beſt uſe, ſeems not much to deſerve the

the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 29.

With regard to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, or harden stupidity. Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great, which the degree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.—Even Royalty itself is not able to give that dignity, which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of Kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived, by any real effects beyond their own palaces.—When, therefore, the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

Ibid. p. 30.

Though

Though riches often prompt extragavant hopes and fallacious appearances; there are purpoſes to which a wiſe man may be delighted to apply them. They may, by a rational diſtribution to thoſe who want them, eaſe the pains of helpleſs diſeaſe, ſtill the throbs of reſtleſs anxiety, relieve innocence from oppreſſion, and raiſe imbecility to cheerfulneſs and vigour. This they will enable a man to perform; and this will afford the only happineſs ordained for our preſent ſtate, the conſequence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 94.

It is obſerved of gold, by an old epigrammatiſt, "that to have it, is to be in fear, and to want it, to be in ſorrow."

Ibid. p. 155.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his deſires and enjoyments. Any enlargement of riches is therefore equally deſtructive to happineſs with the diminution of poſſeſſion; and he that teaches another to long for what he ſhall never obtain, is no leſs an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 17.

Whoſoever riſes above thoſe who once pleaſed themſelves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain ſooner than others that which all purſue with the ſame ardour, and to which all imagine themſelves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When thoſe who ſtarted with us in the race of life, leave us ſo far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our diſappointment by remarks on the arts of

of ſupplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they poſſeſs it; of them whoſe riſe we could not hinder, we ſolace ourſelves by prognoſticating the fall. Riches, therefore, perhaps do not ſo often produce crimes as incite accuſers.

Ibid. p. 68.

It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that as all ſudden changes are dangerous, a quick tranſition from poverty to abundance can ſeldom be made with ſafety. He that has long lived within ſight of pleaſures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation not to loſe his reaſon in unbounded riot, when they are firſt put into his power.

Ibid. p. 69.

Of riches, as of every thing elſe, the hope is more than the enjoyment. Whilſt we conſider them as the means to be uſed at ſome future time, for the attainment of felicity, we preſs on our purſuit ardently and vigorouſly, and that ardor ſecures us from wearineſs of ourſelves; but no ſooner do we ſit down to enjoy our acquiſitions, than we find them inſufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 115.

It is ſurely very narrow policy that ſuppoſes money to be the chief good.

Life of Milton.

It is not hard to diſcover that riches always procure protection for themſelves; that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of purſuit, or appeaſe the ferocity of vengeance. When any

any man is inconteſtably known to have large poſſeſſions, very few think it requiſite to enquire by what practices they were obtained: the reſentment of mankind rages only againſt the ſtruggles of feeble and timorous corruption; but when it has ſurmounted the firſt oppoſition, it is afterwards ſupported by favour, and animated by applauſe.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 154.

Money, in whatever hands, will confer power. Diſtreſs will fly to immediate refuge, without much conſideration of remote conſequences.

Ibid. p. 222.

Though the rich very rarely deſire to be thought poor, the poor are ſtrongly tempted to aſſume the appearance of wealth.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 115.

One cauſe, which is not always obſerved, of the inſufficiency of riches, is, that they very ſeldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is deſired, and more than is wanted; to have ſomething which may be ſpent without reluctance, and ſcattered without care; with which the ſudden demands of deſire may be gratified, the caſual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Ibid. p. 116.

When the power of birth and ſtation ceaſes, no hope remains but from the prevalence of money.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 216.

Money confounds ſubordination, by overpowering the diſtinctions of rank and birth; and weakens authority,

authority, by ſupplying power of reſiſtance, or expedients for eſcape.

Ibid. p. 263.

Nothing is more uncertain than the eſtimation of wealth by denominated money. The precious metals never retain long the ſame proportion to real commodities, and the ſame names in different ages do not imply the ſame quantity of metal; ſo that it is equally difficult to know how much money was contained in any nominal ſum, and to find what any ſuppoſed quantity of gold, or ſilver would purchaſe; both which are neceſſary to the commenſuration of money, or the adjuſtment of proportion between the ſame ſums at different periods of time. Bread-corn is the moſt certain ſtandard of the neceſſaries of life.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 243.

COMPARISON BETWEEN RICHES AND UNDERSTANDING.

As many more can diſcover that a man is richer than themſelves, ſuperiority of underſtanding is not ſo readily acknowledged, as that of fortune; nor is that haughtineſs, which the conſciouſneſs of great abilities incites, borne with the ſame ſubmiſſion, as the tyranny of affluence.

Life of Savage.

COMPARISON BETWEEN RICHES AND POWER.

Power and wealth ſupply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our deſires without the conſent of others; wealth enables us to obtain the conſent of others to our gratification. Power, ſimply conſidered, whatever it confers on one, muſt take from another. Wealth enables its owner

owner to give it to others, by taking only from himſelf. Power pleaſes the violent and the proud; wealth delights the placid and the timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 216.

RIDICULE.

The aſſertion of Shafteſbury, that ridicule is the teſt of truth, is fooliſh. If ridicule be applied to any poſition as the teſt of truth, it will then become a queſtion, whether ſuch ridicule be juſt, and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the teſt of ridicule. Two men fearing, one a real, and the other a fancied danger, will be, for awhile, equally expoſed to the inevitable conſequences of cowardice, contemptuous cenſure, and ludicrous repreſentation; and the true ſtate of both caſes muſt be known, before it can be decided whoſe terror is rational, and whoſe is ridiculous, who is to be pitied, and who to be deſpiſed.

Life of Akenſide.

He that indulges himſelf in ridiculing the little imperfections and weakneſſes of his friends, will in time find mankind united againſt him. The man who ſees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the preſent, concur in the general laugh, yet, in a cool hour, will conſider the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; but when there is no ſenſe of this danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who, by general cenſures, lays claim to general ſuperiority.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 81.

REFLECTION.

It may be laid down as a poſition which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly from himſelf, either becauſe he finds a tediouſneſs in the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which having no tendency to one motion more than another, but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and perhaps is ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 27.

There are fewer higher gatifications than that of reflection on ſurmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 233.

All uſeleſs miſery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come, may be deſervedly cenſured; yet ſurely to dread the future, is more reaſonable than to lament the paſt. The buſineſs of life is to go forward; he who ſees evils in proſpect, meets it in his way; but he who catches it in retroſpection, turns back to find it.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 111.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed; to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. It ought therefore to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay

lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 250 & 252.

The remembrance of a crime committed in vain, has been conſidered as the moſt painful of all reflections.

Life of Pope.

REBELLION.

To bring miſery on thoſe who have not deſerved it, is part of the aggregated guilt of rebellion.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 61.

Nothing can be more noxious to ſociety, than that erroneous clemency, which, when a rebellion is ſuppreſſed, exacts no forfeiture, and eſtabliſhes no ſecurities, but leaves the rebels in their former ſtate.

Ibid. p. 87.

REFINEMENT.

He that pleaſes himſelf too much with minute exactneſs, and ſubmits to endure nothing in accomodations, attendance, or addreſs, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the croud of life, be harraſſed with innumerable diſtreſſes, from which thoſe who have not, in the ſame manner, increaſed their ſenſations, find no diſturbance. His exotic ſoftneſs will ſhrink at the coarſeneſs of vulgar felicity, like a plant tranſplanted to Northern nurſeries, from the dews and ſun-ſhine of the tropical regions. It is well known, that expoſed to a microſcrope, the ſmootheſt poliſh of the moſt ſolid bodies diſcovers cavities and prominencies; and that the ſofteſt bloom of roſeate virginity repels

repels the eye with excreſcencies and diſcolorations. Thus the ſenſes, as well as the perceptions, may be improved to our own diſquiet; and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of diſlike, raiſe in time an artificial faſtidiouſneſs, which ſhall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, ſhew us the naked ſkeleton of every delight, and preſent us only with the pains of pleaſure, and the deformities of beauty.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 37.

RECOLLECTION.

That which is obvious is not always known; and what is known, is not always preſent. Sudden fits of inadvertancy will ſurpriſe vigilance; ſlight avocations will ſeduce attention; and caſual eclipſes of the mind will darken learning; ſo that the writer ſhall often, in vain, trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yeſterday he knew with intuitive readineſs, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 10.

RETIREMENT.

There is a time when the claims of the public are ſatisfied; then a man might properly retire to review his life, and purify his heart.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 135.

Some ſuſpenſion of common affairs, ſome pauſe of temporal pain and pleaſure, is doubtleſs neceſſary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miſcarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only queſtion in which miſtake cannot be rectified.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 29.

RESENT-

RESENTMENT.

It is too common for thoſe who have unjuſtly ſuffered pain, to inflict it likewiſe in their turn with the ſame injuſtice, and to imagine they have a right to treat others as they themſelves have been treated.

Life of Savage.

Reſentment is an union of ſorrow with malignity; a combination of a paſſion which all endeavour to avoid, with a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs, and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings, among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity, nor the calm of innocence.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 137.

RELAXATION.

After the exerciſes which the health of the body requires, and which have themſelves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the moſt eligible amuſement of a rational being, ſeems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiſed in free and eaſy converſation, where ſuſpicion is baniſhed by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man ſpeaks with no other reſtraint than unwillingneſs to offend, and hears with no other diſpoſition than deſire to be pleaſed.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 204.

REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE.

Repentance is the change of the heart, from that of an evil to a good diſpoſition; it is that diſpoſition of mind by which "the wicked man turneth away from his wickedneſs, and doth that which is lawful and right;" and when this change is made, the repentance is complete.

Convicts Addreſs, p. 14 & 15.

Repentance, however difficult to be practiſed, is, if it be explained without ſuperſtition, eaſily underſtood. *Repentance is the relinquiſhment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too cloſely connected with it, to be eaſily ſeparated; for they not only mark its ſincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obſtinacy, by which his ſafety or happineſs in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorſe. He who is fully convinced, that he ſuffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miſcarriage to its firſt cauſe, to image to himſelf a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary reſolutions againſt the like fault, even when he knows that he ſhall never again have the power of committing it. Danger, conſidered as imminent, naturally produces ſuch trepidations of impatience, as leave all human means of ſafety behind him: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment ſeiſed with uſeleſs anxieties, adding one ſecurity to another, trembling with ſudden doubts, and diſtracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whoſe crimes have deprived him of the favour of

God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting with security; what can he judge of himself, but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 28 & 29.

The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope, by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation.

What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess

Humbly

Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

Ibid. p. 30.

REVENGE.

Forbearance of revenge, when revenge is within reach, is ſcarcely ever to be found among princes.

Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia, p. 137.

RESPECT.

Reſpect is often paid in proportion as it is claimed.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 276.

LITERARY REPUTATION.

Of the decline of literary reputation, many cauſes may be aſſigned. It is commonly loſt becauſe it never was deſerved, and was conferred at firſt, not by the ſuffrage of criticiſm, but by the fondneſs of friendſhip, or ſervility of flattery. Many have loſt the final reward of their labours, becauſe they were too haſty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences and eminent names, and delighted their readers with alluſions and remarks, in which all were intereſted, and to which therefore all were attentive; but the effect ceaſed with its cauſe; the time quietly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the viciſſitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the love and hatred of the public to other agents, and the writers whoſe works were no longer aſſiſted by gratitude or reſentment, was left to the cold regard of idle

curiosity. But he that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times, and in every country; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation. That which is to be loved long, is to be loved with reason, rather than with passion.

Ibid. vol. 2. p. 36 & 37.

REASON AND FANCY.

Reason is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform and lasting. Fancy, a meteor of bright, but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

Prince of Abyssinia, p. 116.

RHYME.

Rhyme, says Milton, and says truly, is *no necessary adjunct of true poetry*. But, perhaps, of poetry, as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct; it is, however, by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages; and in languages melodiously constructed, by a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another. Where metre is scanty and imperfect, some help is necessary. The music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so faintly, that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together. This co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse, unmingled with another, as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness

tinctneſs is obtained, and preſerved, by the *artifice of rhyme.*

Life of Milton.

To attempt any further improvement of *verſification*, beyond what Pope has given us in his tranſlation of Homer's Iliad, will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their beſt; and what ſhall be added, will be the effort of tedious toil, and needleſs curioſity.

Life of Pope.

RHETORICIAN.

There is no credit due to a rhetorician's account either of good or evil.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 247.

REPROOF.

Reproof ſhould not exhauſt its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently againſt the incurſion of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themſelves.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 141.

RULES.

Rules may obviate faults, but can never confer beauties.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 26.

CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

While they were poor, *they robbed mankind*; and as ſoon as they became rich, *they robbed one another.*

Review of the Memoirs of the Court of Auguſtus, p. 6.

RIGHT.

The utmoſt exertion of right is always invidious; and where claims are not eaſily determinable, is always dangerous.

Falkland Iſlands, p. 59.

S.

SATIRE.

Perſonal reſentment, though no laudable motive to ſatire, can add great force to general principle. Self-love is a buſy prompter.

Life of Dryden.

All truth is valuable, and ſatyrical criticiſm may be conſidered as uſeful, when it rectifies error, and improves judgment. He that refines the public taſte, is a public benefactor.

Life of Pope.

SATYRIST.

In defence of him who has ſatyrized the man he has once praiſed, it may be alledged, that the object of his ſatire has changed his principles, and that he who was once deſervedly commended, may be afterwards ſatyrized with equal juſtice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too haſtily beſtowed; and that, as falſe ſatire ought to be recanted, for the ſake of him whoſe reputation may be injured, falſe praiſe ought likewiſe to be obviated, leſt the diſtinction between vice and virtue ſhould be loſt, leſt a bad man, ſhould be truſted upon the credit of his encomiaſt, or leſt others ſhould endeavour to obtain the like praiſes by the ſame means.——But though theſe excuſes may be often plauſible, and ſometimes juſt, they are ſeldom ſatisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not conſtant to his ſubject, quickly ſinks into contempt; his ſatire loſes its force, and

and his panegyric its value; and he is only conſidered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another. To avoid theſe imputations, it is only neceſſary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preſerve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly poſſible, that a man, however cautious, may be ſometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or a falſe appearance of guilt, ſuch errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man ever ſaid what he did not think, or miſled others but when he was himſelf deceived.

Life of Savage.

SECRETS.

Secrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may be with ſome reaſon doubted, whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle volatility by which it eſcapes, imperceptibly, at the ſmalleſt vent, or ſome power of fermentation, by which it expands itſelf, ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 75.

To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate thoſe with which we are entruſted, is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

Ibid. p. 76.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret, is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for, however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than

of importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity, which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

Ibid. p. 75.

The whole doctrine, as well as the practice of ſecrecy, is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that next to him who is compelled to truſt, that man is unhappy who is *choſen to be truſted*; for he is often involved in ſcruples, without the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes: for he that has *one* confident, has generally *more*; and when he is, at laſt, betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

Ibid. p. 79.

The rules that may be propoſed concerning ſecrecy, and which it is not ſafe to deviate from, without long and exact deliberation, are,

Firſt, *Never to ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret*; nor *willingly*, nor *without many limitations*, accept ſuch confidence, when it is offered.

Second, when a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, *important as ſociety*—and *ſacred as truth*—and therefore not to be violated for *any incidental convenience*, or *ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs*.

Ibid. p. 80.

SCEP

SCEPTICISM.

There are ſome men of narrow views and groveling conceptions, who, without the inſtigation of perſonal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track, as the raſh effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering ſpeculation of an exalted mind, that may pleaſe and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real, or laſting advantage.

Life of Blake, p. 191.

To play with important truths, to diſturb the repoſe of eſtabliſhed tenets, to ſubtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the ſport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raiſing difficulties only to taſk himſelf with the ſolution, and deſires to enjoy truth, without the labour, or hazard, of conteſt.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 279.

SEDUCTION.

There is not perhaps, in all the ſtores of ideal anguiſh, a thought more painful than the conſciouſneſs of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles; of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they ſhould return; of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleaſure; and deafened them to every call, but the alluring voice of the ſyrens of deſtruction.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 191.

SOLITUDE.

In ſolitude, if we eſcape the example of bad men, we likewiſe want the counſel and converſation of the good.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 133.

The life of a Solitary man will be certainly miſerable, but not certainly devout.

Ibid.

To thoſe who paſs their time in ſolitude and retirement, it has been juſtly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only in being uſeleſs; that mankind is one vaſt republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labour of others, which by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay; and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from miſery, none have a right to withdraw from their taſk of vigilance, or be idulged in idle wiſdom and ſolitary pleaſures.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 102.

SORROW.

The ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow is that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs. But friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one muſt ſometimes mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor, one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Rambler, vol. 1. p. 104,

It is urged by ſome, as a remedy for ſorrow, to keep our minds always ſuſpended in ſuch indifference,

erence, that we may change the Objects about us without emotion. An exact compliance with this rule might perhaps contribute to tranquillity, but ſurely it would never produce happineſs. He that regards none ſo much as to be afraid of loſing them, muſt live for ever without the gentle pleaſures of ſympathy and confidence. He muſt feel no melting confidence, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of thoſe honeſt joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing. And as no man can juſtly claim more tenderneſs than he pays, he muſt forfeit his ſhare in that officious and watchful kindneſs which love only can dictate, and thoſe lenient endearments by which love only can ſoften life.

Ibid. p. 285.

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow, is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeaman, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief. They ſee their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in ſecurity and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrievable loſſes.

Ibid. p. 287.

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt to the Soul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exerciſe and motion.

Ibid.

STYLE.

The polite are always catching at modiſh innovations, and the learned depart from eſtabliſhed

forms of ſpeech, in hopes of finding or making better. But propriety reſides in that kind of converſation which is above groſſneſs and below refinement.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 18.

Words being arbitrary, muſt owe their power to aſſociation, and have the influence, and that only, which cuſtom has given them.

Life of Cowley.

Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpoſe of a poet. From theſe ſounds, which we hear on ſmall, or coarſe occaſions, we do not eaſily receive ſtrong impreſſions or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly ſtrangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on *themſelves*, which they ſhould convey to *things*.

Life of Dryden.

An epithet, or metaphor, drawn from nature, ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art, degrades nature.

Life of Gray.

There is a mode of ſtyle for which the maſters of oratory have not as yet found a name; a ſtyle, by which the moſt evident truths are ſo obſcured, that they can no longer be perceived, and the moſt familiar propoſitions ſo diſguiſed, that they cannot be known. Every other kind of eloquence is the dreſs of ſenſe, but this is the maſk by which a true maſter of his art will ſo effectually conceal it, that a man will as eaſily miſtake his own poſitions, if he meets them thus transformed, as he may paſs, in a maſquerade, his neareſt acquaintance.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 203.

Few

Few faults of ſtyle, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous claſs of readers, than the uſe of hard words --- But words are only hard to thoſe who do not underſtand them; and the critic ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 96.

Every language of a learned nation neceſſarily divides itſelf into diction, ſcholaſtic and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and groſs; and, from a nice diſtinction of theſe different parts, ariſes a great part of the beauties of ſtyle.

Life of Dryden.

It is not eaſy to diſtinguiſh affectation from habit; he that has once ſtudiouſly formed a ſtyle, rarely writes afterwards with complete eaſe.

Life of Pope.

SINGULARITY.

Singularity, as it implies a contempt of general practice, is a kind of defiance, which juſtly provokes the hiſtory of ridicule. He, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worſe than others if he be not better.

Life of Swift.

SUBORDINATION.

He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himſelf in his power; he is either repelled with helpleſs indignity, or endured by clemency and condeſcenſion. A great mind diſdains to hold any thing by courteſy, and therefore never uſurps what a lawful claimant may take away.

Ibid.

No

No man can pay a more ſervile tribute to the great, than by ſuffering his liberty, in their preſence, to aggrandize him in his own eſteem. Between different ranks of the community, there is neceſſarily ſome diſtance. He who is called by his ſuperior to paſs the interval, may very properly accept the invitation; but petulence and obtruſion, are rarely produced by magnanimity, nor have often any nobler cauſe, than the pride of importance, and the malice of inferiority. He who knows himſelf neceſſary, may ſet, while that neceſſity laſts, a high value upon himſelf; as in a lower condition, a ſervant eminently ſkilful may be ſaucy, but he is ſaucy, becauſe he is ſervile.

Ibid.

A due regard to ſubordination is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 9, p. 290.

SOLICITATION.

Every man of known influence has ſo many petitions which he cannot grant, that he muſt neceſſarily offend more than he gratifies; as the preference given to one, affords all the reſt a reaſon for complaint "When I give away a place, (ſaid Lewis the XIVth) I make an hundred diſcontented, and one ungrateful."

Life of Swift.

SUSPICION.

Suſpicion is no leſs an enemy to virtue, than to happineſs. He that is already corrupt is naturally ſuſpicious; and he that becomes ſuſpicious, will quickly be corrupt.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 145.

He

He that ſuffers by impoſture, has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is neceſſary not to invite robbery by ſupineneſs, ſo it is our duty not to ſuppreſs tenderneſs by ſuſpicion. It is better to ſuffer wrong than to do it; and happier to be ſometimes cheated, than not to truſt.

Ibid. p. 147.

He who is ſpontaneouſly ſuſpicious, may be juſtly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of diſhoneſty by information, nor had time to diſcern it with his own eyes, whence can he take his meaſures of judgment but from himſelf?

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 86.

SUPERIORITY.

The ſuperiority of ſome is merely local. They are *great*, becauſe their aſſociates are *little*.

Life of Swift.

SCRIPTURE.

Idle and indecent applications of ſentences taken from ſcripture, is a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneneſs, and a witty man diſdains for its eaſineſs and vulgarity.

Life of Pope,

All *amplification of ſacred hiſtory* is *frivolous* and *vain*; all addition to that which is already ſufficient for the purpoſes of religion, ſeems not only *uſeleſs*, but in ſome degree *profane*.

Life of Cowley.

SIMILE.

A ſimile, to be perfect, muſt both illuſtrate and ennoble the ſubject; muſt ſhew it to the underſtanding

ſtanding in a clearer view, and diſplay it to the fancy with greater dignity; but either of theſe qualities may be ſufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpoſe is inſtruction, a ſimile may be praiſed which illuſtrates, though it does not enoble. In heroics, that may be admitted which enobles, though it does not illuſtrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleaſing image; for a ſimile is ſaid to be a ſhort epiſode.

Life of Pope.

SHAME.

Shame, above every other paſſion, propagates itſelf.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 309.

It is, perhaps, kindly provided by nature, that as the feathers and ſtrength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till ſhe is able to fly; ſo ſome proportion ſhould be obſerved in the human mind, between judgment and courage. The precipitation of experience is therefore reſtrained by *ſhame*, and we remain ſhackled by timidity, till we have learned to ſpeak and act with propriety.

Ibid. p. 316.

Shame operates moſt ſtrongly in our earlieſt years.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 5, p. 79.

STUDY.

As in life, ſo in ſtudy, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time; and the mind is not to be harraſſed with unneceſſary obſtructions, in

in a way of which the natural and unavoidable asperity is such, as too frequently produces despair.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 65.

The predominance of a favourite study, affects all subordinate operations of the intellect.

Life of Cowley.

SOBRIETY.

Sobriety, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleasure; and if peasure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it!

Idler, vol. 2, p. 208.

SCARCITY.

Value is more frequently raised by *scarcity* than by use. That which lay neglected when it was common, rises in estimation as its quantity becomes less. We seldom learn the true want of what we have, till it is discovered that we can have no more.

Ibid. p. 280.

SENTENCES.

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness.

Bravery of English Common Soldiers, p. 324.

SUCCESS AND MISCARRIAGE.

Success and miscarriage have the same effects in all conditions. The prosperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and despised.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 277.

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the diſputed plays of Shakeſpeare, except *Titus Andronicus*, it may be aſked, if they are taken from him, *to whom ſhall they be given?* for it will be found more credible that Shakeſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his *higheſt flights*, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his *loweſt*.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 1, p. 216.

Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

Prologue at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre.

SUPERFLUITIES.

Nothing gives ſo much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the ſight of ſuperfluities merely oſtentatious.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 6, p. 339.

GOOD-SENSE.

Good-ſenſe is a ſedate and quieſcent quality, which manages its poſſeſſions well, but does not encreaſe them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preſerves ſafety, but never gains ſupremacy.

Life of Pope.

RURAL SPORTS.

It is probable all the ſports of the field are of Gothic original; the antients neither hunted by the ſcent, nor ſeem much to have practiſed horſemanſhip as an exerciſe; and though in their works there is mention of *Aucupium* and *Piſcatio*, they ſeem

ſeem no more to have been conſidered as diverſions, than agriculture, or any other manual labour.

Life of Sir T. Brown, p. 269.

SEASONS.

It is obſerved by *Milton*, that he who neglects to viſit the country in *ſpring*, and rejects the pleaſures that are then in their firſt bloom and fragrance, is guilty of "*fullenneſs againſt nature.*" If we allot different duties to different ſeaſons, he may be charged with equal diſobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills, and leafleſs woods, without ſerioufneſs and awe. Spring is the ſeaſon of gaiety, and winter of terror. In ſpring, the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence ſparkles at the ſight of happineſs and plenty; in the winter, compaſſion melts at univerſal calamity, and the tear of ſoftneſs ſtarts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of creation in diſtreſs.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 149.

SUBLIMITY.

Sublimity is produced by *aggregation*, and *littleneſs* by *diſperſion*.—Great thoughts are always general, and conſiſt in poſitions not limitted by exceptions, and in deſcriptions not deſcending to minuteneſs.

Life of Cowley.

SCIENCE.

Divide and *conquer*, is a principle equally juſt in *ſcience* as in policy.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 187.

Every ſcience has its difficulties which yet call for ſolution, before we attempt new ſyſtems of knowledge;

knowledge; as every country has its foreſts and marſhes, which it would be wiſe to cultivate and drain, before diſtant colonies are projected as a neceſſary diſcharge of the exuberance of inhabitants.

Ibid. p. 292.

It is ſometimes difficult to prove the principles of ſcience, becauſe notions cannot always be found more intelligible than thoſe which are queſtioned.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 1.

STATESMEN.

I know not whether ſtateſmen and patrons, do not ſometimes ſuffer more reproaches than they deſerve from their dependants, and may not rather themſelves complain that they are given up a prey to pretenſions without merit, and to importunity without ſhame. The truth is, that the inconveniencies of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number, ſolicitation is its own reward: to be ſeen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freſheſt news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increaſe or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compenſations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which, perhaps, he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 79.

SEPARATION.

There are few things not purely evil, of which we can ſay, without ſome emotion of uneaſineſs---"*This is the laſt.*" Thoſe who never could agree together, ſhed tears when mutual diſcontent has determined them to final ſeperation; of a place which

which has been frequently viſited, though without pleaſure, the *laſt look* is taken with heavineſs of heart.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 281.

T.

TIME.

He that runs againſt time, has an antagoniſt not ſubject to caſualties.

Life of Pope.

The ſtory of Melancthon affords a ſtriking lecture on the value of time, which was, that whenever he made an appointment, he expected not only the *hour*, but the *minute* to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleneſs of ſuſpenſe.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 39.

When we have deducted all that is abſorbed in ſleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irreſiſtably engroſſed by the tyranny of cuſtom; all that paſſes in regulating the ſuperficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the diſpoſal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of diſeaſe, or ſtolen imperceptibly away by laſſitude and languor; we ſhall find that part of our duration very ſmall, of which we can truly call ourſelves maſters, or which we can ſpend wholly at our own choice.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 13.

Time, like money, may be loſt by unreaſonable avarice.

Life of Burman, p. 295.

Time

Time is the inflexible enemy of all falſe hypotheſes.

Treatiſe on the Longitude, p. 10.

An Italian philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, "That time was his eſtate." An eſtate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for ſhow rather than for uſe.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 18.

Time, amongſt other injuries, diminiſhes the power of pleaſing.

Ibid. p. 216.

Time ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invaſion; and yet there is no man who does not claim the power of waſting that time which is the right of others.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 78.

Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one ſteals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into buſineſs, another by lulling us with amuſement: the depredation is continued through a thouſand viciſſitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having loſt all, we can loſe no more.

Ibid.

To put every man in poſſeſſion of his own time, and reſcue the day from a ſucceſſion of uſurpers, is beyond hope; yet, perhaps, ſome ſtop might be put to this unmerciful perſecution, if all would ſeriouſly reflect, that whoever pays a viſit that is not deſired,

desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

Ibid. p. 81.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.

Ibid. p. 118.

Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination.

Preface to Shakespeare, p. 114.

TIME PAST.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or what is in event just the same, that evil makes deeper impressions than good, it is certain that few can review the time past, without heaviness of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly; many opportunities lost by negligence. The shades of the dead rise up before him, and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amusements, the assistants of his labours, whom the hand of death has snatched away.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 249.

TRIFLES.

It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgencies, or that mankind expect, from elevated genius, an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with

with malicious wonder, like him, who having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, ſhould lament that ſhe ever deſcended to a perch.

Life of Pope.

Trifles always require exuberance of ornament. The building which has no ſtrength, can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble muſt be poliſhed with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond, and words ought ſurely to be laboured, when they are intended to ſtand for things.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 280.

To proportion the eagerneſs of conteſt to its importance, ſeems too hard a taſk for human wiſdom. The pride of wit has kept ages buſy in the diſcuſſion of uſeleſs queſtions; and the pride of power has deſtroyed armies to gain or to keep unprofitable poſſeſſions.

Falkland Iſlands, p. 1.

TRAVELLING.

All travel has its advantages; if the paſſenger viſits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worſe, he may learn to enjoy it.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 322.

He that would travel for the entertainment of others, ſhould remember, that the great object of remark is HUMAN LIFE. Every nation has ſomething in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its cuſtoms, and its policy. He only is a uſeful traveller, who brings home ſomething by which his country may be benefited, who procures ſome ſupply of want, or

ſome

ſome mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others; to improve it wherever it is worſe, and wherever it is better, to enjoy it.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 253.

It is by ſtudying at home, that we muſt obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

Life of Gray.

TRADE.

Nothing dejects a trader like the interruption of his profits.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 3.

The theory of trade is yet but little underſtood, and therefore the practice is often without real advantage to the public; but it might be carried on with more general ſucceſs, if its principles were better conſidered.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 77.

TRUTH.

Truth is ſcarcely to be heard, but by thoſe from whom it can ſerve no intereſt to conceal it.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 269.

Truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increaſe can be ſo much what it is, as *truth is truth*. There may be a *ſtrange thing*, and a thing *more ſtrange*. But if a propoſition be *true*, there can be none *more true*.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 2, p. 136.

Malice often bears down truth.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 222.

Truth, like beauty, varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses, to different minds.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 186.

There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth: it is apparent, that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 108.

Truth is the basis of all excellence.

Life of Cowley.

Truth is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsic and unalterable value, and constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction: but gold may be so concealed in baser matter, that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined and plebeian words, that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction.

Ibid.

To doubt whether a man of eminence has told the *truth* about his own birth, is, in appearance, to be very deficient in candour; yet nobody can live long without knowing, that falsehoods of convenience or vanity, falsehoods from which no evil immediately visible ensues, except the general degradation

gradation of human teſtimony, are very lightly uttered, and, once uttered, are ſullenly ſupported. Boileau, who deſired to be thought a rigorous and ſteady moraliſt, having told a petty lie to Lewis XIV. continued it afterwards by falſe dates; thinking himſelf obliged, *in honour*, (ſays his admirer,) to maintain what, when he ſaid it, was well received.

Life of Congreve.

It were doubtleſs to be wiſhed, that truth and reaſon were univerſally prevalent; that every thing were eſteemed according to its real value, and that men would ſecure themſelves from being diſappointed in their endeavours after happineſs, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained. But, if adventitious and foreign pleaſures muſt be purſued, it would be, perhaps, of ſome benefit, ſince that purſuit muſt frequently be fruitleſs, if it could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

Life of Savage.

Where truth is ſufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worſe than uſeleſs; the counterfeit debaſes the genuine.

Life of Gray.

To the poſition of Tully, "that if virtue could be ſeen, ſhe muſt be loved," may be added, that if TRUTH could be heard, ſhe muſt be obeyed.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 194.

Truth finds an eaſy entrance into the mind, when ſhe is introduced by deſire, and attended by pleaſure. But when ſhe intrudes uncalled, and

 brings

brings only fear and ſorrow in her train, the paſſes of the intellect are barred againſt her by prejudice and paſſion; if ſhe ſometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, ſhe ſeldom long keeps poſſeſſion of her conqueſts, but is ejected by ſome favoured enemy, or at beſt obtains only a nominal ſovereignty, without influence, and without authority.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 29.

There are many truths which every human being acknowledges and forgets.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 6.

Truth, when it is reduced to practice, eaſily becomes ſubject to caprice and imagination, and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right.

Ibid. p. 291.

The moſt uſeful truths are always univerſal, and unconnected with accidents and cuſtoms.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 76.

Between falſehood and uſeleſs truth there is little difference. As gold, which he cannot ſpend, will make no man rich, ſo knowledge, which he cannot apply, will make no man wiſe.

Ibid. p. 179.

He that contradicts acknowledged truth, will always have an audience; he that vilifies eſtabliſhed authority, will always find abettors.

Falkland Iſlands, p. 54.

There are truths, which, as they are always neceſſary, do not grow ſtale by repetition.

Review of the Origin of Evil, p. 17.

Truth

Truth is beſt ſupported by virtue.

Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for Clothing French Priſoners, p. 160.

TEMPTATION.

It is a common plea of wickedneſs to call *temptation* deſtiny.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 1, p. 51.

THOUGHTS.

It is the odd fate of ſome thoughts, to be the *worſe* for being *true*.

Life of Cowley.

Levity of thought naturally produces familiarity of language, and the familiar part of language continues long the ſame; the dialogue of Comedy, when it is tranſcribed from popular manners, and real life, is read from age to age with equal pleaſure. The artifices of inverſion, by which the eſtabliſhed order of works is changed, or of innovation, by which *new words*, or *new meanings of words*, are introduced, is practiſed, not by thoſe who talk to be underſtood, but by thoſe who write to be admired.

Ibid.

Though we have many examples of people exiſting without thought, it is certainly a ſtate not much to be deſired. He that lives in torpid inſenſibility, wants nothing of a carcaſe but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth, to partake the pains and pleaſures of his fellow beings; and, as in a road through a country deſert and uniform, the traveller languiſhes for want of amuſement, ſo the paſſage of life will be

tedious and irkſome to him who does not beguile it by diverſified ideas.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 136.

TREATIES.

In forming ſtipulations, the commiſſaries are often ignorant, and often negligent. They are ſometimes weary with debate, and contract a tedious diſcuſſion into general terms, or refer it to a former treaty which was never underſtood. The weaker part is always afraid of requiring explanations, and the ſtronger always has an intereſt in leaving the queſtion undecided. Thus will it happen, without great caution on either ſide, that after long treaties, ſolemnly ratified, the rights that had been diſputed, are ſtill equally open to controverſy.

Obſervations on the State of Affairs, 1756, p. 21.

THEORY.

It is true, that of far the greater part of things, we muſt content ourſelves with ſuch knowledge as deſcription may exhibit, or analogy ſupply; but it is true, likewiſe, that thoſe ideas are always incomplete, and that, at leaſt till we have compared them with *realities*, we do not know them to be juſt. As we ſee more, we become poſſeſſed of more certainties, and conſequently gain more principles of reaſoning, and found a wider baſis of analogy.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 85.

THINGS.

Things may be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illuſtrated. To explain, requires the uſe of terms leſs abſtruſe than that which is to be explained, and ſuch terms cannot

not always be found; for, as nothing can be proved but by ſuppoſing ſomething intuitively known, and evident without proof, ſo nothing can be defined but by the uſe of words too plain to admit a definition.

Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary, p. 67.

TIMIDITY.

Timidity is a diſeaſe of the mind, more obſtinate and fatal than preſumption; as every experiment will teach preſumption caution, and miſcarriages will hourly ſhew that attempts are not always rewarded with ſucceſs. But the timid man perſuades himſelf that every impediment is inſuperable; and, in conſequence of thinking ſo, has given it, in reſpect to himſelf, that ſtrength and weight which it had not before.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 152.

TRANSLATION.

Of every other kind of writing, the antients have left us models, which all ſucceeding ages have laboured to imitate; but *tranſlation* may juſtly be claimed, by the moderns, as their own.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 86.

The Arabs were the firſt nation who felt the ardour of tranſlation. When they had ſubdued the Eaſtern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiſer than themſelves, and made haſte to relieve their wants by imported knowledge.

Ibid. p. 89.

The firſt book printed in Engliſh (about the year 1490) was a *tranſlation*; Caxton was both

the tranſlator and printer of it; it was the *Deſtruccion of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was conſidered as the beſt account of the fabulous ages; and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater uſe or value, ſtill continued to be read, in Caxton's Engliſh, to the beginning of the preſent century.

Ibid. p. 92.

Literal tranſlation, which ſome carried to that exactneſs, "*that the lines ſhould neither be more nor fewer than thoſe of the original*, prevailed in this country, with very few examples to the contrary, till the age of Charles II. when the wits of that time no longer confined themſelves to ſuch ſervile cloſeneſs, but tranſlated with freedom, ſometimes with licentiouſneſs. There is, undoubtedly, a mean to be obſerved, between a *rigid cloſeneſs* and *paraphraſtic liberties*. Dryden ſaw, very early, that cloſeneſs beſt preſerved an author's ſenſe, and that freedom beſt exhibited his ſpirit: he, therefore, will deſerve the higheſt praiſe, who can give a repreſentation at once faithful and pleaſing, who can convey the ſame thoughts with the ſame graces, and who, when he tranſlates, changes nothing but the language.

Ibid. p. 94 & 99.

The greateſt peſt of ſpeech, is frequency of *tranſlation*. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting ſomething of its native idiom. This is the moſt miſchievous and comprehenſive innovation: ſingle words may enter by thouſands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the ſame; but new phraſeology changes much at once; it alters not the ſingle

ſingle ſtones of the building, but the order of the columns.

Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary, p. 85.

TRAGEDY.

The reflection that ſtrikes the heart at a tragedy, is not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves, unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility than ſuppoſe the preſence of miſery; as a mother weeps over her babe, when ſhe remembers that death may take it from her. In ſhort, the delight of tragedy proceeds from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 114.

V.

VANITY.

Thoſe whom their virtue reſtrains from deceiving others, are often diſpoſed, by their vanity, to deceive themſelves.

Life of Blackmore.

The vanity of men, in advanced life, is generally ſtrongly excited by the amorous attention of young women.

Life of Swift.

When any one complains of the want of what he is known to poſſeſs in an uncommon degree,

he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 180.

Vanity is often no leſs miſchievous than negligence or diſhoneſty.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 72.

The greateſt human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 296.

VIRTUE.

" Be virtuous ends purſu'd by virtuous means,
" Nor think th' intention ſanctifies the deed."
That maxim publiſh'd in an impious age,
Would looſe the wild enthuſiaſt to deſtroy,
And fix the fierce uſurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might ſend her ſlaves to war,
And bid ſucceſs become the teſt of truth.
Unpitying maſſacre might waſte the world,
And perſecution boaſt the call of heaven.

Irene, p. 42.

He who deſires no virtue in his companion, has no virtue in himſelf. Hence, when the wealthy and the diſſolute connect themſelves with indigent companions, for their powers of entertainment, their friendſhip amounts to little more than paying the reckoning for them. They only deſire to drink and laugh; their fondneſs is without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendſhip.

Life of Otway.

Many men miſtake the love for the practice of virtue, and are not ſo much good men, as the friends of goodneſs.

Life of Savage.

Virtue

Virtue is undoubtedly moſt laudable in that ſtate which makes it moſt difficult.

Ibid.

Virtue is the ſureſt foundation both of reputation and fortune, and the firſt ſtep to greatneſs is to be honeſt.

Life of Drake, p. 160.

He that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, muſt regulate his thoughts by the laws of reaſon; he muſt keep guilt from the receſſes of his heart, and remember that the pleaſures of fancy and the emotion of deſire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, ſince they eſcape the awe of obſervation, and operate equally in every ſituation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 48.

To dread no eye and to ſuſpect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and ſolicitudes; and to make it yet more ſhameful and deteſtable, it is doomed often to ſtand in awe of thoſe, to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 85.

Virtue may owe her panegyrics to morality, but muſt derive her authority from religion.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 76.

Virtue is too often merely local. In ſome ſituations, the air diſeaſes the body; and in others, poiſons the mind.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 2.

There

There are ſome who, though eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, are quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies. Of theſe, virtue may be ſaid to ſit *looſely*, but not *caſt off*.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 10, p. 629.

Where there is yet ſhame, there may in time be virtue.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 10.

There are ſome interior and ſecret virtues which a man may ſometimes have, without the knowledge of others; and may ſometimes aſſume to himſelf, without ſufficient reaſons for his opinion.

Life of Sir T. Browne, p. 280.

ROMANTIC VIRTUE.

Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue, will be read with wonder; but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain. That good may be endeavoured, it muſt be ſhewn to be poſſible.

Life of Pope.

INTENTIONAL VIRTUE.

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to charge with hypocriſy, him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe virtues which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be ſincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his paſſions, without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey, without having courage or induſtry to undertake it, and may honeſtly recommend to others, thoſe attempts which he neglects himſelf.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 83.

EXCESS of VIRTUE.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more eaſy to take away ſuperfluities, than to ſupply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, becauſe he has paſſed the *middle point of virtue*, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling ſhort; as raſhneſs is more pardonable than cowardice, profuſion than avarice.

Ibid. p. 151.

VICE.

Vices, like diſeaſes, are often hereditary. The property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poiſons the ſprings of life.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 238.

BLANK VERSE.

The exemption which blank verſe affords from the neceſſity of cloſing the ſenſe with the couplet, betrays luxurious and active minds into ſuch indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not eaſily perſuaded to cloſe the ſenſe at all. Blank verſe will, it is to be feared, be too often found in deſcription, exuberant; in argument, loquacious; and in narration, tireſome.

Life of Akenſide.

Blank verſe makes ſome approach to that which is called "*the lepidary ſtyle.*" It has neither the eaſineſs of proſe, nor the melody of numbers.

Life of Milton.

Blank Verſe, ſaid an ingenious critic, *ſeems to be verſe only to the eye.*

Ibid.

He

He that thinks himſelf capable of aſtoniſhing, may write blank verſe; but thoſe that hope only to pleaſe, muſt condeſcend to rhyme.

Ibid.

VAUNTING.

Large offers, and ſturdy rejections are among the moſt common topics of falſehood.

Ibid.

U.

UNIVERSALITY.

What is fit for every thing, can fit nothing well.

Life of Cowley.

UNDERSTANDING.

As the mind muſt govern the hands, ſo in every ſociety, the man of intelligence muſt direct the man of labour.

Weſtern Iſlands, p. 201.

GREAT UNDERTAKINGS.

A large work is difficult, becauſe it is large, even though all its parts might ſingly be performed with facility. Where there are many things to be done, each muſt be allowed its ſhare of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole; nor can it be expected that the ſtones which form the dome of the temple, ſhould be ſquared and poliſhed like the diamond of a ring.

Preface to Dictionary, fol. p. 9.

UTILITY.

The value of a work muſt be eſtimated by its uſe: it is not enough that a dictionary delights the critic,

critic, unleſs at the ſame time it inſtructs the learner. It is to little purpoſe that an engine amuſes the philoſopher by the ſubtlety of its mechaniſm, if it requires ſo much knowledge in its application, as to be of no advantage to the common workman.

Plan of an Engliſh Dictionary, p. 33.

UNITIES OF TIME AND PLACE.

The time required by a dramatic fable elapſes, for the moſt part, between the acts; for of ſo much of the action as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, therefore, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt *Mithridates*, are repreſented to be made at Rome, the event of the war, may, without abſurdity, be repreſented in the cataſtrophe as happening in Pontus. We know that we are neither in Rome, nor Pontus; that neither *Mithridates*, nor *Lucullus*, are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions; and why may not the ſecond imitation repreſent an action that happened years after the firſt, if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene?

The lines, likewiſe, of a play, relate to ſome action, and an action muſt be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete a ſtory may be in places very remote from each other: and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent, firſt Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily, nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

Yet he that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel,

citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength. But the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 113 & 116.

W.

WAR.

As war is the extremity of evil, it is ſurely the duty of thoſe whoſe ſtation entruſts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diſeaſes of a nanimal nature which nothing but amputation can remove; ſo there may, by the depravation of human paſſions, be ſometimes a gangrene in collected life, for which fire and the ſword are the neceſſary remedies; but in what can ſkill or caution be better ſhewn, than in preventing ſuch dreadful operations, while there is room for gentler methods.

Falkland Iſlands, p. 41.

The wars of civilized nations make very ſlow changes in the ſyſtem of empire. The public perceives ſcarcely any alteration, but an increaſe of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not ſuppoſed to have the cleareſt right to their advantages. If he that ſhared the danger, enjoyed the profit; if he that bled in the battle, grew rich by victory; he might ſhew his gains without envy. But, at the concluſion of a long war, how are we recompenſed for the death of multitudes, and the expence of millions; but by contemplating the ſudden glories of pay-maſters and agents, contractors

tors and commiſſioners, whoſe equipages ſhine like meteors, and whoſe palaces riſe like exhalations?

Ibid. p. 43.

Princes have yet this remnant of humanity, that they think themſelves obliged not to make war without reaſon, though their reaſons are not always very ſatisfactory.

Memoirs of the K. of Pruſſia, p. 127.

He muſt certainly meet with obſtinate oppoſition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to reſiſt, and who leaves his enemies no hopes, but from victory.

Life of Drake, p. 191.

Among the calamities of war, may be juſtly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falſehoods which intereſt dictates, and credulity encourages.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 169.

The lawfulneſs and juſtice of the holy wars have been much diſputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the queſtion may be eaſily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the ſword all other religions, it is by the laws of ſelf-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Chriſtians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, ſimply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Chriſtians, and only lying in wait till opportunity ſhall promiſe them ſucceſs.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 5, p. 254.

That conduct which betrays deſigns of future hoſtility, if it does not excite violence, will always generate malignity; it muſt for ever exclude confidence

fidence and friendſhip, and continue a cold and ſluggiſh rivalry, by a ſly reciprocation of indirect injuries, without the bravery of war, or the ſecurity of peace.

Falkland Iſland, p. 9.

War has means of deſtruction more formidable than the cannon and the ſword. Of the thouſands, and ten thouſands that periſhed in our late conteſts with France and Spain, a very ſmall part ever felt the ſtroke of an enemy; the reſt languiſhed in tents and ſhips, amidſt damps and putrefactions, pale, torpid, ſpiritleſs and helpleſs, gaſping and groaning, unpitied among men made obdurate by long continuance of hopeleſs miſery, or whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice, and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments, and unwholeſome ſtations, where courage is uſeleſs, and enterpriſe impracticable, fleets are ſilently diſpeopled, and armies ſluggiſhly melted away.

Ibid. p. 43.

The revolutions of war are ſuch as will not ſuffer human preſumption to remain long unchecked.

Memoirs of the K. of Pruſſia, p. 138.

There are no two nations confining on each other, between whom a war may not always be kindled with plauſible pretences on either part; as there is always paſſing between them a reciprocation of injuries, and fluctuation of encroachments.

Obſervations on the State of Affairs, 1756, p. 23.

WIT.

Wit is that which is at once natural and new, and which, though not obvious, is, upon its firſt production, acknowledged to be juſt.

Life of Cowley.

Wit

Wit will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 268.

Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its ſucceſs depends on the aptitude of others to receive impreſſions; and that as ſome bodies, indiſſoluble by heat, can ſet the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of ſentiment can agitate or exalt.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 78.

It is a calamity incident to *grey headed wit*, that his merriment is unfaſhionable. His alluſions are forgotten facts, his illuſtrations are drawn from notions obſcured by time, his wit therefore may be called *ſingle*, ſuch as none has any part in but himſelf.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 5, p. 462.

Wit, like all other things ſubject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and faſhions, and at different times takes different forms.

Life of Cowley.

The pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified, by finding that they confer no ſecurity againſt the common errors which miſlead the weakeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 32.

It is common to find men break out into a rage at any inſinuations to the diſadvantage of their *wit*, who have borne with great patience *reflections on their morals*.

Ibid. p. 241.

Wit being an unexpected copulation of ideas, the diſcovery of ſome occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effuſion of wit, therefore, pre-ſuppoſes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory ſtored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compoſe new aſſemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, ſhe can never form many combinations from few ideas; as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 187.

Nothing was ever ſaid with uncommon felicity, but by the co-operation of chance; and therefore *wit*, as well as valour, muſt be content to ſhare its honours with fortune.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 32.

WISDOM.

The firſt years of man muſt make proviſion for the laſt. He that never thinks, can never be wiſe.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 113.

To be of grave mien, and ſlow of utterance; to look with ſolicitude, and ſpeak with heſitation, is attainable at will; but the ſhow of wiſdom is ridiculous, when there is nothing to cauſe doubt, as that of valour, where there is nothing to be feared.

Idler, vol. 1, p. 288.

The two powers which, in the opinion of Epictetus, conſtitute a *wiſe man*, are thoſe of *bearing* and *forbearing*.

Life of Savage.

Wiſdom comprehends at once the end and the means, eſtimates eaſineſs or difficulty, and is cautious or confident in due proportion.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 223.

WORLD.

The world is generally willing to ſupport thoſe who ſolicit favour, againſt thoſe who command reverence. He is eaſily praiſed, whom no man can envy.

Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 51.

Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge. To deſpiſe its ſentence, if it were poſſible, is not juſt; and if it were juſt, is not poſſible.

Life of Pope.

To know the world, is neceſſary, ſince we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early, is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to deſpiſe it.

Idler, vol. 2, p. 159

WOMEN.

Women are always moſt obſerved, when they ſeem themſelves leaſt to obſerve, or to lay out for obſervation.

Rambler, vol. 2, p. 254.

It is obſerved, that the unvaried complaiſance which women have a right of exacting, keeps them generally unſkilled in human nature.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 269.

Our beſt poet ſeems to have given this character to women: "That they think ill of nothing that raiſes

raiſes the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they they think excited by their own charms.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 2, p. 156.

It is ſaid of a woman who accepts a worſe match than thoſe which ſhe had refuſed, that ſhe has paſſed through the *wood*, and at laſt has taken a *crooked ſtick*.

Ibid. p. 286.

Nothing is more common than for the younger part of the ſex, upon certain occaſions, to ſay in a pet what they do not think, or to think for a time on what they do not finally reſolve.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 105.

As the faculty of writing has been chiefly a *maſculine endowment*, the reproach of making the world miſerable, has been always thrown upon the WOMEN; and the grave and the merry have equally thought themſelves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints or ſatirical cenſures of female folly or fickleneſs.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 108.

Of women it has been always known, that no cenſure wounds ſo deeply, or rankles ſo long, as that which charges them with want of beauty.

Ibid. p. 242.

It may be particularly obſerved, of women, that they are for the moſt part good or bad, as they fall among thoſe who practice vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reaſon gives them much ſecurity againſt the influence of example. Whether it be, that they have leſs courage to ſtand againſt oppoſition,

opposition, or that their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice their principles to the poor pleasure of worthless praise, it is certain, whatever be the cause, that female goodness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, flattery, or fashion.

Ibid. vol. 2, p. 95.

The wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted, should always be admired for having contrived that every woman, of whatever condition, should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluse and domestic leisure may be filled up. Those arts are more necessary, as the weakness of their sex, and the general system of life, debar ladies from many employments, which, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts.

Ibid. p. 180.

Women, by whatever fate, always judge absurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are seldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance, at least, if not by stupidity; for they proceed not from *confidence of right*, but *fearlessness of wrong*. Whoever has a clear apprehension, must have quick sensibility; and where he has no sufficient reason to trust his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, because he perpetually dreads the disgrace of error.

Ibid. vol. 4, p. 186.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

The weakness they lament, themselves create;
Instructed from their infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
They seem to shudder at the rustling breeze,

Start

Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, ripening to belief,
And folly, frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice uſurps the ſoul.

Irene, p. 28.

WEALTH.

Some light might be given to thoſe who ſhall endeavour to calculate the increaſe of Engliſh wealth, by obſerving that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it, as a proof of his father's proſperity—That though but a yeoman he gave his daughters *five pounds* each for her portion. At the latter end of Elizabeth, *ſeven hundred pounds* were ſuch a temptation to courtſhip, as made all other motives ſuſpected.—Congreve makes *twelve thouſand pounds* more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda.—No poet would *now* fly his favourite character at leſs than *fifty thouſand*.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 1, p. 317.

WICKEDNESS.

There is always danger leſt wickedneſs, conjoined with abilities, ſhould ſteal upon eſteem, though it miſſes of approbation.

Ibid. vol. 10, p. 628.

WINE.

In the bottle, diſcontent ſeeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and baſhfulneſs for confidence; but whoever aſked ſuccour from Bacchus, that was able to preſerve himſelf frrom being enſlaved by his auxiliary?

Life of Addiſon.

WRONGS.

WRONGS.

Men are wrong for want of ſenſe, but they are wrong by halves for want of ſpirit.

Taxation no Tyranny, p. 42.

Men eaſily forgive wrongs which are not committed againſt themſelves.

Notes upon Shakeſpeare, vol. 4, p. 158.

The power of doing *wrong* with impunity, ſeldom waits long for the will.

Obſervation on the State of Affairs, 1756, p. 22.

LETTER-WRITING.

The importance of writing letters with propriety, juſtly claims to be conſidered with care, ſince next to the power of pleaſing with his preſence, every man ſhould wiſh to be able to give delight at a diſtance.

Preface to the Preceptor, p. 68.

MECHANICAL WRITING.

The mechanical art of writing began to be cultivated amongſt us in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was at that time ſo highly valued, that it contributed much to the fame and fortune of him who wrote his pages with neatneſs, and embelliſhed them with elegant draughts and illuminations; it was partly, perhaps, to this encouragement, that we now ſurpaſs all other nations in this art.

Life of Roger Aſcham, p. 238.

NEWS-WRITER.

In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, "an ambaſſador is ſaid to be a man of virtue, ſent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country."

A *news-*

A *news-writer* is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit.

Idler, vol. 3, p. 31.

SPLENDID WICKEDNESS.

There have been men ſplendidly wicked, whoſe endowments threw a brightneſs on their crimes, and whom ſcarce any villainy made perfectly deteſtable, becauſe they never could be wholly diveſted of their excellencies: but ſuch have been in all ages, the great corrupters of the world; and their reſemblance ought no more to be preſerved than the art of murdering without pain.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 22.

WONDER.

All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

Life of Yalden.

Wonder is a pauſe of reaſon, a ſudden ceſſation of the mental progreſs, which laſts only while the underſtanding is fixed upon ſome ſingle idea, and is at an end when it recovers force enough to divide the object into its parts, or mark the intermediate gradations from the firſt agent to the laſt conſequence.

Rambler, vol. 3, p. 186.

Y.

YOUTH.

Youth is of long duration; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy ſhall ceaſe, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we ſhall have no comforts but the eſteem of wiſe men, and the mean of doing good. Let us therefore

fore ſtop, while to ſtop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are ſome time to be old, and to whom it will be the moſt dreadful of all evils, to count their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

Prince of Abyſſinia, p. 113.

That the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes, or ears, are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

Rambler, vol. 1, p. 20.

Youth is the time of enterpriſe and hope: having yet no occaſion for comparing our force with any oppoſing power, we naturally form preſumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obſtruction and impediment will give way before us.

Ibid. vol. 3, p. 31.

Youth is the time in which the qualities of *modeſty* and *enterpriſe* ought chiefly to be found. Modeſty ſuits well with inexperience, and enterpriſe with health and vigour, and an extenſive proſpect of life.

Ibid. vol. 1, p. 75.

THE PROGRESS OF YOUTH.

The youth has not yet diſcovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and, when he is ſet free from the ſhackles of diſcipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he ſees an Elyſian

Elyſian region open before him, ſo variegated with beauty, and ſo ſtored with pleaſure, that his care is rather to accumulate good than to ſhun evil; he ſtands diſtracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt than which path to follow of thoſe which all lead equally to the bowers of happineſs.

He who has ſeen only the ſuperficies of life, believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely ſuſpects that external ſplendour conceals any latent ſorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatneſs without ſafety, affluence without content, jollity without friendſhip, and ſolitude without peace. He fancies himſelf permitted to cull the bleſſings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniencies to the idle and to the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miſerable but by his own fault; and ſeldom looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible without pity and contempt to hear a youth of generous ſentiments, and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openneſs and confidence, his deſigns and expectations; becauſe long life is poſſible he conſiders it as certain, and therefore promiſes himſelf all the changes of happineſs, and provides gratification for every deſire.

He is for a time to give himſelf wholly to frolick and diverſion, to range the world in ſearch of pleaſure, to delight every eye, and to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleaſing levities and ſolid attainments, his deep reflections and ſporting repartees.

He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the ſcattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreſſes to wealth and titles. He is afterwards

to engage in buſineſs; to diſſipate difficulty, and overpower oppoſition; to climb, by the mere force of merit, to fame and greatneſs, and reward all thoſe who countenanced his riſe, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laſt he will retire in peace and honour, contract his views to domeſtic pleaſures, form the manners of his children like himſelf, obſerve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his ſons catch ardour from their father's hiſtory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood, dictate axioms to poſterity, and leave the world an example of wiſdom and of happineſs.

With hopes like theſe he ſallies jocund into life: to little purpoſe is he told that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happineſs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or diſeaſe; that uncommon qualifications, and contrarieties or excellence, produce envy equally with applauſe; that whatever admiration and fondneſs may promiſe him, he muſt marry a wife, like the wives of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted with her vices, as delighted with her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

Among other pleaſing errors of young minds is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives

all eyes turned upon himself, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a spy. He therefore considers his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick sense of reputation. This it is that gives firmness and constancy, fidelity and disinterestedness, and it is this that kindles resentment for slight injuries, and dictates all the principles of sanguinary honour.

But, as time brings him forward in the world, he soon discovers that he only shares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obscurity of the croud; and that what he does, whether good or bad, soon gives way to new objects of regard.

He then easily sets himself free from the anxieties of reputation, and considers praise or censure as a transient breath, which, while he hears it, is passing away, without any lasting mischief or advantage.

Rambler, vol. 4, p. 195, 196, 197 & 198.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When we are young we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old we amuse the langour of age, with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. 2, p. 74.

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